FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

SEPTEMBER 1975 $1.25

LOCKER-ROOM SECRETS OF REGGIE JACKSON

EX-AGENT PHILIP AGEE ON THE CIA PLOT AGAINST AMERICA

LESBIANISM TODAY: WHY WOMEN TURN WOMEN ON (AND HOW)

POWDER-ROOM ANTICS OF TWO TOUGH LADIES AND GROUP GROPES IN OUI'S SEX TAPES

THE GREAT HEALTH-FOOD HYPE: A CONSUMER EXPOSE

CLIFFORD IRVING ON HOW TO SURVIVE PRISON IN STYLE

Is your cigarette less than More?

If it isn't More, it's less than More. Because More is the first 120mm cigarette. It's More in every way except price.

More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And what's more, More comes in both regular and menthol. They're both long, lean and burnished brown. Regular More delivers rich tobacco flavor while More Menthol packs a cooling blast. Puff after puff after puff.

You'll find that More and More Menthol smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

Why settle for less?

The first 120mm cigarette.

© 1975—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter, Menthol: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carisma*

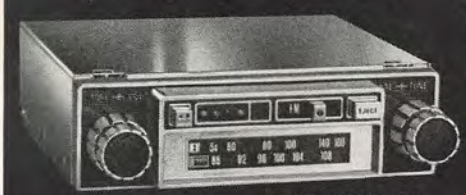
Model DP-5000

In-Dash Digital Clock/AM/FM MPX Stereo Radio

There's only one AM/FM stereo car radio with built-in digital clock, and this is it. Features: large digital read-out time piece; solid state and integrated circuitry; FM stereo indicator beacon; quick-set adjustable shafts; vinyl padded faceplate; in-dash installation (under dash also); built-in AFC (Automatic Frequency Control); easy access time setting control.

*** (Kar • iz' ma) The ultimate in quality, engineering advancement and appearance of car sound system equipment that sets it apart from all competitors, thereby making it the auto stereo/radio line for car enthusiasts seeking the finest in product and performance.**

In-Dash AM-FM-MPX (Stereo) Radio/8-Track Tape Player



Model BM-1125

Features: cartridge compartment head adjustment; AM-FM slide bar selector; pushbutton cartridge eject; disappearing dial, in cartridge door; Mono-Stereo slide control; push-button local-distance sensitivity control; cartridge compartment Antenna Trimmer; multicolored program indicator beacons.

Features: 5 pushbuttons for AM or FM station selection; fully adjustable shafts for custom installation; positive action slide switches for AM-FM and 2/4 channel quad sound; pushbutton cartridge eject; MPX (stereo) indicator beacon; digital program read-out lamps; non-protruding safety cartridge position.

In-Dash Matrix Quad/8-Track Stereo Tape Player with AM/FM Stereo Radio

Model BM-1150

In-Dash Deluxe Cassette Stereo Tape Player with AM/FM Stereo Radio

Model BM-1335

Features: touch or lock pushbuttons for fast forward, fast rewind, eject; color-coded indicator beacons for FM, AM stereo broadcast and cassette tape end; pushbutton Mono-Stereo control; quick-set adjustable shafts easy-to-read beveled radio dial; easy in-dash installation.

Features: 4-channel matrix system separates 2 channel stereo reception into 4 distinct parts for full dimensional sound; fast forward selection; digital program read-out lamps; slide balance control; tape eject button; tape reading lamp; burglar alarm system.

Under-Dash Matrix Quad/Stereo 8-Track Tape Player with FM Stereo Radio

Model BM-1950

Boman® Astrosonix®
A DIVISION OF
BOMAN INDUSTRIES
9300 HALL ROAD, DOWNEY, CA. 90241 (213) 869-4041

Now that you know what we look like, drop by your local Boman Astrosonix Dealer and hear what we sound like.

THE HERBAL ENCOUNTER FOR MEN
herbal
moisturizing
shave
cream
herbal
COLOGNE LOTION
For men
A MOST CIVILIZED SHAVE
AN UNCIVILIZED FRAGRANCE
Introducing Old Spice® Herbal Shave Cream.
A thick, luxurious shave cream that softens your beard and helps protect your face.
A really rich shave cream now made a little richer because it's scented with Old Spice Herbal Cologne.
New Old Spice Herbal Shave Cream—it can make the barbaric job of shaving just a bit more civilized.
Old Spice® Herbal Cologne is made from exotic herbs gathered from around the world.
It's a primitive, elemental cologne, as far away from a civilized fragrance as you can get. SHULTON

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 4 NO. 9 SEPTEMBER 1975

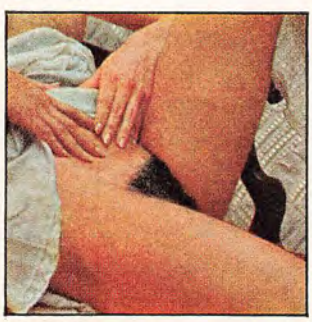
7
MAIL

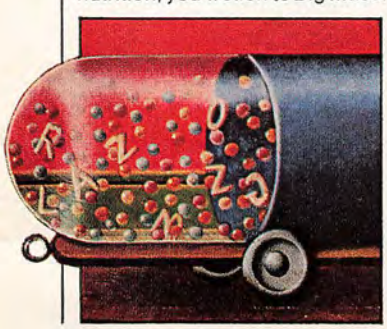
13
OPENERS

27
SEX TAPES

30
REVUE

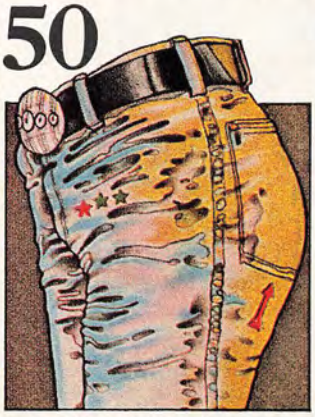
35
SATELLITE

38

MARTE
She lost her virginity years ago, but the search goes on.

44
THE ORGANIC GRAVY TRAIN
by Robert S. Wieder
If you're *really* concerned about nutrition, you'll stick to Big Macs.


47

SEVENTIES NOSTALGIA QUIZ
by Ben Pesta
Searching questions about the quality of culture as we are living it. Multiple-choice answers natch.

50

LESBIAN MYSTIQUE
by Tracy Young
What goes on when like attracts like in the women's demimonde.

54

COUNTRY-CLUB PRISONS
by Clifford Irving
In which we learn that some slammers are not what they are cracked up to be.

57
DENISE
She needs a man she must look up to.

66

CONVERSATION WITH REGGIE JACKSON
The Oakland A's superstar talks about baseball's darker side.

69

MARCELLO'S CELLO
Lucretia is the instrument of his Roman fiddlings.

72
CIA *VS.* USA
by Philip Agee
We all know a take-over is possible, and now, here's how.

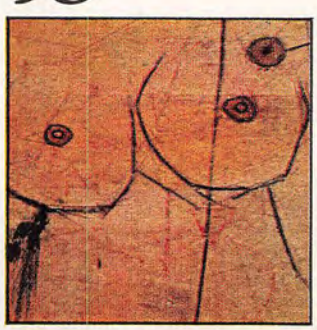
76
THE JEANING OF AMERICA
by Peter S. Beagle
The noted novelist explains how the West was spun.

80

THE URI GELLER TOUCH
by Lora Myers
So what if he can bend keys with his bare vibes. Who needs bent keys?

85

CAT FIGHT IN THE POWDER ROOM
A long peek at a punch out in the little girls' room.

93

THE EROTIC ART OF P.S. 31
An appreciation of the high school imagination, where technique stays in the back seat where it belongs.

Minolta helps you grin and bare it.

You can get back to nature with a camera that doesn't get in the way.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

Get down to basics with a Minolta SR-T. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta SR-T Cameras

oui

HUGH M. HEFNER
Publisher

DANIEL FILIPACCHI
Co-Publisher

NAT LEHRMAN
Editor

JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE
Co-Editor

DON MENELL
Art Director

MICHAEL LAURENCE
Managing Editor

GORDON MOORE
Photo Editor

MARK ZUSSMAN
Senior Editor

TERRY CATCHPOLE
GAY BRYANT
JOHN REZEK
Associate Editors

MICHAEL BROCK
Senior Art Director

JEAN-PIERRE HOLLEY
GEORGE KENTON
Associate Art Directors

TINA BOSSIDY
Fashion Editor

MICHELLE URRY
Cartoon Editor

ARLENE BOURAS
Copy Editor

STAN AMBER
Copy Coordinator

MARY LOU MELLON
Associate Copy Editor

MARK COWANS
Art Production Manager

RODNEY WILLIAMS
GENIA TCHORYK
Art Assistants

TERESA McKEE
Administrative Assistant

EMALEE ANDRE
Editorial Assistant

RICHARD M. KOFF
Assistant Publisher

JIM BROWN
BOB SPERLING
Associate Advertising Directors

JOHN MASTRO
Production Director

RICHARD F. MENDRALA
Production Manager

THOMAS G. WILLIAMS
Customer Service

BEN GOLDBERG
Newsstand Director

ALVIN WIEMOLD
Subscription Manager

CAROLE CRAIG
Reader Service

European Bureau: Chantal Monterastelli (63-65 Champs Elysees, Paris). Contributing Editors: Sean Callahan, Al Goldstein, Cynthia Grenier, John Lombardi, D. Keith Mano, Michael O'Donoghue, Susan Subtle, Carol Troy. With special thanks to: Gary Cole, Tom Jones, John Kabler, Mark Kaufman, Arthur Kretchmer, Bob Melley, Pat Prince, Richard Quartaroli, Alexa Sehr, Nancy Siegel, Kathryn Simpson, Ron Vickers and our friends across the water, Regis Pagniez and the staff of LUI magazine.

GENERAL OFFICES: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents copyright © 1975 by Playboy Publications, Inc. © LUI magazine as to materials that first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Cover: Claudie Pellerin, photographed by Faroum Gorguloff. Seventies Quiz photos from Wide World. We page: Clifford Irving photo by Owen Franken.

OUI, September 1975, Volume 4, Number 9. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second Class Postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $10 for one year.

Superscope Recording Tape

the Great AMERICAN BARGAIN

SAME QUALITY AS LEADING TAPES-UP TO 50% LESS.

Superscope Recording Tape in cassette and 8-track formats is up to 50% lower in price than leading recording tapes. But there's nothing cut-rate about its performance. Superscope Recording Tape gives you the same low distortion, low tape hiss, smooth frequency response, wide dynamic range and deluxe packaging as expensive tapes.

Here's another bonus: Superscope Cassette Recording Tape gives you two extra minutes for those few extra bars you might miss with ordinary cassette tapes. 62, 92 and 122 minute lengths are available in both HF (high fidelity) and SHF (super high fidelity) series. And Superscope 8-Track Recording Tape in 45 and 90 minute lengths has an exclusive, patented, internal cartridge mechanism that assures constant tape-to-head contact.

Look for "The Great American Bargain" at your nearest Superscope dealer. Superscope Recording Tape, we want you.

SUPERSCOPE.
Listen to us.

©1975 Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, CA 91352. Verification of quoted statistics is available on request. Prices subject to change without notice. Send for free catalog.

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

© B&W T CO.

MAIL

Harlan, you had it coming . . .

As the horrified subject of two items in the June OUI (in *Openers* and *Revue*), I must take this moment to let you know that though my secret heart's desire—to be a gossip item in OUI, thereby concretizing my stardom—has come to pass, in the words of Joyce Cary's Gulley Jimson, "It's not the vision I had."

Here I am, a tottering, crepuscular, withered old man of 41, and your pseudonymous book critic calls me "the perpetually angry young punk of the bizarre." This, after a recent newspaper critic (reviewing the same book) opined, "Harlan Ellison is getting a bit long in the tooth to qualify as a genuine *enfant terrible* of the science-fiction field." Gloryosky, Zero, what's a guy to do? Terrible ambivalence! Dichotomous feelings! Utter confusion!

Waited all these months, even blew several potential OUI writing assignments, made tepidly obscene overtures to your Associate Editor Gay Bryant, went so far as to reread the total published works of D. Keith Mano—and, finally, my dream comes to dust. A young punk. You have shattered an old man's twilight years. Just thought I'd let you know.

As for the *Openers* item about Isaac Asimov and me, I cannot permit a misconception to go unchallenged. The colloquy as reported by your correspondent omits one pivotal fact: Asimov was unable to attend the 1974 World Sci-Fi Convention in Washington, D. C. But since our mock feud was scheduled and all those terminal acne cases needed their bear-baiting, a clever plastic model of him, life-size and then some, was built by 3M and secretly shipped to the convention. Employing the services of two itsy-teensy fans from St. Louis, the Asimov mannequin was caused to jerk spastically in imitation of real true honest life, while I threw my voice and spoke not only for myself but for the good doctor, as well. This is the truth.

Except for one more thing. I couldn't make the convention, either.

HARLAN ELLISON
Sherman Oaks, California

Sex *Tapes*' tap dance

I really like your new *Sex Tapes* feature. Not only are the transcripts a pleasant turn-on to read but your choice of topics pleased me very much. Some women might view the topic "What turns a woman on?" as the epitome of chauvinist manipulation, especially finding it in OUI, but I think that publishing a cross section of women's explanations about their pleasures (rather than males' fantasizing about their own talents!) demonstrates an honest, if unscientific, interest in bettering sexual relations—not sexual conquests.

Women are different, which the *Sex Tapes* show. And, by simply showing that, you may have communicated to some readers that receptiveness and interest are the surest ways to sexual success.

JANE SMITH
Toledo, Ohio

Kraut kudos

Your May issue has a real gem: *Horny Huns Invade Bangkok*, by David Butler. The article revived many memories of the lusty city of Bangkok and made interesting reading, as I am quite familiar with the places mentioned. I have vacationed there frequently since 1969.

HILLIARD B. COX
APO New York, New York

The fear

I'd like to commend you on your June issue. The articles and the girls are terrific, but the *Openers* section, which features an item on *koro*, the acute anxiety reaction characterized by the patient's fear that his penis is shrinking and may disappear into his abdomen and he will, thereby, die—a truly abominable abdominal affliction—stood out, in particular. *Openers* has consistently been a great section, but the *koro* article marks a new literary height. I am looking forward to more items like that in your magazine.

THOMAS JAY KANE III
University of California
School of Medicine
Davis, California

A cold blast of praise

I would like to express our gratitude for your magazine here at Isabel Pass Camp on the Alaska Pipeline. Your up-to-date, well-written articles provide a much-needed source of entertainment. Our recreation facilities are of the best quality and OUI is an added dimension to help keep our morale up and our brains straight. It's too bad that a couple of your girls aren't in supply as well.

JIM HART
Recreation Director
Isabel Pass Camp, Alaska

***Tennis* smash**

Your fashion feature on tennis clothes (*Anyone for Tennis?*, June) is spectacular. Last year, I caught the tennis bug and I spent most of my weekends chasing those optic yellow balls all over the court. I used to go out with girls, but I was so tired after tennis that it hardly seemed worth it. However, after looking at your fashion feature, that's all changed. I

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
NOW 18 LUSCIOUS COLORS
YES, THE SAME 225 X 78 THREAD COUNT
YOUR CHOICE in these great colors: New Dark Brown, Silver, Hot Pink, Navy Blue, Royal Blue, Powder Blue, Midnight Black, Honey Gold, Scarlet Red, Emerald Green, Mint Green, Canary Yellow, Petal Pink, Lavender, White, Florida Orange, Deep Purple & Bronze.
Each Entire Set includes:
1 straight top sheet
1 fitted bottom sheet
2 matching pillowcases
or
2 straight top sheets
2 matching pillowcases
All Tax, postage & handling is already included in the following prices:
Twin sets $20.00 Queen sets $26.00
Double sets $24.00 King sets $30.00
(For Full Size Beds)
Round 84" fitted, $45.00
Round 96" fitted, $50.00
Send check or money order
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s
REGAL SATINS, INC.
315 Hwy 35 Dept Q
Eatontown, N.J. 07724
Retail Sales direct – Mon. thru Sat. 8-4:30

maintain
maintain
maintain™
Prolongs sexual pleasure.

Maintain Desensitizing Lubricant for men is effective in helping to control premature climax and therefore prolongs sexual pleasure for both partners. Maintain is colorless, non-staining, odorless and safe to use. Now you can be a more sensitive lover, by becoming less sensitive—no more fighting to control your natural response.

Available at your local pharmacy without prescription. Write for free booklet to Box No. MT-4, Schmid Labs, Inc. Route 46 West, Little Falls, New Jersey 07424.

Schmid Laboratories, Inc. Makers of Ramses® NuForm® Fourex® and other fine family planning products.

bought some keen tennis togs and I'm getting so good on the court, and so good-looking, too, that I hardly sweat anymore. Girls seem to be coming on to me all the time, thanks to you.

EDWARD KENNER
Wilmington, Delaware

Wow, what a terrific idea! I have tried spanking my girlfriend as a prelude to our lovemaking and it was OK, but not earth shattering, as I had expected. When I saw your tennis-fashion feature, I realized what I was doing wrong. I was using a ping-pong paddle on her and it just wasn't doing the trick. A tennis racket is the perfect thing to use. First of all, you can't miss with an area that large and second of all, because the racket is stringed, you can always see what you're doing. Thanks for turning me on to this new treat.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Canton, Ohio

OUI *has always emphasized working hard, playing fair and living cleanly. Occasionally, we emphasize tennis, to make throbbing hearts all over the world beat faster.*

Happiness is a warm gun

Since fledgling pressure groups do not, as a rule, have the jack to pay for full-page ads in slick national magazines, I assume that the propaganda blast on page 21 of OUI's June issue was donated to the Committee for Hand Gun Control out of some misguided sense of public service. I think we need more Government power over our lives like we need a hole in the head.

Perhaps you don't realize it, but the measure this group is supporting would eliminate the sale of many rifle cartridges, as well as handgun bullets—most notably the .22-long-rifle cartridges, which are the most commonly used rounds in the U. S. The .22 is the basis of all firearm safety-training programs. Another thought that undoubtedly failed to cross your mind is that were it not for people who can shoot straight, your pages would probably be devoted to praising "the purity of the German blood," or "the glorious advances of the Great Proletarian Peoples' Revolution," or some such crap, instead of being devoted to bourgeois individualistic decadence.

There are plenty of gun owners among your readers who have never injured or killed anybody with a gun and you owe them an apology for donating your pages to such authoritarian agitprop. This could best be accomplished by publishing an ad from the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, 1601 114th S.E., Suite 151, Bellevue, Washington 98004. It behooves you to realize that we shooters are not right-wingers and Bible-thumping decency freaks, nor are we muggers and killers.

PAUL W. GREEN
Lawton, Oklahoma

The Sandstone rub

I've been looking for a place where I can get it on with lots of different people, where the atmosphere is good and the people are sensitive, where I can just be myself and fuck my brains out. With that in mind, I was very relieved to find out that Sandstone exists. Herbert Gold, in his June article (*Along the Frontiers of Sex*), describes my kind of heaven. I'm going to try to set up my own Sandstone in New Jersey. Does it sell franchises?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Teaneck, New Jersey

As of this writing, Sandstone is not selling franchises. Sorry.

Flying right

It is good to see Frisbee getting some of the recognition and coverage that it deserves (*Zen and the Art of Frisbee*, May). Frisbee is a uniquely individualistic medium allowing sophisticated development in a wide range of personally attuned dimensions—as a sport or as an art. Communication is the essence of many of those dimensions, and the communication stimulated by your May article can only benefit the Frisbee's evolution.

DOUGLAS MCGRAE
Brighton, Massachusetts

Douglas, we were pleased to learn that the author of that piece, James R. Petersen, recently won the Harvey J. Kukuk I.F.A. award for outstanding Frisbee flying-disk journalistic achievement. No joke! Mr. Petersen was pleased with his gold-plated Frisbee, which, he says, flies better than a Pulitzer.

Reed collage

As a Lou Reed fanatic, I was happy to read, at last, an article by someone who seems to appreciate Lou's artistry (*All that Glitters Is Not Lou Reed*, June). The rock press tends to either vilify or ignore him, but Dave Hickey's article manages to reveal a glimpse of the past and present Lou Reed—or at least some of his persona. However, as far as debunking any excessive myths about him and the Velvets, forget it. Lou's mystique has only been enhanced. By the way, I consider Lou very attractive as well as talented—and I'm not a teeny-bopper or a gay or a glitter freak.

JUDY LOPATIN
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Thanks for all the great stuff on Lou Reed ("He'd come and sit down at a table and his elbow wouldn't be touching it and yet he'd be leaning on his elbow . . ."—terrific!) and all the rest of the gang, but when are you (meaning the press in general, I suppose) going to come out with the really *important* stuff? Like what's Lou's shirt size?

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND
FAN CLUB
Alexandria, Virginia

Apollonia with aplomb

I almost dropped my *gyros* when I saw the pictorial of Apollonia Skouras in the June OUI. I was planning to travel to Greece next summer, but she is one reason I may leave immediately. Any chance of seeing her once more before I go?

NICK MOUKAS
Chicago, Illinois

Sure, Nick. Here's a picture to take with you as you travel up those dirt roads. Hope you find her island.

Foul!

On page 135 of the March issue of OUI, there is a revolting cartoon showing a rape victim asking her rapist to rape her again. This kind of sick "humor" horrifies those of us who know the horror of rape, and we believe OUI is helping the rising rape crime rate by perpetuating the myth that women want to be raped.

The prevailing attitude that women want to be raped is absolutely untrue. The theory that women like being raped extends itself by deduction into the proposition that most or much of rape is provoked by the victim. This, too, is a myth. The notion that rape is enjoyed by the victim is *also* convenient for the man, who then can rape, guilt-free, at will. On

behalf of all women who fear rape as the most violent crime against women, we protest this kind of sick humor and encourage the members of the staff of OUI to be more humane and responsible publishers and men.

DOROTHY GLASSE
New York Women Against Rape
New York, New York

For those wishing more information about N.Y.W.A.R., its address is: 150 Amsterdam Avenue, New York, New York 10023.

Mano gets his just deserts

I want to commend D. Keith Mano for his great movie reviews. I'm delighted to see someone react as enthusiastically to *The Godfather, Part II* (May) as I did. That flick is certainly an epic achievement in film making. It is not only because Mano's judgment is so close to mine that I rate his fresh, earnest critiques five notches above those of Kael, Crist, Simon, and the rest.

ANDY ZIBART
Nashville, Tennessee

Breakthrough

I was pleased to read your interview with Carl Sagan (May). The prospect of intergalactic travel is something I've been working on for the past two and a half years. I have formulated a theory that it will be possible for man to travel and communicate at a speed in excess of the speed of light. Matter of fact, I estimate it to be 50 light-years per second. I have already performed experiments proving the theory viable. I need money, however, to further the experiments and start the processes by which my theory will be generally accepted. But I hope to have all those details taken care of in the next three or four years.

DAVE DUBOIS
Anchorage, Alaska

Lost compliment

I really miss the way you used to do the upcoming-features box on the *We* page. It had the unique stylistic flavor of your fine magazine. I want to suggest some articles I'd like to see in OUI by offering my own preview box in your old style:

"Cabby!"
"Yes, sir!"
"Take me to the airport!"
"Oh, are you on your way to the October OUI magazine? I'm sure you and the young lady will like the articles in it, such as: William O. Douglas on *Backpacking to Meet Girls*; *What Andy Warhol Means to Me*, by Kenneth Clark; *Kenneth Clark and His Milieu*, by Andy Warhol; *My Washington*, by Wilbur Mills; and *Stop Me Before I Swill Again*, by Dean Martin. Not to mention a fashion spread on what to wear to lunch among the

Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

ZERO IN WITH RANGEFINDER

. . . the optical tapemeasure that measures distances of six feet to 100 feet from where you stand.
It takes only seconds. Just sight any object, focus and look at the tape indicator to read distance in feet and/or inches. Rangefinder is reliable, too. Average accuracy to 25 feet is 99.2%, to 100 feet, 97.8%. Rangefinder and carrying case are just $19.95*, plus $1.50 for shipping and handling (total $21.45*).
Rangefinder is yours to use and enjoy for two weeks without obligation. If at the end of 14 days you aren't completely satisfied, just return it and receive full refund or credit. Send check or money order to:

EQUINOX
Marketing Services, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. PM99
Chicago, Illinois 60611

No. C.O.D. orders, please. *Illinois residents please add 5% tax ($1.07 each). Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key (please include Key number with your order).

Mayan ruins. And, gosh, if *that* isn't enough, sir, it's got pictures of some truly unspeakable women who have less than their share of clothing on; a special visit with Prince Fahd in his steam bath and, if that don't get you where you want to go, there's an essay on jet lag by Henry Kissinger."

"Gee, that sounds great—better than where we were going."

"That'll be a dollar twenty-five."

You've got a great magazine—keep up the sensational work.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS
Los Angeles, California

Notorious Nina

Nina Carter (June) is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Usually magazines run pictures of skinny girls who, because of thin hips and thick waists, look adolescent. Jane Birkin is such a woman. Nina Carter, on the other hand, is my

idea of a soul-thumping, bone-crushing, capital-W Woman. She also has the prettiest breasts in the world.

CHARLES GILFORD
Los Angeles, California

Bugatti boogie

Now I know you guys appreciate true beauty—the pure elegance of precision machinery in motion. That June pictorial on the Bugatti is a regular ground shaker. It is a beautiful homage to a unique car and a unique man behind it. Thanks for the special treat.

WILLIAM DRUCKER
Stanhope, New Jersey

The *Mail* section's self-criticism

Your magazine is a prime example of the intrinsic inanity of freedom of speech and of the press—particularly the *Mail* section. I refer to the June issue and I touch upon only the high points: Fred Wilson of Los Angeles, California, informs us that girls' thingies don't look right if they don't have hair around them. Robert M. Valek of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, speaks up forthrightly for Billie Jean King, tennis champion and beautiful human being. Jules Ringuet of Montreal, Quebec, tells us how cycle guys like himself get stoked by chicks in leather (that he refers to you as high-powered media types must have blown you guys right into Indiana). And Name Withheld by Request from faraway La Crosse, Wisconsin, tries to turn the world on to nutmeg (which can alter mental states, according to a number of authorities).

It is very depressing to pick up a magazine like yours and be reminded anew of how heavily populated the world is with stunning mediocrities. I realize it will probably do no good, but, in the name of excellence, I would nevertheless politely request that you and yours walk in front of a truck as soon as possible.

A. K. BREELEY
Oakland, California

We call 'em as we see 'em, A. K. Or as we get them in. We don't think our readers are stunning mediocrities. You're probably an OK guy yourself. But listen, turkey: Don't jive us about our readers. We like one another. If you like none of us, get whatever's second best.

Sartre's angst

Your conversation with Jean-Paul Satire (June) is one of the funniest articles I have read in your magazine. His half-truths and ridiculous distortions of the facts, along with his hypocrisy, his self-contradiction and his illogic, left me rolling on the floor. He may not be much of a philosopher or a Marxist, but he's proved himself as a comedian.

DAVID SANDBROOK
Idyllwild, California

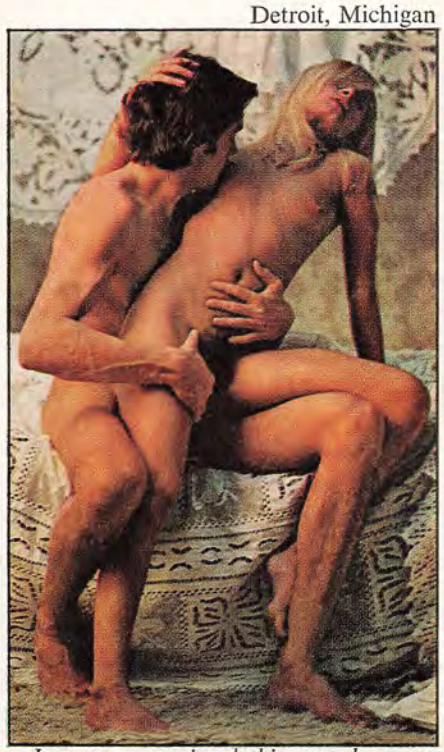
Congratulations on your interview with Jean-Paul Sartre. I am puzzled by Sartre's new image and his attempt to persuade the reader that Mao is an OK guy. I know that Sartre is a Mao freak, but it is just plain ironic that a person so well known for his existentialist beliefs would attempt to persuade anybody of anything, or be a political activist himself. This is a significant change in Sartre and makes one suspect his credibility as far as existentialist ideas are concerned. I guess that I am old-fashioned, since I feel that most works by Albert Camus show a more profound attitude, an attitude without infatuations toward any political system. Don't read me wrong, I like Sartre, it's just his new activist image I find hard to take.

DAVID PHILLIP OLIVER
New Orleans, Louisiana

High-wired

I really enjoyed the pictorial on Didier and Claudine (*Down Is Up,* June). It appears that high-flying acrobats can sure teach us earth-bound lovers a trick or two.

DAVID FARRELL
Detroit, Michigan



In case you missed this one, here are Claudine and Didier rehearsing a new high-wire act. As you can see, Claudine is midway into a back flip and Didier is right there to catch her.

Old wine, new bottles

My girlfriend and I read your magazine every month. We enjoy picking up helpful information on sex in your articles and letters. Here's something new we dig. The other afternoon, my girlfriend pulled out a bottle of red wine and asked me to pour some into her vagina. I was very horny after pouring the wine into her moist pit and I sucked it out thirstily. She moaned with delight. We did this for several hours and she had dozens of orgasms. I encourage everyone to try this enjoyable sensation.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Austin, Texas

Faint praise

One of the true miracles of our time is how your magazine manages to contain sick poetry, alluring photography, obscene language, top-drawer fashion, dumb jokes, sensuous women, perverted fiction and classic reviews—and still emerge as *The Wall Street Journal* of the skin trade. Perhaps variety is the spice of life! Keep on truckin'!

WILLIAM JAVENKOSKI
Detroit, Michigan

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

KEEP IT COOL... OR KEEP IT HOT...

WITH THERMO PRODUCTS FROM PLAYBOY

Playboy's Thermo mugs, steins and tumblers keep drinks piping hot or frosty cold. And a Thermo ice bucket keeps up to four quarts of ice for hours. There's even a Thermo Executive Set with 32-oz. beverage server, two mugs and a serving tray. All vacuum sealed and double-wall insulated, so they're shockproof and breakproof. In handsome black, with the Playboy Rabbit Head in white.

A. Thermo Ice Bucket, AB0355, $16.00.

B. Thermo Beverage Server, 32 oz., AB0351, $18.00.

C. Thermo Beer Steins, set of four, AB0354, $16.00.

D. Thermo Tumblers, set of four, AB0350, $12.00.

E. Thermo Coffee Mugs, set of four, AB0353, $10.00.

F. Thermo Executive Set, four pieces, AB0352, $25.00.

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Be sure to include the correct AB item code number when you order. Please add $1 per item or set for shipping and handling. Illinois residents, please add 5% tax. Make checks payable to Playboy Products (no C.O.D. orders, please). Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their Key—please be sure to include your credit Key number.
Send your order to:

Playboy Products
Playboy Building, Dept. PP78,
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.

© B&W T Co.

Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

OPENERS

Feeling wimpy? Try this test

What constitutes effeminate behavior in males? Funny you should ask. Four Harvard psychiatrists wondered the same thing and, being men of action (i.e., not *themselves* effeminate), they devised the Effeminacy Quantitative Rating Scale, containing such questions as the following. Give them to a friend to answer, fellows, and remember: Keep your fingers crossed, not your ankles.

SPEECH

1. Does he speak with a high voice (a consistently high tone or occasionally a falsetto)?

2. Does his voice trail off in the midst of or at the ends of sentences?

3. Does he use nouns in a bizarre diminutive fashion (e.g., drinkie or even drinkie-pooh for drink)?

GAIT

1. Does he walk in small mincing steps?

2. Does he move sinuously?

3. Do his thighs rub together when he walks?

4. As he walks, do his buttocks noticeably roll in an up-and-down direction?

POSTURE

1. When he sits, does he double cross his legs (i.e., at both knee and ankle)?

2. Does he display a limp wrist?

3. Does he use his hands in statuesque gestures?

MOUTH MOVEMENTS

1. Does he purse his lips when he speaks?

2. Does he purse his lips when not speaking?

3. Does he smile seductively?

UPPER FACE AND EYES

1. Does he flirt with his eyes?

2. Is he furtive in terms of eye contact with the interviewer?

3. Does he raise his eyebrows for emphasis?

BODY NARCISSISM

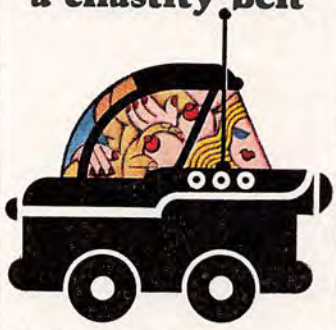
1. Does he caress himself (this includes face stroking and head or mustache stroking)?

2. Does he take his shoes off during the interview?

As for *us*, we think the whole thing is a big jokie-pooh.

Diane is a sex object—the object, in this case, being a coffee table, excellent for holding drinks and cigarettes, or for just looking through. Beneath her glass top, Diane lies plastered to a marble slab, life-size and golden, the creation of West Coast painter Warren Lee. This was Lee's first foray into sculpture, and a successful debut it was: For two weeks, Diane reclined in the lobby of San Francisco's Crown Zellerbach Building, titillating the businessmen of the West Coast Wall Street. Now she has been cast in bronze and is available for $5000, in an edition of ten. The line forms on the right.

The Fiat as a chastity belt



And now, a report from "Openers'" usually reliable source in the Rome chiropractic profession:

"Italian middle-class men depend upon the services of hookers from time to time, to quell their hot Latin blood. Because of Italy's depressed economic situation, however, lack of money forces the men into getting serviced in their Fiat 500s or other small autos and they invariably show up in my office a few days later complaining of excruciating back pains.

"When asked what is wrong, the men usually reply '*Colpo di strega*,' which translates as struck by the witch. When asked how it happened, they will look away, stammer, stutter and finally say something about 'while shaving' or 'trying to pick up the soap in the shower.'

"We chiropractors privately diagnose their condition as *bocchino lambaggine*, or 'blow-job lumbago.' After treatment, the pain goes away and we take a moment to explain to the patient that, next time, he should take the girl to a nice hotel. He would be more relaxed and the cost, though more than for a backseat quickie, would still be less than the $200 he usually ends up paying us."

Bosom buddies

In faraway Geneva, Switzerland, hotbed of neutrality, the International Organization for Standardization has apparently run out of things to standardize, having recently turned its attention to the way in which the world and its masses should measure the female bosom; thus: "The maximum girth measured during normal breathing with the subject standing erect and the tape measure passed over the shoulder blades, under the armpits and across the bust prominences." Drinks all around for the discreet fellows at the I.O.S.

There is a TV commercial that advertises a line of dolls called Super Heroes and Super Villains, and in the commercial, the announcer says: "Get Batman and Robin, the super crime fighters . . . Spider-Man, the weird wall crawler . . . and Shazam!—*eight inches of action!*" Mmmmmm. So *that's* why he's also known as Captain Marvel!

Aural sex—truckers' delight

"What's eating me": The ultimate in self-gratification, as a young lady spends a gloriously sensual night diving headlong into her own sweet pleasures.

Sound familiar? First it was

racy paperbacks, then "party" records and, finally, hard-core films. What more can there be? Erotic tape cassettes, suitable for playback on your home cartridge deck. Progress will out.

ERO Productions of Los Angeles is the company that is hot to get porn into your ears, fronting a line of tape selections replete with all manner of sexual slurp and gulp, from *Carol's Cum-On Salon* ("An extroverted beautician makes her customers feel, as well as look, good") to *Truck Stop Rosie, Parts I & II* ("Rosie meets someone who can service more than trucks"). The tapes are made available through ads in truckers' magazines—as well as at local porn shops and some liquor stores—and the success of this latest form of mobile cheap thrills is giving country-and-western music a run for its money in the trucking market.

ERO pays $50 apiece for ten-page, quarter-hour scripts produced by a small stable of writers, and then pays a crew of 15 to 20 actors $50 each per hour to record the tapes on modern, multitrack facilities. The finished product sells for $3.99 and is packaged nicely enough, according to an ERO spokesman, "to be on a 7-Eleven counter without offending anyone." (The tapes are *not* sold in 7-Elevens, however.)

A firsthand listening confirmed the excellent production quality, despite an overdependence on sound effects. "At first, we wanted to go whole hog with musical accompaniment," the ERO man explained, "but then we realized that our audience didn't care. All they want to hear is heavy breathing."

—David Rensin

Love queen takes a bow job

"I love to show tits and legs," says Susi Wyss, whose wispy topless ostrich-feather dress permits her to do just that as she pours tea for a visitor to her Paris apartment. Some of the world's most celebrated people have reclined here—courtiers, photographers and pop-culture heroes who drop by to sample the fabled sensuality of the lady called—by herself and others—the Love Queen of Paris. She tells of her friendships with Mick Jagger, Roman Polanski and Yves St. Laurent, and of how Peter Fonda taught her about perseverance; a discreet photo of Susi hanging out with Brigitte Bardot and Salvador Dali catches the eye as she talks.

"I make love at least once with all my real friends and, you know, I haven't had a bad lover in years. Even if I chose one with a bad reputation, he's *good* with me." The lady pauses. "He'd *better* be," she adds sweetly. But no Love Queen can survive for long as

The man with the world's longest fingernails is not an interior decorator living on Fire Island—he is Murari Mohan Aditya of Calcutta, India. Murari embarked upon his quest in 1962 and now has nails that measure—from left to right—11 inches, 12 inches, 11½ inches, 10 inches and 11 inches. That's very nice, but just between us, folks, when this guy beats off, it must sound like the Xavier Cugat band playing *Tico-Tico*.

BELLY LETTRES

The hidden issues of our time

Dear *Openers*,

Last year's elections brought us new faces, defaced lampposts and a severe earache. Regrettably, little attention was given to the *real* issues, whose explication may well chart the course of the 1976 Presidential election, the future of all mankind and control of the Iowa state senate. Here, based on a scientific poll conducted at Eva's Discount Massage Parlour and Drive-In Periodontal Clinique in Plainfield, New Jersey, is a rundown of these crucial issues:

1. *Aid to Soviet Jewelry:* Right now, thousands of rhinestones, garnets and zircons are trapped behind the Iron Curtain. The tyrannical Soviet regime refuses to heed conscience calls from Harry Winston's and Cartier's. A giant rally in Antwerp this summer may help focus attention on this plight.

2. *Abolition of the Deaf Penalty:* Seventeen states still permit this primitive form of punishment, in which noise-code violators have their ears stopped up with wads of cotton and ear muffs. The A.D.L.U. (American Decibel Liberties Union) is bringing test cases to abolish this torture for everyone except jackhammer operators, early-morning sanitation workers and cabdrivers.

3. *Low-Income Housing for the Pure:* With the sex-discrimination laws barring segregation based on sex, America's dwindling virgin population cannot find apartments and homes suitable for their needs. "We regard the need for such housing as one of the most solid tissues of our time," declared Miss Alicia Hymen, official spokesperson for the unspoken-for.

4. *The Highway Truss Fund:* Today, countless American motorists risk disabling, painful injuries while attempting to fix flat tires along our Interstate Highway System. Legislation now before Congress would mandate Federal monies to help these victims. But internal disagreement threatens to rupture this fragile coalition.

5. *An End to Violins in the Street:* From Sunset Strip to North Michigan Avenue to Fifth Avenue, pedestrians are in constant danger from itinerant street musicians who demand spare change and stomp on the graves of dead composers. Funds are urgently needed to enable police to sweep these offenders off the streets once and for all.

With meaningful discussion of these great concerns, we can be confident that 1976 will produce a President ready to assume the burden of leadership. As Gerald Ford has often said, "Any job what pays two hundred big ones a year plus you get a free house and food and cars when everybody else is eating Tender Vittles can't be all bad."

Sincerely,

Jeff Greenfield

Jeff Greenfield

This daring and beautiful book picks up where The Joy of Sex left off.

"Uninhibited" . . . "witty, unprecedented" . . ."superbly and tastefully illustrated" . . . "joyous and delightfully instructive" . . . that's how readers, critics and psychologists responded to *The Joy of Sex*, the frank and beautiful gourmet guide to lovemaking that has sold over 3,000,000 copies in less than two years. MORE JOY is its welcome companion.

Like its predecessor, MORE JOY is a book that deals fully and frankly, joyfully and nonclinically with aspects of sex that other books circumvent or ignore. It goes further than any book we know in its exploration of the fine points of lovemaking techniques between mature adults.

It is called MORE JOY because that is what it offers. More liberation, more understanding, more answers, more resources and better ways to relate lovingly to others. It discusses methods, both physical and psychological, that can greatly deepen and alter the pleasure experience. It does this with grace, through candid, witty text and through tenderly sensuous illustrations.

MORE JOY features 100 illustrations, 32 in full color, by the same artists who made *The Joy of Sex* a feast for the eye. The illustrations are instructional and explicit—but much more. They convey all the romance, excitement and beautiful passion of the consummate act of love.

In five sections—The Language of the Body, His and Hers, Couples and Others, Special Needs, and Resources—MORE JOY guides experienced and secure couples into the examination of the whole of their relationships as well as the changing conception of fidelity in today's society.

MORE JOY shows you specifically how to enhance general body sensitivity, perhaps the most neglected part of our sensual education. It delves into the essence of maleness and femaleness and illuminates the differences, some biological, some cultural, in the sexual experience of the two sexes.

There is a large section on special needs which provides much-needed information for those with psychological problems, physical disabilities, duration difficulties, recent heart incidents and other unusual concerns.

Telling you where to go for more help, advice or inspiration, MORE JOY explains and assesses behavior therapy, psychoanalysis, encounter groups and the distinctive methods employed in sexual therapy. You will learn which are the effective ways to alter and improve your sex life, both at the physical and the emotional level, and which techniques are confusing and harmful.

To those who have read and learned from *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY presents a further step toward a joyous, inventive and carefree sexual relationship. To those who have not read *The Joy of Sex*, MORE JOY introduces today's most original, challenging and rewarding thinking on sex.

In any event, MORE JOY is a book you would do well to read and reread—for your own sake and that of the one you love.

You may examine MORE JOY for ten days, and if for any reason you are not completely satisfied, return it for a prompt refund.

Because the text and illustrations of MORE JOY are exceptionally candid, we are limiting sales to adults 21 and over.

CONTENTS

Preface
Beyond Advanced Lovemaking
The Language of the Body

- Babies
- Batacas
- Body image
- Body language
- Hostility
- Hot tubs
- Language of the heart
- Massage
- Masturbation and learning
- Muscles
- Pictures
- Positions
- Skin
- Soul Power
- Technique
- Watching
- Wrestling

His and Hers

- Aggression
- Boys
- Erection
- Exhaustion
- Gay or straight
- Giving head
- His and hers
- Mess
- Penetration
- Performance
- Plenty of time
- Saying no
- Security
- Selfishness
- Simultaneous orgasm
- Size
- Vaginal orgasm
- Weaker sex

Couples and Others

- Love
- Marriage
- Mischief-makers
- Othello and all that
- Relational, recreational
- Sandstone
- Seriousness
- Sharing
- Swinging
- Threesomes

Resources

- Behavior therapy
- Biofeedback
- Books
- Doctors
- Encounter groups
- Exercises
- Meditation
- Psychoanalysis
- Psychotherapy
- Sex therapy
- Surrogates

Special Needs

- Alcohol
- Depression
- Disablement
- Heart attacks
- Later Life
- Masochism
- Overweight
- Pregnancy
- Prostate
- Vaginismus

Playboy Books 6 Commercial Street, Hicksville, New York 11801 OUI 975

- ☐ Send me MORE JOY. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85 ($12.95 plus 90c shipping and handling). New York Residents—add 4% tax plus any local sales tax. Illinois residents—add 5% tax. If not completely satisfied, I may return the book for a full refund. I represent that I am 21 or over.
- ☐ Send me *The Joy of Sex*. Enclosed is my payment for $13.85.
- ☐ *Special Savings!* Send me both *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy*. I enclose my payment for $22.50.
- ☐ As checked above, but charge to my Playboy Club Credit Key

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Name _____
(Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

a hard-core heterosexual, as this one is quick to make clear. "I like women from time to time, especially with a man. I also like very much two boys and, yes, I have made love to my brother and sister—each one on different occasions."

And there is still more to the Susi Wyss repertoire. We first heard of her from a gentleman who considers himself one of her most adoring slaves and who paints a glowing picture of Susi as a pleasingly strict mistress. Does she mind talking about this slavery business? She does not. "He's my favorite friend," she declares. "I had to give him drawing lessons the other day—made him get down on all fours and draw his cock *with* his cock. Of course, he couldn't do that very well, so I had to punish him. About 25 strokes."

"I really like slaves," Susi says with a sigh. "I should have more. They clean your windows, wash your dishes—it's a shame I didn't think of it much earlier."

—CAROLE BOVOSO

A good sign to be born under

According to local legend, *Herr* Klaus Howad of Dusseldorf, West Germany, needed a name for his new pub but found that all the good names were already taken. So he said, "Fuck it." It wasn't a bad choice. Soon after Howad's pub opened (right across the street from the downtown police station, incidentally), the city was plastered with FUCKING stickers that his Fucking customers stuck on lampposts, streetcars and other people's clothing. Some of the stickers advertise cheap ale and cheap schnapps. Nothing about a cheap fuck, however.

—HARLAN FELTUS

TREND OF THE MONTH

If you've got it, flaunt it

In today's smart set, the currency you carry is more important than the company you keep. Toting a wallet full of tacky old 5s, 10s and 20s just won't do anymore. Chic denominations are 50s and 100s.

Even nostalgia buffs are getting into the act, scooping up those wonderful old 500s and 1000s. (More than $3,000,000 worth are still in circulation, although they were officially recalled in 1969 and no bill larger than $100 has been issued since 1946.) A collector we know uses *his* for Monopoly money.

Seventies-style superpromoter Barry "You do it, I'll sell it" Secunda never steps out without a fistful of 50s. "These days, fifty bucks is just a little more than cab fare," he says. Banks say they can barely keep up with the demand for large bills. Not only are more people asking for their cash withdrawals in 50s and 100s, the total amount of currency in circulation has gone up, too.

Three main reasons for the recent run on big bills: inflation, hoarding and—though the IRS doesn't admit it—an increase in undercover cash transactions. Makes sense to us. Who wants to get caught passing an entire lettuce salad under the table when a couple of big leaves will do? And, we might add, a single $100 bill is just the right size to slip inside a satin bra.

No doubt about it, cash is coming back. If the present trend continues, credit cards might go the way of the peace movement and all those other fads of the Swingin' Sixties.

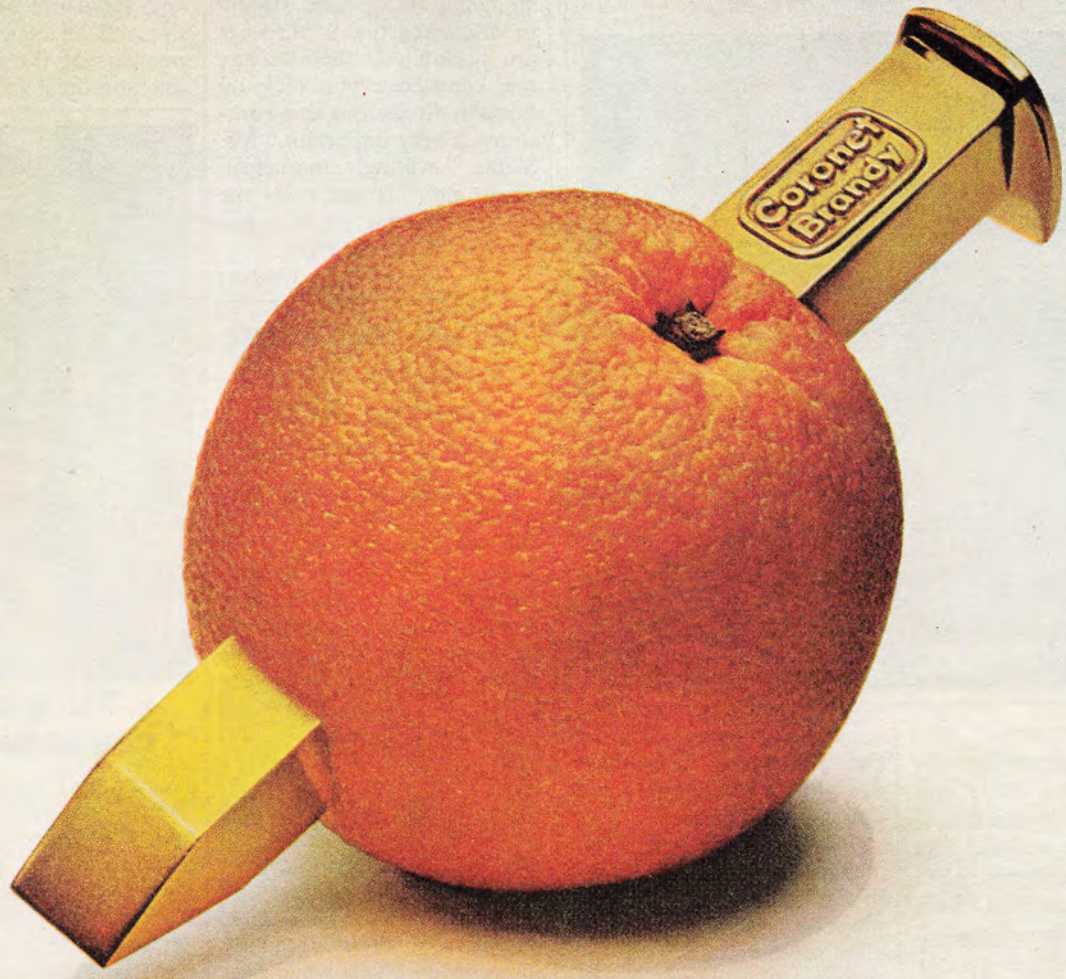
—ANNE BEATTS

Dr. Katsusaburo Miyamoto so loved his wife that he could not bear parting with her when she died. Instead, the doctor embalmed his lovely Carmelina, using a process that he, a research biologist, developed. He placed the body in his bed and slept with it every night for ten years. Talk about getting your ashes hauled! The grisly story was disclosed when authorities, finding Dr. Miyamoto had not registered his wife's death, issued a fine and the doctor was forced to sell his house to pay the levy. It was the auctioneers who found the body and the police who took it away. No more mummy for poppa.

Give pain a chance

"The trouble is that the public just doesn't understand sadomasochism. Most people feel sorry for the *masochist*, when all *he* has to do is sit there bound up in ropes and chains. It's really the *sadist* who has to do all the work."

Larry Olsen makes this complaint with only a hint of a smile. As a founder of the Society of Janus in San



Spike it with Coronet.

The Golden Spike.

4 oz. Orange Juice
1½ oz. Coronet Brandy

Discover Coronet. The brandy made to mix. Add it to orange juice over ice. It'll have you in a real sunshine state. Why? California grapes. That's the kind we use in Coronet. Coronet and orange juice. The spike is right.

For a free Spike recipe folder, write Coronet, Box 15480—Dept. O, Los Angeles, Calif. 90015.

Coronet. The Great California Brandy.

©1975 BRANDY DISTILLERS COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. EIGHTY PROOF

AD FANTASY #1

Oui's favorite cigarette break

Francisco, he is deadly serious about bringing sadomasochism out of the cellar and into America's bedrooms, if not the family rooms. The society is headquartered in the modest apartment that Olsen shares with cofounder Cynthia Ann Slater, a former dominatrix, and is comprised of a small but growing band of S/M devotees likewise intent on promoting a positive image for sadomasochism and the "allied arts" of bondage, discipline, domination, humiliation and submission.

In the society's view, the media have conspired with psychiatrists and pornographers to create a stereotyped view of sadomasochism as a sickness. "It's wrong for the media to hold up mass murderers like Richard Speck and Juan Corona as examples of sadists," says Olsen. "Those of us who're involved in S/M are some of the kindest, most loving people you'd ever want to meet." Olsen, who is a cabdriver by profession, adds that "I'm very candid about my fetishes. Everyone at work knows I'm a sadist and so do some of my passengers." (The ones who don't tip, Lar?)

Although the Society of Janus (named for the Roman god of beginnings) is less than a year old, it already has all the bourgeois accouterments of other consciousness-raising movements: discussion groups, buffet dinners, specialized workshops and a monthly newsletter, which dispenses philosophical essays, reviews, letters, personal ads and consumer tips ("Caution: If you are thinking of using electric-cable ties as bondage cuffs, make sure you have wire cutters available. It's the only way to get them off").

Society meetings, which are open to both gays and straights, are devoted strictly to talk, and actual S/M scenes are prohibited. "Believe me, the knowledge you pick up through discussions and workshops is very important," Ms. Slater, willing masochist, points out. "It just ruins the whole thing for me if a guy can't tie the knots right."

—HARVEY H. HUKARI

Why snails eat indoors when George Riley comes around

"It's all good and well to sneer about my objective," says George Riley of Sidcup, Kent, England, "yet I may discover certain things which may prove to become useful to mankind." What Riley is so

defensive about is his hobby of recording snails while they eat. We repeat: *snails while they eat*. "There are some 30,000 different members of the snail family world-wide," says Riley, who is regularly employed at a London meat market, "and I think that . . . each species makes a different sound when eating. So far, I have checked on a great number of different kinds of snails and the results of my tests will also deepen our general knowledge of the world of animals as a whole." Good luck, Riley. If we catch anybody sneering at your work, we'll tap-dance on their temples and let 30,000 different members of the snail family lunch on their limbs.

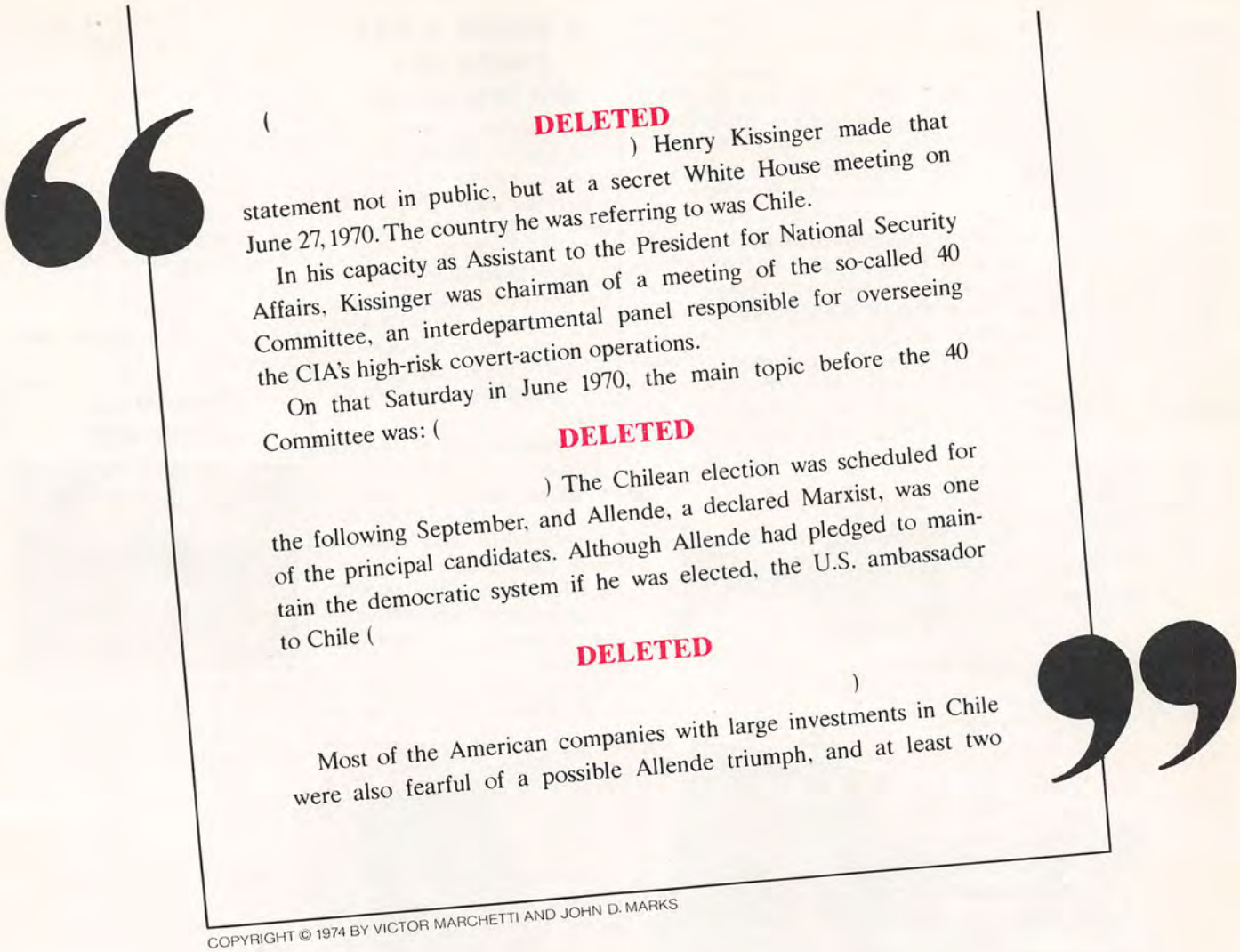
Turn-on countdown

There are 47 turn-ons in this photo—how many can you find? We'll give you a start by pointing out the provocative azure sky over San Francisco Bay, the saucy tilt of Carol's buns as she faces the mysterious East Coast and the sheer freaking audacity of the official Future Farmers of America jacket, which Carol borrowed from a gay pal. The jackets, by the by, are a hot item on the kinky gay nostalgia market, where the normally wholesome letters stand for . . . Fist Fuckers Anonymous. And then there's the F.F.A. motto: "Youth with a purpose." That's a turn-on, if ever we heard one, as is the teasing hint of bestiality whenever farmboys come to

We recently noticed that the FLESH crayon is no longer included in the boxes of 8, 16, 32 or 48 assorted colors. In its place, nestling between PERIWINKLE and SALMON we find PEACH.

Consumer testing indicates the PEACH crayon is the same color as the FLESH crayon, but the change got us to wondering. Was the FLESH label changed in response to contemporary racial awareness? (If such is the case, they really should include eight FLESH shades.) Or was the ban on FLESH from the crayon box prompted by the Supreme Court crackdown on pornography?

—BILL PETERSON



The above is from a page of the new, best-selling book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence.*

Published at last, the inside story of the undercover activities of the CIA, written by a former agent!

That is, with a few minor deletions by the CIA.

In fact, with page after page of deletions and blank spaces—because a court of appeals has ruled that the CIA has the right to censor what the public has a right to know.

The American Civil Liberties Union believes otherwise, and we hope you do, too.

We're trying to fill in all the blanks, and we need your help. So far, our defense of authors Victor Marchetti and John Marks has forced the CIA to restore portions of the manuscript. Now we're going to the Supreme Court to try and remove the remaining deletions.

But we need your help in the defense of *all* our liberties. Without your help, the Constitution would soon look like a page from Marchetti's book. Freedom of speech deleted. The right of privacy deleted. Equality deleted. Each of our rights slowly censored to death.

The ACLU is a membership organization with 275,000 members nationwide, and a 55-year history of unwavering defense of individual rights.

Won't you join our efforts to fill in the blanks about every kind of illegal government activity—by filling in the blanks in the coupon below?

☐ I want to be (INCLUDED). Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ I want to join ACLU. Credit my contribution towards membership:

☐ $15 Individual ☐ $25 Joint ☐ More

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: ACLU, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

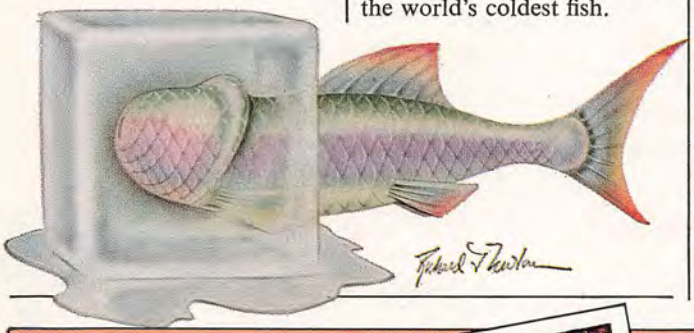
American Civil Liberties Union

84 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

mind. Let's see—that's almost a half-dozen grabbers right there. Only 41 more to go. So go. Winner gets a free subscription. To something.

Caviar *emptor*

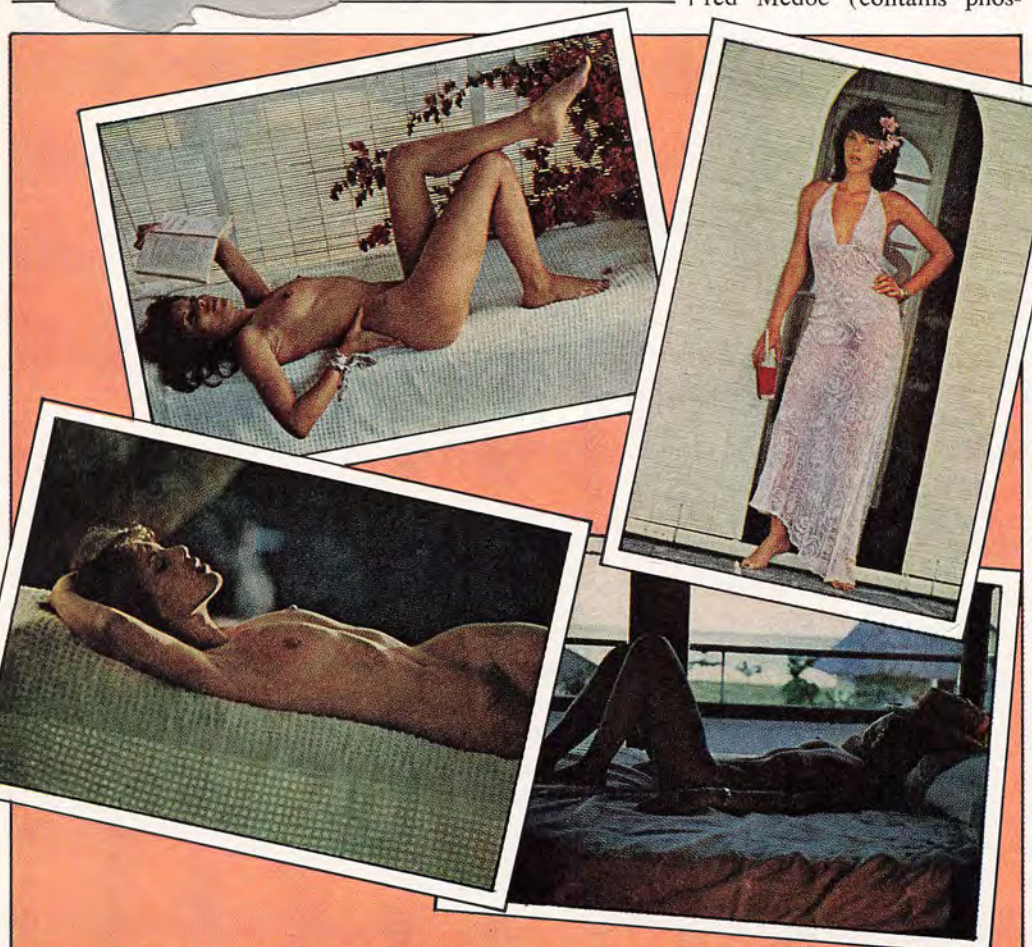
Relax. The threat of a global caviar shortage has been eased, ever so slightly, and there is no longer any immediate danger of the world's supply's being exhausted. There was once, you see. The sturgeon population of the landlocked Caspian Sea, source of 90 percent of the caviar we eat (or would like to eat), was declining drastically, due to nasty oil refineries and wicked hydroelectric plants. But just in the nick of time, the Russians came up with a caviar Five-Year Plan, establishing 12 sturgeon hatcheries in coastal areas and building the sturgeon population right back up again. Sturgeon, we are told, are ideally suited to life in a fish hatchery. They engage in no mating preliminaries of any kind and procreate without body contact, which must make them the world's coldest fish.



A bottle a day keeps the doctor away

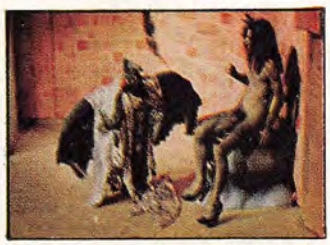
The therapeutic powers of wine are something long believed in but never fully documented. Until now. In his new book, *Cure Yourself with Wine*, Dr. E. A. Maury, esteemed French professor of homeopathic medicine, not only confirms the healing properties of wines but offers several specific prescriptions for specific physiological disorders:

- Allergies: half a glass of Bordeaux with each meal.
- Weight loss (involuntary): two glasses of Côte de Beaune (rich in iron and calcium) with each meal.
- High cholesterol count: steady diet of Muscadet (contains no sugar and has high acidity).
- Depression: two glasses of red Medoc (contains phosphorus, which is good for the nerve cells) with each meal.
- Nervous breakdown: two glasses of red Medoc before and during meals.
- Tendency to heart attacks: one or two glasses of dry champagne before and during meals.
- Influenza: one half bottle of red Burgundy or Côtes du Rhône per day, heated, with sugar and lemon.
- Fever: one bottle of dry champagne per day.



Her name is Dani—nothing more, nothing less. Just Dani. She is one of France's top pop singers, a particular favorite of the postpubescent *yé-yé* crowd (the Gallic bubble gummers). She is one of Europe's most ubiquitous Beautiful People, showing up in the pages of French *Vogue* as often as Chanel ads. Most recently, she is the owner-hostess of Paris' chicquest young-set night club, L'Adventure. "It's who you let through the door that counts," she says. "I can smell the right people. They're all looking for something—love or money, the two things that make the world go round."

One-man show-off



The green-colored fellow is named Copi and you have caught him in the middle of his Paris one-man show, part of which he spends flushing papier-mâché animals down an oversize toilet. The avowed message of his show is: Let's all play. Say what you will about message and medium, Copi, a native of Argentina, is one of France's most respected radical artists. His satirical cartoons appear each week in the prestigious *Nouvel Observateur* and the plays he has written (*Eva Perón*, *The Days of a Dreamer*) have been sizable hits. The joy of Copi, says a Parisian admirer, "can break your heart."

Taking a little nip

To the traditional Oriental arts of self-defense, flower arranging and making low-budget monster movies, perhaps we should now add that of the bottom pinch. Bottom pinching, once considered an exclusively Latin discipline, seems to have caught on in a big way in the part of downtown Tokyo that Rodan didn't eat.

Occidentals appear to be the pinchers' prime targets and sometimes the move is accompanied by suggestive dialog. "One inebriated man sauntered up to me on my

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!
Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!
Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up techniques in the world. • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick *you* up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.
HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—*in their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.
If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only $7.95—*less* than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!

IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!
Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

OVER 160 LUSCIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!
THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE contains over 160 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph above. These photographs are large, beautiful, and incredibly frank. They show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on a woman. And today that's more important than ever before. After all, today a woman expects a lot from a man. By the time she's twenty she's probably been to bed with at least half a dozen guys. So she knows when someone's a good lover. . . and when he's not so good.

That's why THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE can be such a help. It's chock full of hundreds of techniques that *overnight* can turn you into an "expert" at turning on a woman. Here are just a few of the techniques you will learn and master:

• **How to get a woman to "let herself go"** • "Magic" caresses • **The techniques of touch** • Stimulating a woman • **Building feminine passion** • The building of sexual power • **Special sexual motions** • Dozens of exotic positions • **The *Panther's* Kiss** • Rocking motions • **The magic of Warm Baths** • Building sexual control • **Best ways to generate passion** ••• And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with truly luscious photographs

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!!! THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk.

So just don't *think* about ordering THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE. Really go ahead and do it. Right now. After all, in just one week it can turn you into such a vibrant, exciting lover, women will look at you in a whole new light.

The Northern Valley Co., Dept. FD, PO Box 515, Tenafly NJ 07670

☐ **I've enclosed $8.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Rush me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!**

☐ **I've enclosed $12.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Rush me THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE!**

☐ **Both books only $19.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling.**

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Books come in non-identifiable wrapper.

Folks, say hello to Pia Sorenson, a bouncy bundle of Nordic nonesuch who hails from allegedly wonderful Copenhagen. She's sweet 16 and, boy, has she ever been kissed! Pia attends school by day, but when the sun goes down, so does she, moonlighting as a porn-film princess. The popularity of Pia's hard-core one-reelers got her elected queen of the First Danish Erotic Film Festival. Almost got her kicked out of England, too, when she went there to promote the festival and the Organization of British Headmasters learned her age. Nothing came of it, though, except a new nickname from the British press. Pia Plenty, the papers called her. We can get into that.

way home from work," says an American woman. "He pinched me and said loudly in my ear, 'Sex!' That was all. He walked on, apparently satisfied."

Then there was the tight-lipped businessman, impeccably dressed in a dark suit and tie, who passed a woman in the street one sunny day. Without missing a step, he reached out quickly, executed a firm pinch, withdrew his hand and continued on his way, inscrutable as ever.

The behavior of Japanese men has drawn complaints in the form of letters to Tokyo newspapers. "I am a young American wife who has too often been exposed to the rude and offensive stares of Japanese men who seem to think that at any minute my clothes will fly off, revealing a voluptuous sexpot, and whose dream is that I invite them on a wild sexual adventure," wrote one correspondent.

She should recognize the behavior for what it is: The Japanese men simply are curious to find out for themselves whether or not it's true that American women are built straight up and down, not sideways.

Calling Dr. Comfort

When the police arrived on the scene of the death in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, here is what they found: the nude body of a 42-year-old woman lying beneath an open third-story window of her suburban home. The authorities immediately speculated that the woman, the wife of a college professor, had been hanging drapes and had fallen through the window. True, not everyone hangs drapes in the nude, but these are strange times.

In this case, the times got even stranger. Much, much stranger. The accident theory was shortly abandoned and the woman's husband was indicted for involuntary manslaughter. At the trial, the prosecuting attorney disclosed that the husband, with his wife's consent, had suspended her out the window by a rope tied to one leg and the rope had slipped. The couple, said the prosecutor, had been preparing to engage in a sex act.

Of course: the old Rope-Fuck in Mid-Air Trick. Fine the guy $1000 and set a new page in *The Joy of Sex*.

Yoghurt culture

Cleve Backster, one of the first to detect emotional responses from plants and hero of *The Secret Life of Plants*, is back among us with another bulletin from the frontiers of botanical communication. At a recent scientific gathering, Backster told how he had poured milk into a container of yoghurt and had detected an electrical impulse emanating from a container of yoghurt on the other side of his laboratory. The impulses continued, he said, and the two yoghurt cultures established a pattern of communications.

Reminds us of a line from *Breakfast of Champions*: "Kilgore Trout once wrote a short story which was a dialog between two pieces of yeast." Mr. Vonnegut, meet Mr. Backster.

Shut up and eat your comic book

Mother was right. Comic books can rot your brain. But only if, after you read them, you eat them. Professor Gerald Fowles, head of the chemistry department at Britain's Reading University, discloses that certain comics are printed with colored inks (yellow and red being the worst offenders) that have

The rest of British industry may be on part-time schedules, but the nation's chamber-pot business is booming. Two factories were recently forced to put on a third daily shift. Is this what they mean about the shit hitting the fan? Actually, the upsurge is due to a new fad in European home decorating—using chamber pots as flower vases, fruit bowls, kitchen containers and conversation pieces in the den. For when the talk gets dirty.

How many times have we heard how far superior British television is to the American variety? About 7342 by last count. Well, after viewing these clips from a recent BBC documentary on *Gentle Horses*, we might be forced to agree. The program was certainly *racier* than anything we've seen on *Wild Kingdom*, showing gentle horses in the act of making baby gentle horses. We mean, it showed *everything*. Your move, Marlin Perkins.

Knowing what a man wants...

. . . makes PLAYBOY the one magazine every man wants. The finest in fact, fiction and foldout. Add to that . . . the convenience of having PLAYBOY delivered right to your door . . . and the big savings off the single-copy price. Now . . . how can you resist subscribing?

12 great issues for just $10. Subscribe today!

PLAYBOY
P.O. Box 2420, Boulder, Colorado 80302

I know what I want—a subscription to PLAYBOY for

- ☐ 3 years $24 (save $24.00 off $48.00 single-copy price)
- ☐ 1 year $10 (save $6.00 off $16.00 single-copy price)
- ☐ bill me later
- ☐ payment enclosed
- ☐ charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

my name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO only.

9573

FROM CARDSIZE TO LIFESIZE

PLAYBOY has Playmates in all sizes.

Majken Haugedal/
Connie Kreski
AK 0305

Cynthia Myers/
Lieko English
AK 0306

PLAYMATE BRIDGE DECKS
Playmates of the Year—
two decks in a gift case.
$3 each.

Cathy Rowland
Poster AH 6001
Puzzle AP 0193

Miki Garcia
Poster AH 6002
Puzzle AP 0194

Marilyn Cole
Poster AH 6000
Puzzle AP 0192

Willy Rey
Poster AH 6003
Puzzle AP 0195

PLAYMATE LIFESIZE POSTERS
Full color, 28″ wide by 5′6″ tall. Available in black slick tubes, suitable for gift giving or mailing.
$5 each.

Playboy Products, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois 60611
Please send me:

Quantity	Item Code No.	Cost	Total

Please add $1 per puzzle, 50¢ per item for all other items, for shipping and handling. _____

No C.O.D. orders, please. TOTAL _____

☐ Payment enclosed. (Make checks payable to Playboy Products.)

☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

PP77

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PLAYMATE LIFESIZE PUZZLES
Finished full-color puzzles measure 28″ wide by 5′6″ tall. 150 pieces, each approximately 12 square inches.
$10 each, boxed.

such a high lead content that they might cause brain damage if ingested. In some cases, Fowles said, the comic's front page alone contains as much as 20 times the daily danger level. Chewing paper, he concluded, "can be very dangerous at this high level of lead."

VEGETABLE OF THE MONTH

Her name is Fern. She comes from the East, high-bred and delicate. She used to be very big in the garden club, but now she's into pot. Isn't that always the way?

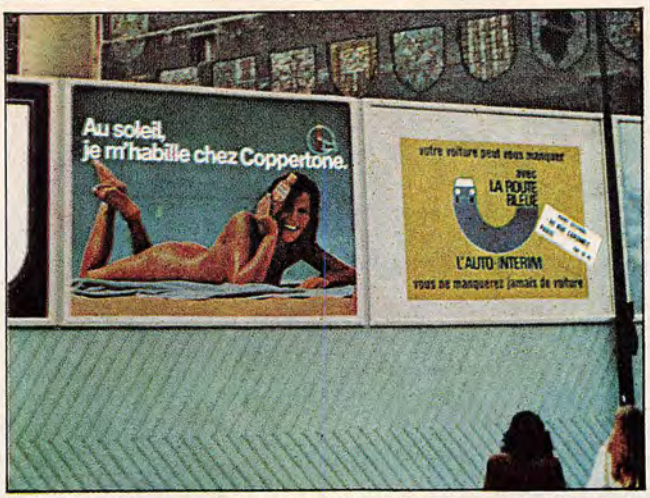
Getting to the bottom

After centuries of wanton neglect, the human ass is beginning to get the attention it is due—at least in Great Britain. There, at a government laboratory in the north of England, a team of dedicated researchers has faced up to the unique social problems of the human ass and is busily engaged in developing the Perfect Lavatory Seat.

The project began last year, with the researchers conducting a study to determine that there were, indeed, some problems. Volunteers, 168 men and women, spent several days in a specially designed lavatory laboratory in London—each day stripping below the waist, sitting repeatedly on traditional toilet seats and allowing their asses to be photographed, all in the name of science and progress. What the researchers found was that the head and the tail were not made for each other.

With this data in hand, the researchers returned to their northern outpost and went to work on developing viable alternatives to the existing sociolavatorial system—heart shapes, pretzel shapes, rubber padding, heating, and so on. A revolutionary breakthrough is expected any day now.

—Anna Motson



The Coppertone people apparently tailor their advertising to fit national sun-bathing trends. While in the U. S. the Coppertone beauties are still suitably suited, in France they *bask à nu*.

Lady of lust

Jackie Collins is the world's sexiest woman writer and heir apparent to the late Jacqueline Susann's title of world's most popular woman writer. Her reputation is already established in Great Britain, where she has published three best sellers—*The Stud*, *Lovehead* and *The World Is Full of Married Men*—that inhabit the same terrain of eroticism, gossip and *roman à clef* fiction that was so profitable for Miss Susann and Harold Robbins (although, Miss Collins says, "the sex in my books is more realistic").

Also like those two, Jackie Collins comes from a showbiz background. With older sister Joan, she began adult life in the Fifties as a movie starlet, a career forsaken after a string of B movies that were forgotten as soon as they were made. "I was always a bad actress," she says. "I was really a writer even then."

Not according to the literary critics, churlish fellows who have virtually ignored her *oeuvre* entirely. "The critics don't understand," says Jackie Collins. "I don't want to be boring. I don't want to do better than I'm *doing*."

Which is quite all right. She and husband Oscar live in a penthouse flat in a pleasant part of London, hard by the Houses of Parliament, surrounded by an inscape of ferns and flowers, wavy *art nouveau* statuary and snaps of celebrated chums. Oscar is co-owner of Tramp, London's grandest *discothèque*, and there Miss Collins has unlimited opportunity to watch her favorite Beautiful People subjects at play and to gather valuable research data. "Men treat me as a confidante," she says, and tells of the time she was writing of

three women out to sexually destroy three *macho mafiosi*. "I just grabbed hold of two or three guys and asked what they thought would really *de-ball* them."

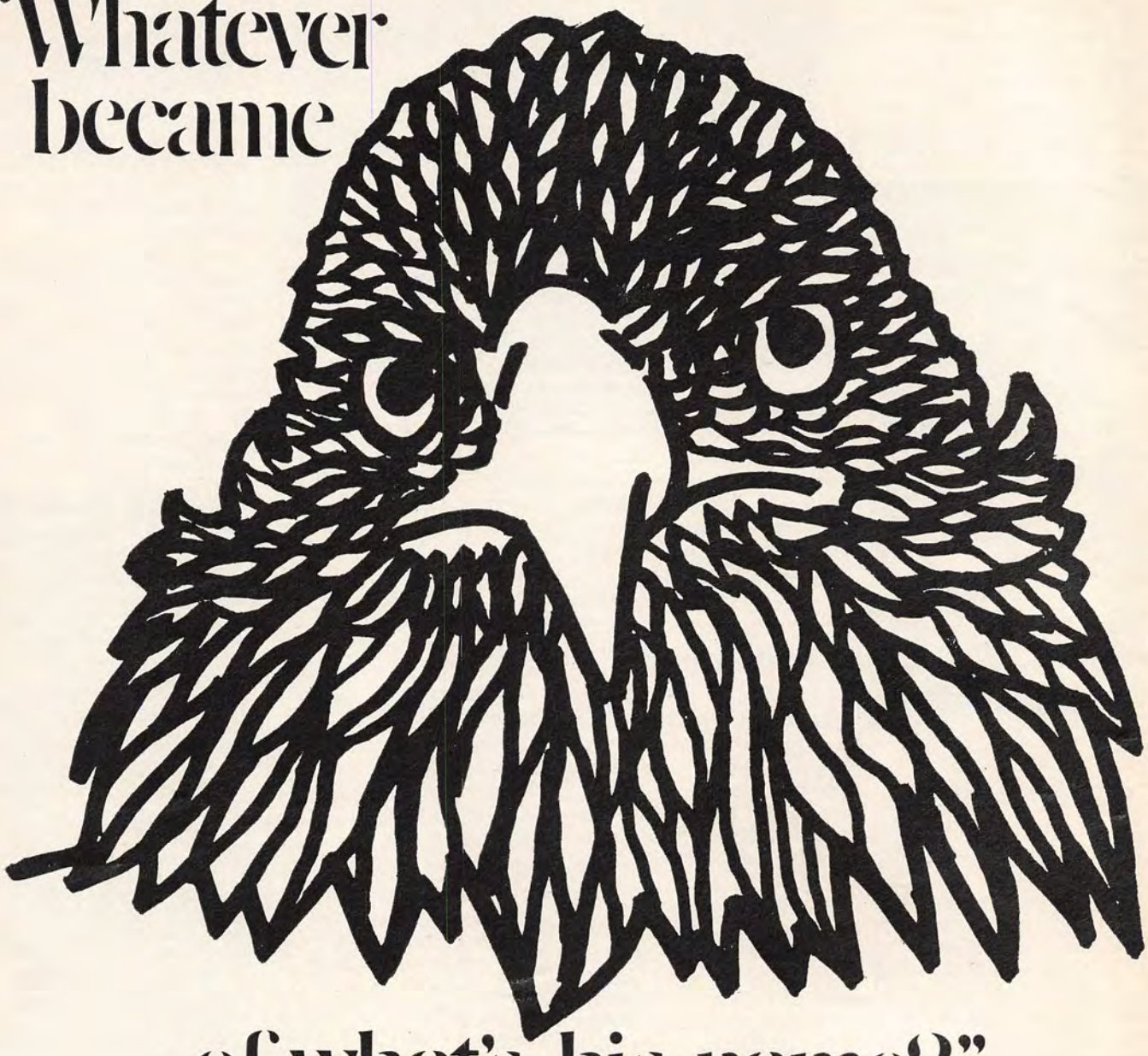
And what does husband Oscar think of his wife's becoming a celebrated erotic novelist? "I've never asked him. I don't ask his opinion of what I do and he doesn't ask me for my opinion of how to run the club." Laughs. "He knows I've had a full life."

—Anthony Haden-Guest

MERCI

Tons of thanks and a choice selection of rare U.S. currency to: Lew Arthur, Billy Clark, Joseph Cleary, Robert Cordier, Alan Dawlish, William Hieronymus, Jr., Paul House, Eric Kahn (our man in Denmark), Vincent Reisch (our man in Chillicothe), Laurence Santrey, Susan Subtle, John Vater, Gale Wiley, Robert J. Zerby and the exacerbating Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: *Openers* box, Ken Frantz; Diane, William Ophir; Mr. Fingernails, Wide World; Fuck pub, Harlan Feltus; Trend, Mindas; Ciggie break, Bill Frantz; Snail man, Graham French/BIPs; Turn-ons, John Vater; Copi, Jacques Prayer; Pia, Werner Graa/Camera Press; BBC horsies, Bill Arsenault; Sexy fern, Valerie Brown; Coppertone cutie, James A. Granata; Jackie Collins, John Adriaan/Interpress. Art credits: Back-seat job, Tim Clark; Mrs. Mummy & chatter box, Dennis Magdich; Flesh, Fred Nelson; Cold fish, Richard F. Newton; Pot chic, Dick Brooks. And that's every bit there is.

"Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?"

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?...
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

Please send me further information
on the Environmental Defense Fund

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Donations to EDF are deductible for income tax purposes

Environmental Defense Fund
527 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

edf

SEX TAPES

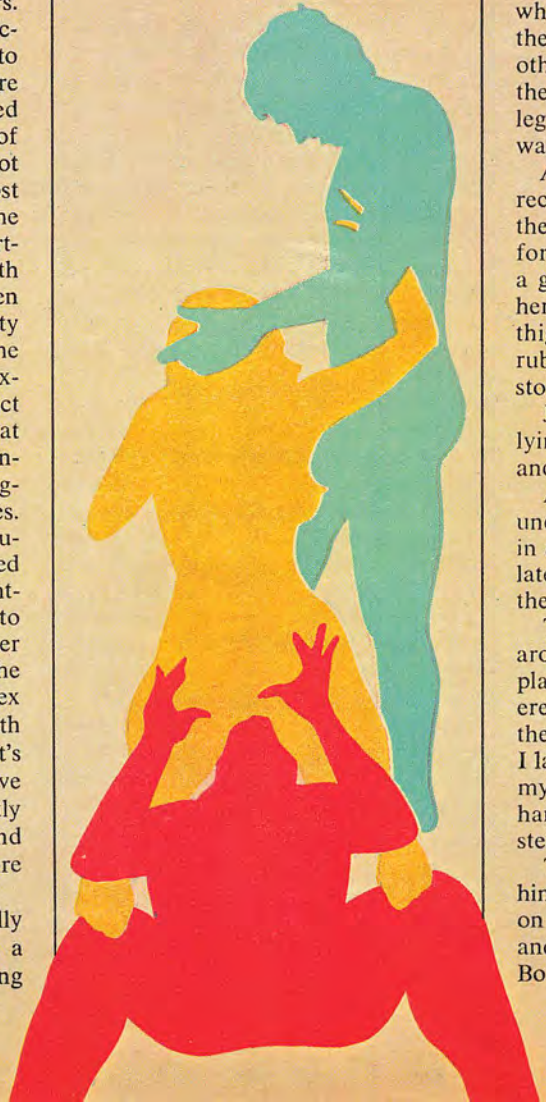
This month's Sex Tapes investigate sexual activities involving more than two people. It's hard to say if there has been a genuine increase in the incidence of group sex during recent years. We certainly hear more about it nowadays, and contemporary pornographic movies include the obligatory group scenes, if only for visual or acrobatic interest. OUI *asked Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, a pair of psychologists who have made the study of sexual behavior their lifework, to interview people who have had considerable group experience, in order to explore the joys of multiple couplings.*

Sheryl E., 23, housewife: A few years ago, my husband started having affairs. We had always had a varied and successful sex life, but he felt the need to try other partners. As I became aware of his cheating, I was hurt and decided to cheat on him, for revenge. Neither of us was very happy. One night, we got drunk and had a big fight that almost broke up our marriage. The outcome was that we decided to seek other partners together, to be totally honest with each other. I realized that I had been sacrificing my own need for variety until I found out he was cheating on me and I soon became an enthusiastic sexual swinger. The most important aspect of our honesty with each other was that it gave us permission to be totally spontaneous with others. We keep our swinging separate from the rest of our lives. When we first decided to look for couples with whom to swing, we dropped hints among our friends and acquaintances. Several couples responded to those hints. We then discussed whether we thought we'd be compatible with the couples. The nice thing about group sex is that you don't have to have sex with anyone who doesn't interest you. It's perfectly all right to say no. There have never been two group-sex scenes exactly alike. Some parties are bummers and some are great. Some are definitely more memorable than others.

I remember one that was especially good. It was in an apartment with a huge living room and couches all along two walls. Plenty of room to play. There was a big bedroom and a connecting bathroom—it was ideal for partying.

My husband and I were in the living room, having a drink and talking to some people we knew. Pretty soon, an attractive young guy came over and joined the conversation. I didn't know him, but he was very nice and kept staring at me. I smiled back at him a few times. We gradually turned each other on with just our eyes.

"When there was a party, everybody knew what they were there for."



After a while, he suggested we move to the bedroom. The people in the living room were just into talking, drinking and smoking at this stage of the game.

We went into the bedroom. At first we couldn't see very well, because it was so dark, but the room was already packed with people. Most of them were nude and were standing around a huge bed. There were about three couples on the bed in various stages of making love. One guy was going down on a woman, while she had her head turned toward the side of the bed and was giving another guy head. He had one foot up on the bed and was kneeling with the other leg on the edge of the bed, so his cock was in line with her mouth.

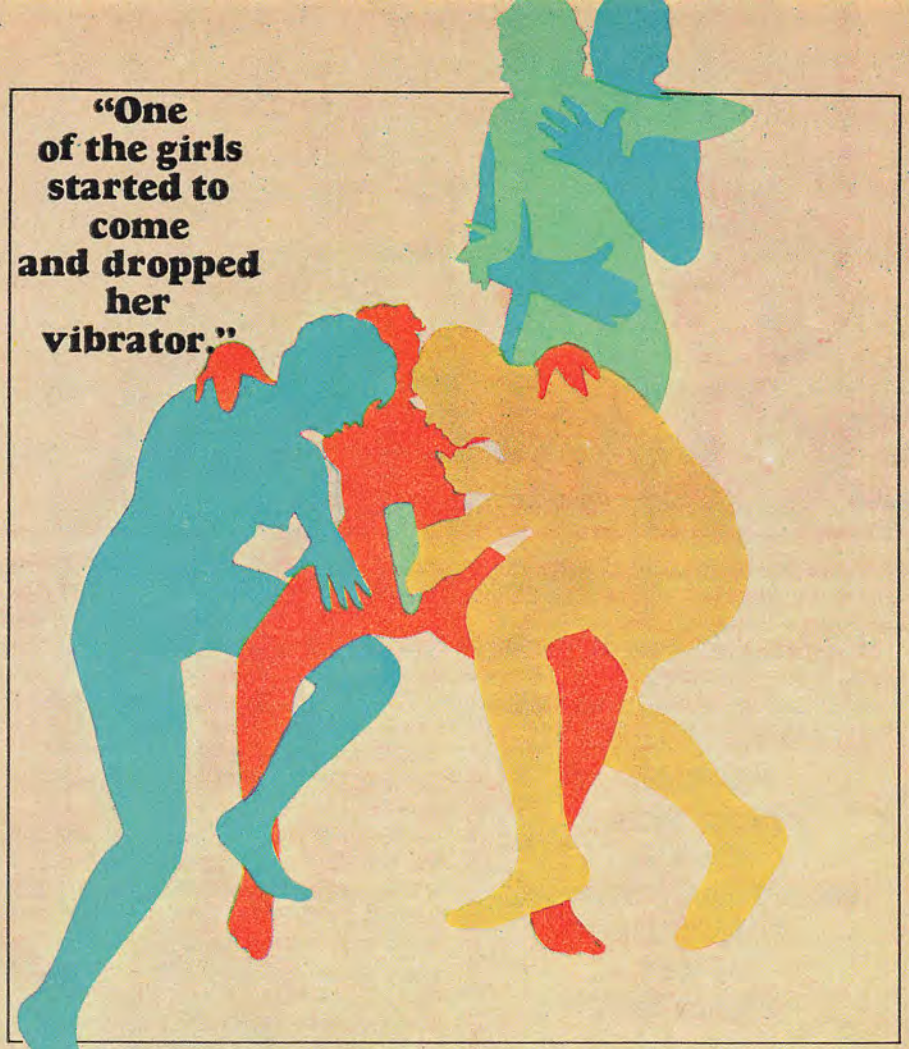
As my eyes got used to the darkness, I recognized one of the other women on the bed. I had seen her many times before at group scenes. She was sitting on a guy, riding him hard. He was helping her, pushing back and forth on her thighs. At the same time, she was rubbing her breasts and caressing her stomach.

Just as I was looking at the couple lying next to them, the third guy came and collapsed on top of his partner.

As we watched all of this, we were undressing. We piled our clothes neatly in a corner so we could find them easily later on. I've lost more nice panties at these parties.

Two guys, I remember, were standing around totally nude. One of them was playing with himself, trying to get an erection. One of the couples got up from the bed and we quickly took their place. I lay on my back. The young guy spread my legs and went down on me. I put my hands on top of his head so that I could steer him to where it feels best.

The guy who'd been playing with himself came over. He knelt down on the floor by the side of the bed and started sucking on one of my tits. Both of these guys were pretty good. I



had my first orgasm in less than a couple of minutes. I must have been groaning with pleasure, because the woman in the middle of the bed, who was on top of the guy, looked at us, bent over and started sucking my other tit. My partner kept on eating me till I had another orgasm. Then he started fucking me real hard. As he continued, the woman switched from sucking my tit to kissing me. In fact, she was tongue kissing me with the same rhythm that she was riding her partner and I could feel her tension building. Just before I felt her come, it was like being fucked with her tongue, the way she was rapidly thrusting it in and out of my mouth. I've never had any reservations about lesbian contacts. I've had very good experiences with women and I know I'm attractive to them—so many come on to me.

To tell the truth, this woman excited me as much as my male partner did. That's how I had a third orgasm. It must have triggered my partner, too, because he came only seconds afterward.

The minute his cock was out, the guy who had been kissing my tit took his place. He was hard already and got into me like a flash. My first partner knelt by the side of the bed and nibbled on my breast.

Then a guy who had been standing against the wall came over. He knelt down behind the woman who had been kissing me. She got up on her knees and he started doing her doggie fashion. At the same time, he reached around and took my hand to play with her clit, which I did.

I could feel her building up to another climax—she was breathing and tongue kissing me like before. This time, she came even better than before. She stopped kissing me and lowered her shoulders onto the bed so her head was resting next to mine and gently caressed my face with her hands. All this time, mind you, my guy was still in me and hers was still in her! Finally, my partner came and collapsed on top of me. A few seconds later, her fellow threw back his head, let out a howl and collapsed over her back.

My partner kissed me, said thanks and got up. I just lay there for a minute or two to recover. The moment I started to get up, another guy with a beautiful hard-on approached me ready to make it. But I'd had enough by then and told him maybe some other time.

I sometimes take on seven or eight guys at a swing, one right after another. But when I do, I always waste a whole day recovering.

William B., 32, professor: I had been married for seven years when I first experienced group sex. My wife was very uptight about sex. She had a puritanical background and I never felt that she really enjoyed our lovemaking—it was something that she did to please me. I don't think I'm oversexed, but sex is very important to me. My wife thought oral sex was degrading and filthy, and I realized that I couldn't deal with that attitude. I started cheating on her and one of the girls I was going with introduced me to group sex. I really enjoyed it. Because I wanted to shock my wife into a different head about sex, I took her to a group-sex party and she really flipped out. We got a divorce soon after that. I met Sue, the girl I'm living with now, and we have a very full sex life. She is also divorced and neither of us thinks that marriage is the answer. When we both realized that we liked group sex, we decided to seek other couples who wanted to swing. Our first experiments were disastrous. The people were seedy and the atmosphere of the parties was really depressing. We now have a set group of 15 couples we swing with regularly. There is a great deal of interpersonal concern among us—a real camaraderie. Sex is not mandatory and sometimes we see each other socially. We're straightforward with each other—just like any group of friends we feel committed to. On a Friday or Saturday night, one of the couples usually invites everybody to their place. Then, the next week, it'll be another couple's turn. This way, entertaining doesn't get to be too much for any one couple.

One particular night, nothing much happened for a long time. Everybody was just sitting around, drinking and talking. Every once in a while, a couple would get up and go into a bedroom to ball, so it was more like a swap party than a group scene. And I'm not much interested in that sort of thing.

I got involved in an interesting conversation when suddenly I looked up and the guy I was talking to and I were the only ones still sitting in the living room. All the others had vanished. Including my girlfriend. So I figured I'd better take a look to see what was going on. Maybe they had started grouping off, after all.

Well, they sure had. All over the place! On one of the beds, I discovered Sue in a tangle with five or six people, doing all kinds of stuff. I figured they didn't need any more company. So I went to one of the other bedrooms. On a king-sized bed, two girls were stimulating each other with two of those cock-shaped vibrators. Three guys and another girl were also on the bed, but they were just watching.

I quickly took off my clothes and sat down at the foot of the bed, right next to the two girls. They were both young and pretty, by the way.

One of the girls started to come and dropped her vibrator. The other one picked it up and used both of them on her partner, one inside and one outside. And this girl just kept coming and

coming and screaming her head off.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore and pushed the girl's hands away. She lay back, eyes closed and breathing hard. But the other girl hadn't come yet.

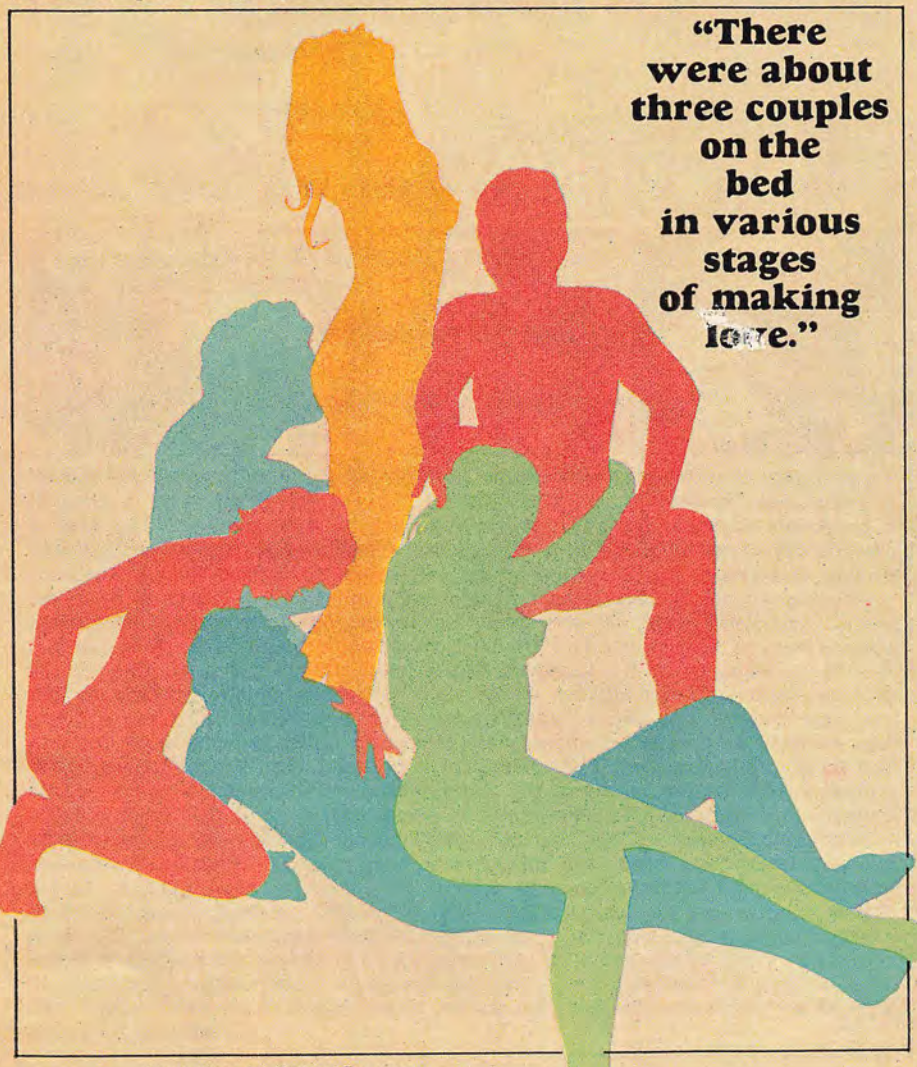
So I turned onto my belly between her legs and started giving her head. All this time, the other people were sitting and lying around on the bed, watching. But this chick still wasn't coming.

That's when I got the idea of doing the same thing to her that she had done to the other girl—use both vibrators on her. I slowly stuck one into her pussy and ran the other one very lightly over her clit. She soon started moving her hips more and moaning, especially when I pushed the vibrator I had inside of her down so the tip of it was also pressing up against her clitoris.

With all this going on, I got pretty turned on myself. My hard-on was pressing against my belly and aching to get into her. But I thought that if this chick hadn't come with a couple of vibrators, my poor cock sure as hell wasn't going to do any better. So I decided to try to give her at least one orgasm by means of the vibrators. After 20 minutes, I was ready to give up when, all of a sudden, she came like a ton of bricks. She arched her back and raised her pelvis way up into the air, screaming even louder than the other girl had. I managed to keep the vibrator inside of her all the time, no matter how she wiggled and jumped.

Eventually, she signaled me to stop, so I took out the vibrator and moved up alongside her. I just kissed her gently on the cheeks and forehead and cupped her pussy with one hand while she rested with her eyes closed. But I didn't try to play with her or enter her yet, because she obviously was overstimulated and needed a little time to cool down. I must have been doing something right, because the moment she opened her eyes again, she smiled at me, pulled my head down and started kissing me real passionately on the mouth.

Slowly, I slid my cock into her and we started fucking. And, would you believe it, as long as it had taken her to come the first time, she started coming again in a couple of minutes. Of course, I was so goddamn excited by that time, I just shot my juices up into her, not even trying to last. Even after I came, I stayed hard for quite a while. It was one of those long, hard comes that feel like you're coming all the time. When I finally got soft, I rolled over on my side and lay there. I must have been there so long that the people started worrying. I heard somebody say, "I hope he's all right." That's when I opened my eyes and saw that the room was full of people who'd been watching my performance from the beginning.



Illustrations by Michael Trossman

Dick L., 27, stunt man: I'm jaded from 15 years of group sex. What's left? However, I do remember the first time I was involved in it. I was just 12. I was 6'1" and weighed about 165 pounds. People used to take me for 16 or 17 years old. So I hung out with an older crowd—two or three years older than me.

All the guys I ran around with were getting laid all the time. I was getting nothing and going nuts.

My friends would go to this girl's house, saying that they were going to have an orgy. I would stop over there, looking for them, and they would have just gotten laid. I was always left out, because the girls knew how old I was.

So, for my 12th birthday, they took me up to the house and gave me my birthday present: Gina. She was young and luscious. She taught me 99 positions and she changed my whole outlook on life. It started off with the missionary thing. Then she taught me how to 69 properly. We just balled all day long.

A couple of days later, I had my first group experience in the same house. It was with three other guys and four girls, ranging in age from 16 to 13.

We started balling in separate rooms. Then one of the guys blew a whistle and all the guys ran into different rooms.

I was the last one to find a bedroom. Every time I ran into a bedroom, somebody else had already gotten there. In the end, I wound up with a Spanish girl who was very beautiful, so it turned out all right.

After that, we got together every week or so, and by then, the parties turned into orgies. We all ended up in one or two bedrooms necking with the chicks and the next thing we knew, we were undressed and balling, and then switching off.

A few years later, I started going out with Betty, my first wife. I talked her into joining our parties.

As we grew up, we brought more people into the group. It was a very close-knit type of thing—family, so to speak. A few people dropped out and we were very careful about bringing in new couples. As we were getting married, it got even tighter.

The group ended up with 15 to 30 couples. When there was a party, everyone knew what they were there for. We'd take our clothes off immediately and drift toward whomever we wanted to get it on with.

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

REVUE

Mano in the dark

Around Times Square these days, your number-one film is *Beat the Movie Tax*. It's on every marquee. Right after that comes *Black Anything*. Black films, usually produced by whites, lead the league in following box-office trends. Black porn, a black *Exorcist*, black Draculas, a black James Bond, black kung fu, even a *Black Godfather*. Reminds one of ol' Massa's recipe for the Mississippi school system: separate but equal. Except they aren't equal. Cheap Xerox copies; no acting, no direction, plots that *plotz*. As if this weren't bad enough, blacks seem to patronize these patronizing films, which proves once again that they're jes' plain cullud folk at heart. Buying a ticket to *Black Stud* or *Black Godfather* is like getting knocked up by a dildo, artificial insemination in the worst sense of the words.

Ever since Hollywood got the *Shaft*, one formula has predominated. Black private-eye films are the moral and artistic equivalent of Bob Steele–Hoot Gibson horse operettas, those one-hour TV shows that were made 20 years before TV became popular. The black hero has a side-kick, someone bred by Gabby Hayes out of Stepin Fetchit. The bad guys are heavies: I mean that literally. No white thug in a black film is ever under 230–240 pounds—the kind of man you see playing lob-pitch softball for Joe's Bar and Grill. It's not a race war, it's a war against fat. This stereotype protects the films from accusations of seriousness. Enemies come from the "Mob," presumably some Mafia local (though most often they have unracial Anglo-Saxon names), a convention as unreal as Superbuck himself. At least, you'd expect some genuine ethnic dialog, but, aside from two or three "Right on, brothers," the semicompetent black actor (most often a used-up cornerback) speaks white lines left over from Humphrey Bogart. He sounds like I'd sound playing opposite Liv Ullman in some subtitled Swedish film.

Certain idiosyncrasies have been worked into the genre. One love scene; it's always the same. A set of montage dissolves, with more K-Y Jelly on the lens than on the moving parts. *Shaft*-like background music played on some jivey metal thing, maybe a giant shoehorn that goes boing-boing all the time. You see the heroine's breasts, the hero's ass cheeks, nothing else. This isn't just prudery targeted at the R rating. Black films have a lot invested in the horse-hung buck-nigger myth. Nobody's going to turn over and ruin it. Also, no good black actor throws a left hook or a right cross. He kills you with chops, kicks, bites, James Bond gadgets. In fact, black films have glommed onto Bruce Lee. It makes for exaggerative action, yes—it's also meant to announce a new style of black fighting. The prize ring is watermelon and collard greens, a honkie concept. It's goodbye to Uncle Toms like Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott. If Disney Studios cared, it could make the ultimate Third World film: *Snow Black and the Seven Samurai*.

There's a particular comic angle: The innocent bystander hoist on someone else's petard. Ordinary folks have their station wagons commandeered; they squeak like Rochester, eyes all egg white, with a gun muzzle up the left nostril. In *Truck Turner*, a polished example of this genre, the getaway car invariably smashes through pretzel carts, fruit stands, whatever. Tough as Teflon to set up a retail business in Harlem. And, on 42nd Street, black audiences love every sight gag; they laugh, they dig it. Why not? It's them. It's what happens in Bed-Stuy or Watts. They loiter, minding their own business, on

Copyright © 1974 by Gilbert Shelton

Good fuckin' news for the frustrated fans of Phineas, Fat Freddy and Free-wheelin' Franklin: *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* (Rip Off Press) are back in print, in a collection of almost 100 adventures going back to 1969, subtitled "The Best of the Rip Off Press," Volume II. Owing to the vicissitudes of hippie-weirdo-revolutionary publishing, it's been just about impossible to follow Gilbert Shelton's cartooning genius in underground papers and comics, which come and go like weeds and wildflowers. Of the countless underground cartoonists since that species evolved, Shelton is one of the best (*Esquire* once went so far as to call him the "H. L. Mencken of the counterculture") and certainly the most durable. His Wonder Wart-Hog, promulgated in the early Sixties, probably qualified as the prototype underground comic-book character. (Incidentally, Rip Off Press also has just released its second volume of early Wart-Hog strips in comic-book format.) The Freak brothers materialized after Shelton drifted to San Francisco, via Texas and New York, at the height of the youth revolution. Unlike most of his artistic contemporaries, he retained his sense of humor and history, and created three nonconformist, naïve, updated beatniks who became classic modern freaks without quite losing their small-town, middle-class hang-ups. The Freak Brothers aren't exactly alienated idealists rebelling against the hypocrisy and injustices of the system; they're just too anarchistic, individualistic and creatively irresponsible to avoid constant trouble with cops, landladies and other oppressive types. The kinds of hassles the brothers get into, and sometimes out of—as exemplified in Free-wheelin' Franklin's antics above—give Shelton ample opportunity to satirize both straight and freak society. Even the animal kingdom gets it via Fat Freddy's cat.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

the dangerous periphery of a violent world that jeopardizes them time and time again. Little do they realize there's an invisible gun up the left nostril here. It's a buck-fifty, two-buck mugging in the name of phony blackness. Trust America's film mavens. They've created a ghetto for the imagination.

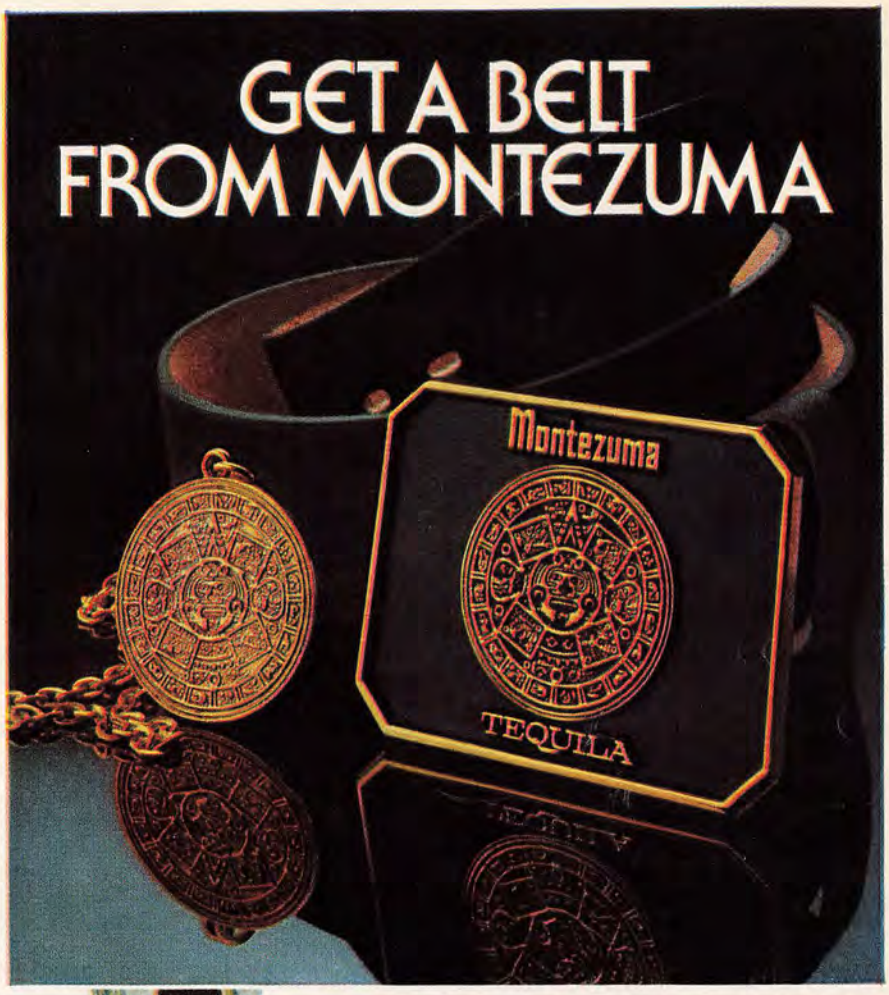
Equal time for Brand X. In *Mandingo*, blacks are bred like Perdue chickens on an antebellum plantation. You see them whipped with fraternity paddles, boiled alive, used as hassocks and bed warmers. Ken Norton, the standard athlete, plays Mede, a huge fighting buck. Norton doesn't turn over, but he does act professionally: No wonder he split two decisions with Muhammad Ali. There's an idiotic attempt at ethnic talk. This consists mainly of repeating four or five words ad infinitum: peckerwood, I crave, sucker (for slave infant), zany, titted out (for milkless). James Mason, a white breeder, gets his comeuppance, but the blacks don't do much better—they have to keep rooting for Vicksburg and Spotsylvania to happen. There're incest, death by gnawing, hemorrhoid and short-arm inspections, you name it. *Mandingo* is so grotesque, so baroque, it seems both funny and interesting. Like the man said, slavery sure was a peculiar institution. —D. KEITH MANO

The satin sounds of silly music

You've heard it before and you are going to hear it again. Of course, the rétros (a French term describing people whose energies are spent in the pursuit of the passé) are listening to it already, because it's "Oh, *so* tango!" But **The Manhattan Transfer** and its album of the same name will soon be standard repertory to those who just get hooked on good jive.

The Manhattan Transfer doesn't perform a revamp of the old days but produces a reincarnation of 78 and hi-fi sounds, some of which we haven't heard since the advent of stereo. They offer an evolution of sounds starting from the Thirties and dancing into the Forties, Fifties, Sixties, right up to Now, drawing upon swing, jazz, rock, Gospel and soul.

Each song contains itself—just barely. By the next cut, the music slips off into another era, though not into sentimentality or mere mimicry. There is a real sense of freedom even within the constriction of the M.T.'s chosen idiom, despite the precision of its execution: to wit, *Tuxedo Junction*, which is a cool blast of big-band sound with low-slung syncopation—an evocation of Glenn Miller. *Candy* continues the thought with the sophistication of a Copacabana scene where, as the lyrics coo: "Candy is always handy." But, just as you are getting into the rhythm, cheek to cheek-ing with something smooth and neat,



Now's your chance to buy a special edition belt and buckle from Montezuma® Tequila. Or a Montezuma medallion. Each features the Aztec calendar stone design, symbol of Montezuma's golden age.

Thanks to Montezuma's spirited generosity, you can buy this handsome belt for only $4.95. The wide black bonded leather belt with its antique-finish metal buckle will add interest to any wardrobe. The bold Montezuma medallion is a $1\frac{11}{16}$ inch metal disk with a 24 inch heavy chain and clasp, yours for only $2.95.

Both are great ways to get it on with Montezuma. To order, just tear off an order blank from the Montezuma display at your favorite liquor store. Or see the instructions below.

Join in the spirit of Montezuma Tequila. In white or gold, it's the noblest tequila of them all.

Montezuma®
TEQUILA

If you don't see the Montezuma display, simply send a check or money order only, for $4.95 for each Montezuma Belt and $2.95 for each Montezuma medallion to the address below. Include your name, address, zip code and belt size (S: 28-32, M: 34-36, L: 38-40, XL: 42-44). Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Offer ends December 31, 1975. No purchase necessary. Void in any state where prohibited or otherwise restricted. Make payable to: Barton Brands Montezuma Offer,
200 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604. Attn: Dept. OU.

©1975. 80 proof. Tequila. Barton Distillers Import Co., New York, New York.

you're nudged on into the early Sixties with *Sweet-Talking Guy*; and then on to a sound remarkably like a grease-ball's prothalamion (*Gloria*). *Operator* puts us on the line with Gospel before we slide back into something Maria Muldaurlike (only quadruple the slick voice) in *Java Jive*.

But the album's versatility is not just a showpiece for the tonsils of the M.T.s—it's the vitality of some wonderful musical eras cutting loose. One word for the purist, though: This album oversteps all bounds. You may get caught in your tuxedo and top hat shaking your ass in a boogaloo. —NAN MUIR

Skin care for men

"You vouldn't *beleef* da pain some of dem go troo; blood, pus—it looks like da Second Vorld Var on dere backsides. . . ." Martha Blumenstock, the skin-care specialist at Raymond and Nasser on 56th Street in New York, is slapping my ass, which is covered with Israeli sea mud, as she remonstrates with me about skin neglect. Despite her muscles (Martha is a terrific masseuse), she belts rather gently and I feel quite happy in a kinky kind of way.

"Men are so *stoopid* about dere skin," Martha tells me, wrapping my muddy rear in a towel so that the guck can really seep into the old pores, suck them clean, and so on. "You don't heefen need dat much—a little vitamin-E cream to keep da skin from falling hoff, a coupla visits a year to get da really caked-up oil dat da soap and vater and towels just push in furder. . . . Men vould look a dousant percent bedder. . . ."

Two years ago, Martha was watching an X-rated film and noticed that the male actors' skin was markedly inferior to the females'. Since Martha was a skin buff as well as a skin-flick buff, it occurred to her that male porn actors could benefit from the same treatments she applied to female nonactresses. However, her employer (Henri Bendel, a posh ladies' store) was not the place to try out her ideas. When she transferred to Raymond and Nasser, a youth-oriented, casual operation, she began to seek out male clients and soon the word spread.

"I yust told dem dey shouldn't go around vid blemishes on dere behinds," Martha said, laughing, unwrapping me.

In the end, most of Martha's customers aren't porn stars, but a lot of them are celebrities: Edgar Winter, Holly Woodlawn and Hal Holbrook. "Paulette Goddard vas here," Martha sniffed. "She left a dollar tip."

The Martha skin-care plan works as follows:

1. Peeling—"You take off da top layer; it doesn't hurt a bit."

2. Analysis—"You see if da skin is dry or oily. If it's dry, I use da milk solution. Oily, I use citrus."

3. Hand Massage—"I rub da spinal cord and nerve center vit da vitamin A and E and da citrus or da milk—a relaxing massage."

4. Heat Moisturizing—"Hot towel, hand massage and da ultraviolet light. If a pimple vants to come out but it hasn't made up its mind, ve get it before it has a chance to make a mess; ve *pull* it out vit da light machine. Vat's da machine? It's a *doctor's* machine, silly."

5. Mud Pack—"Dis is deep heating, cooking da creams in da skin. Very nice. My own recipes I learned in Czechoslovakia."

6. Steam Cleaning—"Ve remove da mud and clean da skin vit mineral vater, camomile, pine and yarrow boiling in dere. Den I use camphor to cool and do da final cleaning and disinfecting."

Martha slaps me vigorously and stands back, hands on hips, beaming: "So? Are you happy?"

"Ya . . . I mean, yes. In fact, are you married?"

"And it vorks yust as good on da face!" —JOHN LOMBARDI

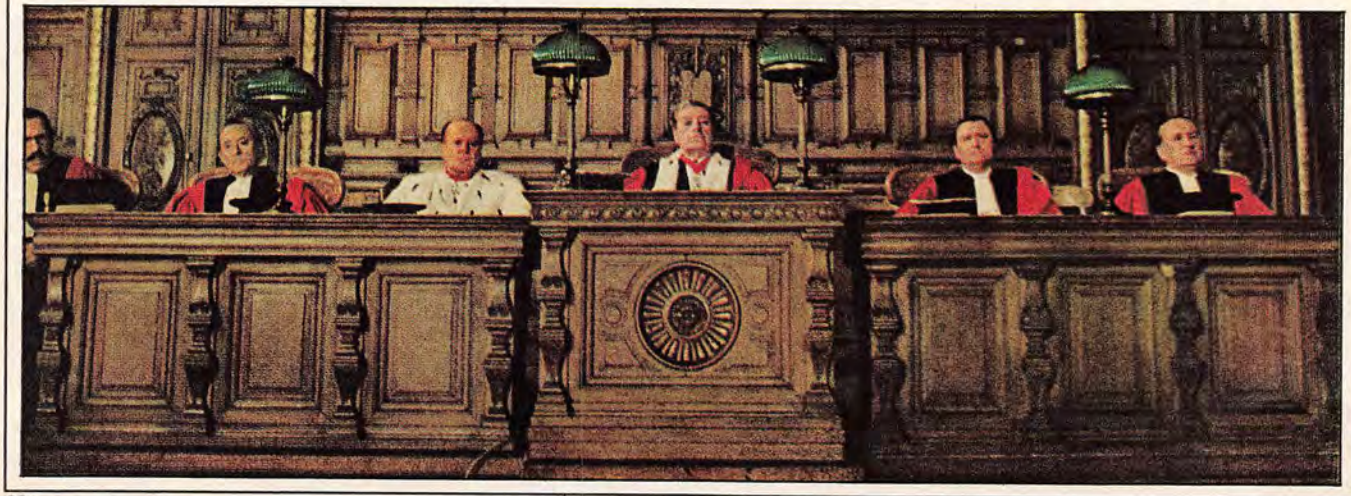
Riding out the nightmare

Alice Cooper, flaccid and middle-aged, with kohl rings covering the real rings under his eyes, grabs a life-sized female

PREVUE: Costa-Gavras is infuriating. He makes movies of irreproachable morality and impeccable technique and nevertheless manages to alienate his most fervent well-wishers. He picks his way through the vicious jungles of fascism among the Greek colonels, Stalinism in Czechoslovakia, CIA dirty tricks in Uruguay and now, with *Special Section*, the cowardly ass-licking zeal of the Vichy French collaborators out-Naziing the Nazis. We cannot for a moment find fault with his supremely civilized viewpoint, the performances he gets from his actors (mostly recognizable old hands from previous jousts with tyranny) or his superbly paced style. But, somehow, the preaching adds up to much less than a good film.

It is set at the beginning of the German Occupation of France, showing the French government at Vichy eager to assure its Nazi masters that it is in control of the situation following the assassination of a German officer in the Paris Métro. Unable to catch the culprits, the interior minister—terrific tight-lipped Michel Lonsdale—decides to try six subversives already in jail on prior convictions and execute them for the assassination. The rationale is that otherwise the Nazis will off 50 or 100 hostages at random, so it is deemed better to settle for half a dozen Jews and Communists. With the beautifully perverse desire to remain within the law, an enabling law with retroactive powers is promulgated. Even the Germans are upset at this unseemly willingness to desecrate French legal tradition and draw the line at the French suggestion of having the guillotine set up in public on the Place de la Concorde.

Costa-Gavras' frontal attack on the evils of acts' being justified "for reasons of state" (or as a recent American President used to say, "for national security") impresses as a message but not as a film. *Special Section* remains a sermon, the tone of which makes us nod in agreement, but leaves us with that unpleasant flush of being patronized. Arguments presented in a way that is relentlessly unanswerable run the risk of not being listened to. Cinema is not a good medium for rhetoric. —JACK ALTMAN



doll by the leg and smashes its head against the floor. Madison Square Garden erupts like Bayside Queens on a bad day. Streams of teeny-boppers pour down the aisles like molten noise. The show, a fantasy affair called **Welcome to My Nightmare,** is in its second hour and fast approaching its anticlimax. Alice—his parents, teachers, siblings and lovers dispatched as harshly as the doll—is now grappling with three huge spiders. He's part way up a spider web that seems to be made of clothesline, but the spiders pull him down. Bodies tangle on the floor in the kind of inept frenzy you used to see in junior high school grope sessions. Then Alice is up, slashing at the spiders with a wooden sword. Suddenly a Kong-sized satyr enters stage right and Alice is smashed flat. He tries to get up, but is mauled again. Rock music howls around him in sheets like rain. A video screen at the rear of the stage begins flashing delayed-action images of the live action and a black-light machine starts snapping your vision like a whip. Alice seems to have cut the monster's head off; Alice seems to be leaping out of the screen at you, hurtling into your lap, wooden sword, flab, kohl and all; then, abruptly, the house lights come up, the stage clears and the audience files out in an orderly manner.

The Myth of the Audience as Star, propounded by such entertainers as the Living Theater, the Chicago Seven, John and Yoko and the Ohio National Guard, has gone the way of the New Journalism and participatory democracy. People are tired of big, scary myths; the times require smaller, sillier myths, the kind that allow you to sit back and take it easy. Nobody saw this faster than Shep Gordon, the brains behind Alice's goon show (though Bette Midler and David Bowie's handlers were quick to catch on. Midler's own review, **Clams on the Half-Shell,** is about to start a nationwide tour). Kids just want stuff to gawk at, Gordon reasoned, and if the reference points you provide evoke the kids' own experience—prepubescent rebellion, simple-minded, noisy and safe—well, so much the better. School *is* dumber than ever, especially now that it no longer even guarantees a job, and extraordinary achievement *does* seem futile, with mediocrity flapping over the land like a Saigon pennant. So why bother trying so hard? Besides, there's the positive aspect: If someone as ugly and talentless as Alice Cooper can stumble around American stages for two hours a night, feigning drunkenness, and end up wealthy, maybe the American nightmare *is* the new American dream. —J. L.

From Casablanca come wallets with that million dollar feel.

The Checkbook Wallet. $5.95
#PF-115—3½ x 7
Buttery soft and compact.
Fits like second skin.

Leather. Soft. Supple. Buttery. Leather you can caress. Leather that feels so sensuous. Rich sheepskin leather, at inexpensive prices.

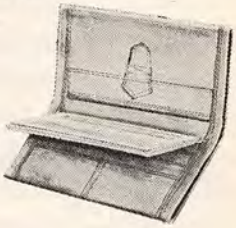
Take any of our slim, compact, weightless wallets, billfolds, or purses and you'll agree, because feeling is believing.

All hand made for us in Casablanca. All hand crafted. Most designs exclusive. No two alike. And for only an extra dollar, you can have up to 3 initials embossed in gold.

For men and women. In earthy earth tones of red, brown, maroon and ginger.

Order now (for yourself, or as a gift). Your wallet may feel a little thinner, but you'll feel like a million.

The European Wallet. $4.95
#PF-102—6 x 3½
Soft, slim fold-over with lots of compartments.



The Mini Wallet. $3.95
#PF-109—3¼ x 5
Little version of big wallet, at a littler price.

The Passport Wallet. $5.95
#PF-113—6½ x 4½
Exotically soft and slim to take you to exotic places.

Mini Billfold. $3.50
#PF-116—3 x 4
Soft and miniature, but holds big bills.

The Changepurse Wallet. $3.50
#PM-104—4 x 3¼
Snappy, supple little thing that keeps change nice and handy. With snap, of course.

The Choukara. $12.95
11 x 10
Soft and shouldery. Crushed and casual. Our textured Choukara holds a million things. In 3 compartments.

The Camera Bag. $29.95
9 x 12
Even if you're not a camera nut, you'll Leica it. Has 4 compartments.
(Brown only)

Mike Madigan—division of Madigan Enterprises Inc., New York

Mike Madigan

853 BROADWAY — SUITE 2121 F
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 10003

I'd like to feel the softness of the sheepskin leather for which Morocco is world renowned. Please send me the following items. I understand that if I am not entirely satisfied with my purchase, I may return it to you, within 30 days, for an immediate refund or exchange.

Name _____ Date_____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip_____

Charge Account # _____

Signature _____ Exp. Date_____

Quan.	Style Number or Name	Colors 1st Choice	Colors 2d Choice	Inits.*	Price	Total

☐ Master Charge Sub-total _____

☐ BankAmericard Shipping .50

☐ Money Order Tax † _____

☐ Check Total _____

*For initials add $1.00 per set.
† N.Y. residents add applicable taxes.
Sorry, no COD's. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

If you're thinking about putting together a hi-fi system first take it apart in your mind.

The quality sound of high fidelity components will give you years of enjoyment—if you choose your system wisely in the beginning.

To help you choose wisely, the Institute of High Fidelity has published the *"Official Guide to High Fidelity."* Written in easy-to-understand language, the Guide's abundantly illustrated 176 pages of explanation will help you appreciate the nature of true high fidelity sound — and give you all the information you need to make an intelligent buying decision.

To receive a copy, simply fill out the coupon below. Send $2 in check or money order to cover the cost, postage and handling. It's a small investment — that will yield a lifetime of listening enjoyment.

IHF

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY

Acoustic Research Inc. • Altec • Audio Dynamics Corp. • Bose Corp. • Bozak, Inc. • B·I·C Turntables/Speaker Systems • BSR McDonald • Cerwin-Vega Inc. • C/M Laboratories • Crown International • Dokorder Inc. • Dynaco Inc. • Dual/United Audio Products • Electro-Voice • Elpa Marketing Industries • Empire Scientific Corp. • ESS Inc. • Fisher Radio • Harman-Kardon Inc. • Hitachi Sales Corp. • Infinity Systems Inc. • JBL Loudspeakers • Jensen Sound Labs • JVC • Kenwood Electronics Inc. • Koss Corp. • Maxell Corp. • Maximus Sound Corp. • Miracord • Nikko • North American Philips Corp. • Pickering Cartridges/Headsets • Pioneer Electronics • Rectilinear Speaker Systems • Sansui Electronics Corp. • Scintrex Inc. • H. H. Scott Inc. • Sherwood Electronics Labs • Shure Brothers Inc. • Sony Corp. of America • Soundcraftsmen • Stanton Cartridges/Headsets • Sylvania Audio Components • Superex • Tandberg of America • Tannoy (America) Ltd. • TDK Electronics Corp. • TEAC Corp. of America • Technics by Panasonic • Utah Electronics.

INSTITUTE OF HIGH FIDELITY, INC.
516 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me a copy of Official Guide to High Fidelity. Attached is $2.00 to cover cost, postage, handling.

Name

Address

City/State Zip

(Send no cash or stamps)

SATELLITE

Drum talk

KINSHASA, ZAIRE—There are telephones in Zaïre's larger cities, but in the vast interior of the country, people communicate by radiotelephone, word of mouth, mail or talking drums. Many native *Zaïrois* wisely have chosen the last technology, because it is without question the most efficient way for them to send messages and sometimes, even in Kinshasa, the capital city, one hears the spine-tingling drum chatter in the early morning or in the evening.

The drums are actually gongs, which come in a variety of shapes and sizes and are selected on the basis of how far a message has to be carried. For the range of two to three miles, a small gong, the kind that fits under a man's arm, is adequate, while a large village gong—usually housed under a thatched roof and supported by two modern truck tires—can carry across five or six miles of jungle. All the gongs have one common characteristic: They have two tones to differentiate the sounds that make up a drum word. The drums do not transmit vowels or consonants but imitate the rhythms of established phrases familiar to people in a common-language group.

Occasionally drum messages travel long distances by means of a party-line system. They are relayed from village to village until they reach a language boundary, where, according to Dr. John F. Carrington, a British professor of botany at the University of Kisangani and an expert on talking drums, women who have intermarried from other language groups translate—and the messages are sent along until they reach another language boundary.

What Westerners in Zaïre like best about the drums, after their wonderful and intense sounds, is their inventive vocabulary. An automobile is a canoe with four legs, a steamboat is a boat as big as an elephant, a canoe is the bit of wood we walk across water on, a leopard is the one who tears up the roof, a chicken is the little fowl that says "*Kio, kio*" and the white man is the spirit from the forest. Because of all the embroidery, short messages sometimes take minutes to send. To tell a man to come back to his village, for example, the drummer must tap out all of this: "Bring your feet back, bring your legs back, put your feet down, put your legs down in the village."

How was the man reached? The people of the jungle have drum names, roughly equivalent to our telephone numbers. One fellow Dr. Carrington knows is Don't Laugh at a Black Skin, Because Everybody Has One. Another is The Poor Orphan Who Has Food in the Communal Hut.

Because the drum talk is public, the drums in the Zaïre basin never transmit false news. Dr. Carrington says he was once traveling with a young Lokele tribesman when they heard his drum name coming across the airwaves. The drum message said that the boy's father had died. Carrington suggested that perhaps the drum message wasn't true. "White man," replied the boy, in the time-honored language of white man–colored man movies, "the drum never lies." And, in fact, it hadn't.

Dr. Carrington, who is a fluent drummer in Lokele, taught school several years ago in a Lokele village and used a drum to tell students in the bush when classes were going to be suspended because of rain. Earlier still, his knowledge of drum language may well have saved several lives.

It was 1967 and the white mercenaries held Kisangani. The *Zaïrois* army was

on the opposite bank of the Zaïre River. On the day that the mercenaries pulled out, Carrington was afraid that Congolese troops would needlessly shell the city, perhaps killing civilians, so he got on his drum—the only way to communicate—and transmitted the message that the mercenaries were gone. The *Zaïrois* troops came across the river with their rifles and mortars unloaded.

Young *Zaïrois*, unfortunately, are turning from the talking drums to more modern methods of communication and the art will probably die with tribal elders. Then one will hear only the sound of traffic in Kinshasa.

—MALCOLM MACPHERSON

Unplush flush

PARIS—While most guidebooks to foreign travel serve up a veritable banquet of information about getting eatables into your mouth, they tend to be quite reticent on the subject of getting them out the other end. This is regrettable, for one of the great benefits of visiting abroad is the opportunity to test-drive some of the world's exotic forms of indoor plumbing, among the least appreciated of which is the Turkish toilet.

Despite the name, one does not have to go to Istanbul for the experience. Turkish toilets can be found everywhere from Europe to South America to the Far East and are, in fact, the standard plumbing fixtures in nearly three quarters of our planet's water closets. There is nothing specifically Turkish about them. Europeans no doubt call them Turkish only in the nasty spirit of defensive chauvinism that prompts the French, for example, to call sodomy the *English* vice.

The Turkish toilet is mechanically simple—like the guillotine, the thumbscrew and the rack. Set in what resembles a large shower stall, it consists of an open saucer-sized hole in the center of a gently funneling square yard of tile or concrete. A few inches forward of the hole are two elevated foot blocks, shoulder width apart, and at the back of the stall is a water tank and a chain or button to activate the flush. In order to urinate, the male user simply stands feet forward on the blocks, unzips and proceeds as if at a urinal. In order to dump, he squats backward on the blocks, drops trou and lets go. Or at least that's the theory. In reality, the operation often calls for the adventuresome spirit of a sky diver, the physical flexibility of a yoga master and the nasal fortitude of an elephant keeper.

For openers, there are the lights: Usually they turn on only as the door is locked, with the metal bolt completing the circuit. This is a basic point on which the uninitiated often, quite literally, stumble.

Americans occasionally call these toilets stand-ups, which is *really* a misnomer. Urinals are stand-ups. The proper stance for a Turkish toilet, as suggested above, is a deep hunker—with weight on heels, pants completely bunched at the calf, hands over knees for balance. However, a user who has been less than fully conscientious about his Canadian Air Force squat-jump program might want to sacrifice grace for the greater stability of the novice position. This is achieved by bracing

oneself with the palms against the back wall of the stall. After a few tries, a single palm will suffice, leaving one hand free to attend to the crucial business of not pissing on one's pants.

Warning: *Should you lose your balance in any position, falling forward is infinitely preferable to falling backward. Never ever try to break your fall with a wild lunge at the flush chain.*

Finally, remember that Turkish toilets make up in water power what they lack in elegance. Unless you care to wind up "ankle deep in dirt," as one disgruntled novice put it, before you pull that flush chain, GET THE HELL OFF THE FOOT BLOCKS!

—RICHARD SMITH

The Vatican at war

VATICAN CITY—As was predicted, the Pope's designation of 1975 as a holy year has provided a big lift to the Italian tourist industry, with even more curiosity seekers than usual flocking to Rome. What went unreported until recently, however, is that the special Catholic observance nearly caused a formal declaration of war between the Vatican and its host country.

It all began when the Vatican called on a team of Italian army technicians to set up the elaborate lighting equipment necessary for a satellite transmission of the Pope's official opening of the year. The engineers marched up the steps to the entrance of St. Peter's basilica, where they were met by Baron Franz Pfyffer von Altishofen, the commander of the Pope's Swiss guards, who explained that he had taken an oath to sacrifice his life rather than to let a foreign soldier enter Vatican territory. As the bureaucracies of both states were to discover in the ensuing hours, the baron takes his oath seriously.

The first official to learn the lesson was Bishop Andrea Deskur, of the Holy See's information service. After pleading unsuccessfully with Von Altishofen for a little flexibility, Deskur hurried off to the Pope himself to get an executive order temporarily rescinding the historic regulation. But Paul wasn't buying. Apparently apprehensive about low morale in the Swiss guards in the wake of employment cutbacks and other measures prompted by the economic crisis, he told Deskur that another solution would have to be found.

And it was. After poring over the same code that Von Altishofen had committed to memory, the bishop came up with the idea that the army engineers should go to work as "prisoners of war."

Oh, joy! The Pope was happy, Deskur was delighted and so was the baron.

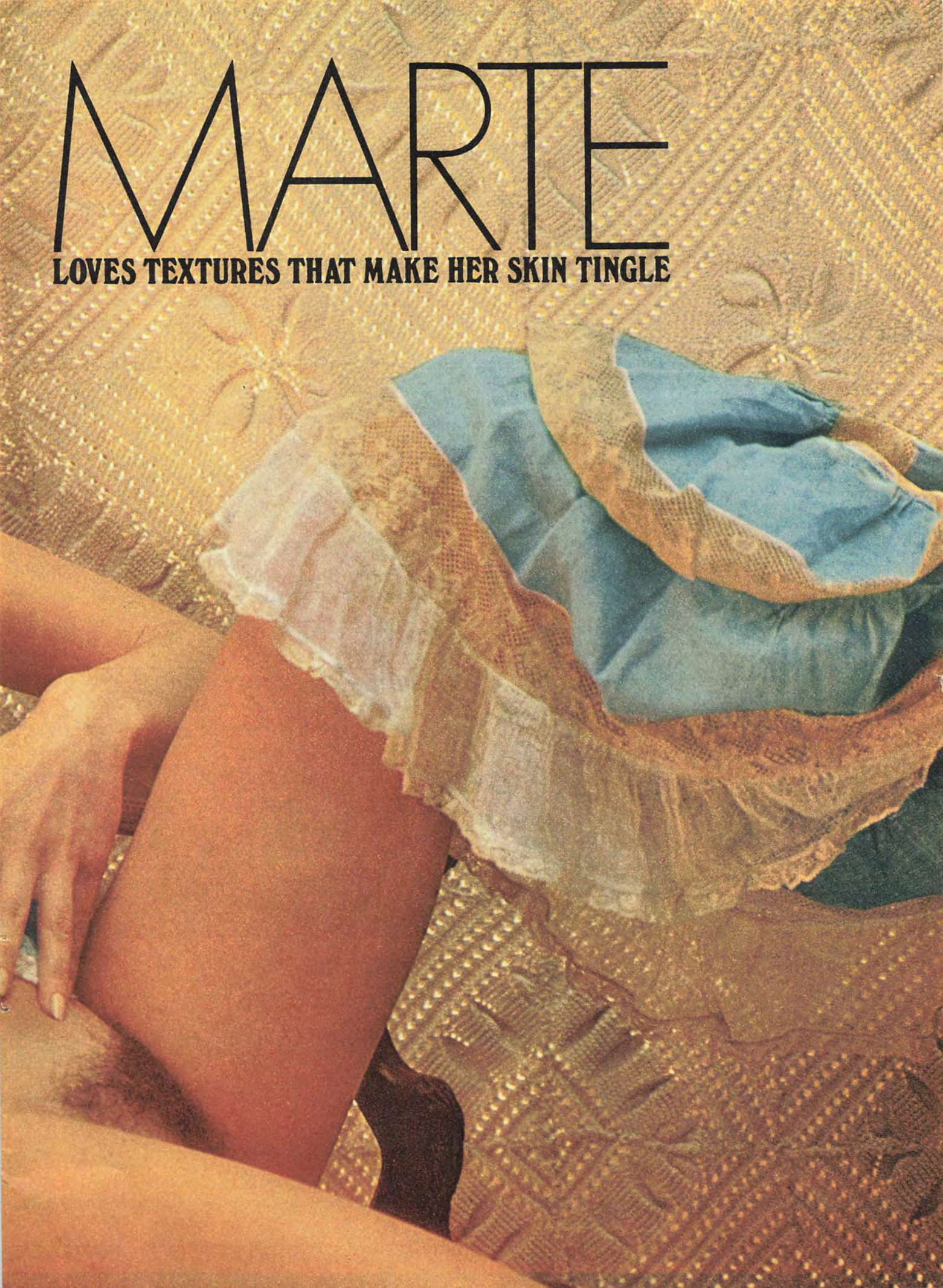
A spokesman for the army engineers was less so. After being told what the status of the technicians would be while at work on the Pope's business, the officer pointed out that Italian military regulations forbid any soldier to surrender without at least trying to fight back. With the baron in front of them as living evidence of the logic of bureaucracies, the engineers made it clear that they had no intention of exposing themselves to possible courts-martial.

More consultations, this time involving the Italian Defense Ministry. Finally, some four hours after hostilities began, the ministry passed on a special order assuring the technicians that they would not be prosecuted for installing the lights and wiring, even under the Vatican's terms.

The prisoners were released the following day and reunited with their families.

—DON DEWEY

Say yes...
to
oui
It's all the French you'll ever need to know
Every month OUI treats you to its own unique blend of the foreign and familiar, with contributions from an international assembly of artists, writers and photographers. Subscribe today, and we'll deliver the world to your doorstep every month—the world in OUI.
Please enter my subscription for:
☐ 3 years $24 (save $22.50 off $46.50 single-copy price)
☐ 1 year $10 (save $5.50 off $15.50 single-copy price)
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐
Name (please print)
Address Apt. No.
City State Zip
oui
Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.
OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colo. 80302
7120


MARTE
LOVES TEXTURES THAT MAKE HER SKIN TINGLE

Marte Dantine surrounds herself with textures. Flocked wallpaper, old wood, silk undergarments, satin sheets, stained-glass windows—all were bought for their feel as well as for their color. "I'm a very sensuous person," she says. "I surround myself with things that make my skin tingle. They make me feel more alive." We ask if among these things are men. She answers indirectly: "I lost my virginity when I was 15 and I've never been able to find it again." She laughs deeply. After a time, we realize that her sense of humor is highly tuned to sexuality—which, she claims, is the ultimate texture. There's no reason why she shouldn't know. She's 22, German, lives in Munich (she uses the German, *München*) and works for the tourist bureau there. "My goodness, what a job. During the Olympics, your athletes almost drove me mad. Are all Americans sex crazy?" Instead of answering her obviously rhetorical question, we ask her about the men of the new Germany. "My boyfriend is the worst, I think, or the best, if you wish. He has a great sense of humor. I was sitting in a cabaret with some girls when I met him. He had seen me dancing in a low-cut blouse and, as the music got faster, the buttons popped open and revealed my breasts. When I sat down, he called from the phone on his table to the phone on my table and said, 'I admire the way you flop.' I laughed, and we have been laughing together ever since." Tickling her fancy does not seem to be too difficult a task. She is a

"FOREIGN MEN EXPECT ME TO BE AN EASY MARK FOR A FEW MARKS... AND I ENJOY TEASING THEM."

"I LOST MY VIRGINITY WHEN I WAS 15 AND I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT AGAIN."

very straightforward and open creature, and she seems to approach life with just the right blend of eagerness and humor. "If one cannot see the humorous side of life, life is dull. I think I would like to model naked now and then, because it is an easy way to earn money. I think I like it better than fashion modeling. I receive more exposure this way." She laughs at this, too, not caring that we have heard it before. "Working at the tourist bureau is also very funny. Foreign men expect me to be an easy mark for a few marks because of all the stories about German pornography. And I enjoy teasing them. But that is all they get—unless they make me laugh." We begin to tell her a joke that has just come to mind when she starts to giggle. "An easy mark for a few marks. That is a good one." We never finish the story. Marte seems to be in a class by herself. "As a matter of fact, my boyfriend is in the pornography business. He produces some of the movies that are shipped to Sweden and then sent on to America with Scandinavian titles and credits. He thinks that's very funny." Perhaps he is looking for a new leading lady? "Oh, he asked me about it when I met him, but after a while he liked me too much to share me with the rest of the world. At least, that is what he told me. He is rather bashful for a pornographer." Aren't they all? "I would have said no anyway, unless it had been a comedy. You see, I seem to have funny bones in a lot of strange places, and sometimes I can't help laughing."

The organic gravy train

THE HEALTH-FOOD INDUSTRY THRIVES ON MYTHS, MISINFORMATION AND EXCESSIVE PRICES, WHILE OFFERING LITTLE MORE NUTRITIONAL VALUE THAN YOU GET IN A BIG MAC. EAT HEARTY.—ARTICLE BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

His name is Finch or something, but it's hard to catch from his ancient voice like a distant whistle, faint and toneless. He's maybe a year younger than God. He slides one foot at a time into the health-food store, past the Tiger's Milk, VitaBurger, SesaMunch and the Dr. Dorrsback's PepUp Energy Plus Protein Drink, the Mother's Harvest natural-cider vinegar and Jack LaLanne toasted soya crackers. He has skin like the Magna Charta, you could get 8–5 against his lasting out the day, but he's talking to the clerk in the high thin voice of the peppy dead. "It's the natural E and raw milk." He pauses for air. "I've had *much* more energy lately." The clerk keeps a hand near the phone, trying to remember the death-on-premises terms of his insurance policy. He wastes no time filling the order and when Finch finally heads out with a small paper bag clutched to his chest, the clerk moves to hold the door open. Finch makes it. Why not—he's about $15 lighter than when he entered. Finch has just contributed to one of the few American industries that aren't just

Illustration by Melinda Beasley

THE ORGANIC GRAVY TRAIN *By and large, the "healthy" version of any given product is about 30 to 100 percent more expensive than the, presumably, "diseased." Why?*

riding out the depression but are thriving in it: health foods. And Jack, we're talking *growth*: tripling in five years, from 1200 stores nationwide in 1968 to more than 3500 by 1973 (1500 in Los Angeles County alone); a new "natural" food store opening in the U. S. every day; in New York, franchises in the lucrative Mother Nature's Nutrition Centers chain go for a paltry $25,000; predictions of 10–15 percent annual location expansion throughout the Seventies. Even McDonald's can't match this. If current growth rates continue, stores calling themselves sources of health food or natural food or organic food will do one billion dollars' worth of business this year and three billion dollars' worth by 1980. This is enough to get J. Paul Getty drilling for carrots.

Pause for Definitions. There are health foods and there are natural foods. The first is the traditional wing of foodism—conservative, intolerant of illegal drugs, older, looking to stave off the finale, beset by decrepitude, buying time; more concerned with sheer health than with ecospiritual aspects: the wheat-germ/vitamin/yoghurt crowd. Natural-food addicts are the militant wing of foodism—radical, young, spacy, more vegetarian and ascetic, associating ill health in general with the establishment in general and rejecting both via counterculinary tactics. ("The revolution is not a dinner party."—Chairman Mao) Both groups attempt to maximize control over their own health. There's also organic food, a theoretical subdivision of natural foods.

About natural and organic. These words on food labels are not nutritional claims but marketing ploys. They are meaningless, because no legal or medical definition is possible. The Rodale Press, which more or less coined the "organic foods" tag, defines them as edibles unfouled by preservatives, antibiotics, insecticides or other chemicals. But Colgate made Bright Side Shampoo "organic" by printing the word on the label. In terms of carbon atoms, your *phone*'s organic. "Natural" is even more what you make it: Salk vaccine is hardly natural, but earthquakes are, and also cancer. Situations like this make con artists believe in God.

Unfortunately, you can trust a billion-dollar industry like you can trust a puff adder. Supermarket chains have added health/natural-food sections the way Exxon added an environmental-safeguards department when the oil spills hit the fan. When the cereal, crapsnack and semifruit-drink lines start using the word nutrition, we know it has lost its utility.

Are we being paranoid, wondering why such outfits that once gave us cyclamates and MSG are now so concerned about our health? No. Who'd we think was running the health-food game, anyway? Some crinkled Vermont farmers or dedicated Salinas Valley freaks? Feh.

It was Post Cereals that made Euell Gibbons a household name, not *Prevention* magazine; Post also makes tooth-rot Sugar Crisp. The Big Name in vitamins and minerals, churning out scores of supplements? General Mills, which also brings you Frankenberry cereal and Hamburger Helper (and Total, advertised as *total* health and *total* fitness fodder; G.M.'s Total is little more than G.M.'s Wheaties plus a half cent's worth of G.M.'s vitamins, at 18 cents—45 percent—extra per box). When granola sales began doubling every 60 days, Quaker, Pet and General Foods were drawn to the market like flies to a politician. There hasn't been a racket like this since they made Rockefeller break up Standard Oil.

But if the moguls are once again corrupt, we can still take refuge with the small local honest merchants, can't we? *Can't* we?

The myth prevails that health/natural-food stores are analogous to the corner grocery—suffering a small clientele, no mass marketing, low volume, few display allowances, hence higher prices. Maybe. But they also have some massive advantages, such as the largest specialty-food market in the country, the support of an anti–food-chemical-hype wave, the glamor of trendy hipness and the priceless asset of being few in number during a seller's boom. "If you don't want God's Own Dirt acidophilus hand-packed organic dairy yoghurt at $3.39 a pint, schmuck, go shop at the A&P." They do not want for throngs of customers.

They enjoy another sales booster: the implicit notion that a health-food store deals not only in *food* but in *health* as well. Many of the clerks have a nutritional cure handy for any ailment you can throw at them—huge niacin hits to cure schizophrenia, halvah to boost your gonads. Some of these people have had more nutrition education than your shoe. At the New York City Consumer Affairs hearings in 1971, ex-clerks recounted being trained to prescribe various herbs, supplements and foodstuffs to meet almost any health problem. Health-food counters are overrun with former beauticians, drugstore clerks, dope dealers and car salesmen who will instantly recommend some food, vitamin or supplement for arthritis, cancer, ulcers, glaucoma, heart trouble, headaches and piles. If these people truly knew how to cure these or any significant ailments, they would not be sitting behind shop counters, they would be sitting behind chauffeurs.

I ran into a nice specimen in a posh L.A. health foodery. For dry skin, I was instructed to take vitamin E—the health foodists' cocaine—"inside and out; break the capsules and rub them on your skin." And for headaches? "We have an aspirin that isn't an aspirin. It isn't harmful or dangerous for you like aspirin." The main ingredient of this marvel was sodium salicylate. As your pharmacist will tell you, there is no physiological difference between a salicylate and aspirin, which breaks down *into* a salicylate in your body. Myth and medicine—especially pseudo medicine—are a hazardous combination.

Also a profitable combination. Consider: A 1972 USDA survey pricing 29 basic foodstuffs reported that they cost $11 in a supermarket, $17.80 in countercultural natural-food stores, $20.30 in the supermarket's organic-food section and $21.90 in health-food stores. I tried this same comparison using 23 health/natural-food staples, such as honey, brown rice, safflower oil and whole-wheat flour. Where Safeway wanted $12.76 for the items, earth-radical Ma Revolution foods wanted $15.06, Berkeley's hot-shot co-op natural-food supermarket wanted $16.38 and Lindberg's health-food boutique in Beverly Hills wanted $18.28. These are not isolated examples and this is a game you can play in your own area. By and large, the "healthy" version of any given product is about 30 to 100 percent more than the, presumably, "diseased."

Which raises a question. Health foods are supposedly worth more because they're produced without the harmful—but agriculturally economical—additives, pesticides and chemical fertilizers of commercial foods. True?

This is all pretty complicated. Most additives are harmless; many more are bad for you only in insane amounts; and plenty are downright beneficial—iodine, say, or EDTA, a chemical of 11 syllables that sounds worse than polio but actually is a lifesaver that inhibits contamination, spoilage, vitamin-C loss and cures thousands of cases of metal poisoning yearly. Some additives even cancel the natural toxins of foods. *Natural* toxins? Hell, according to Alfred Wertheim's *Natural Poisons in Natural Foods*, you can get goiter from cereal fungi, hives or asthma from protein and various *(Continued on page 96)*

THE FIRST-EVER SEVENTIES NOSTALGIA QUIZ

Humor by Ben Pesta

Nostalgia sets in early these days. The Sixties waited until 1967 to come up with "Bonnie and Clyde" and the great Thirties nostalgia boom. But in the first few years of the Seventies, we had, in rapid succession, "Summer of '42," with its resultant Forties sentiment; the rock-'n'-roll revival, which made us yearn for the Fifties; and then "American Graffiti," after which America got sticky for the Sixties. It ought to be clear that the only period left to look back on is the Seventies--and we can't let it bother us that the Seventies aren't yet over. What follows, therefore, is "The First-ever Seventies Nostalgia Quiz." There <u>are</u> correct answers, but we know you know them, so don't try to find any score cards.

This man is best known for his ___.

A. dates
B. diplomatic immunity
C. many disguises
D. dialect jokes

This actor's successful Seventies TV series is called _____.

A. Kolchak
B. Kodak
C. Kojak
D. Kotex

This famous feminist needs _____.

A. a cause
B. Clairol color rinse
C. bifocals
D. a couple of staples in her navel

This man was the _____ President of the United States.

A. last
B. funniest
C. 37th
D. first Negro

As America's relations with the People's Republic of China improved during the Seventies, observers confidently predicted an era of _____.

A. good feelings
B. ping-pong
C. too much starch
D. indigestion

Actor Carroll O'Connor developed a national following during the Seventies for his portrayal of a _____.

A. kindly doctor
B. lovable bigot
C. bigot
D. Negro junk dealer

Détente is _____.

A. a feminine hygiene spray
B. prohibited by law in 31 states
C. the American foreign policy that replaced war
D. the masculine form of déteuse

President Nixon ended his resignation speech with the words:

A. "Never send a Cuban to do a man's job."
B. "God be with you."
C. "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore."
D. "Honest, it was all an elaborate practical joke."

This woman is _____.

A. passing
B. not going to get tenure
C. one of the Pointer Sisters
D. Lauren Hutton with a bad case of split ends

"American Pie," a popular song of the Seventies, was about _____.

A. Marilyn Chambers
B. miscegenation
C. dead rock stars
D. four minutes too long

This man was dropped from the 1972 Democratic national ticket when knowledge of his previous _____ treatments became public.

A. skin
B. scalp
C. shock
D. screen

This man is famous for saying:

A. "I am not a crook."
B. "The barren fig tree bears no plums."
C. "Hello, sailor. New in town?"
D. "AAAAAIIYEEEEE-AGGGH!"

O. J. Simpson is _____.

A. an R&B singer
B. under indictment
C. embarrassed by his first name, which is Olivia
D. no one to fool with

This woman is a _____.

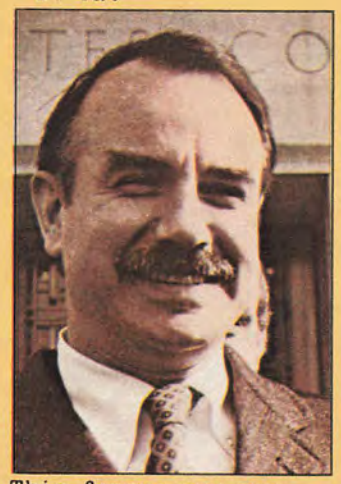
A. virgin
B. female impersonator
C. hebephrenic
D. straight man with terrific legs

Which one of the following was not a U. S. Vice-President in 1973-1974?

A. Gerald Ford
B. Nelson Rockefeller
C. Jerry Garcia
D. Spiro Agnew

In 1974, this famous couple got _____.

A. bum reviews
B. a solid-gold Waring blender
C. divorced
D. fat



This famous spy was well known for his habit of holding a match to _____

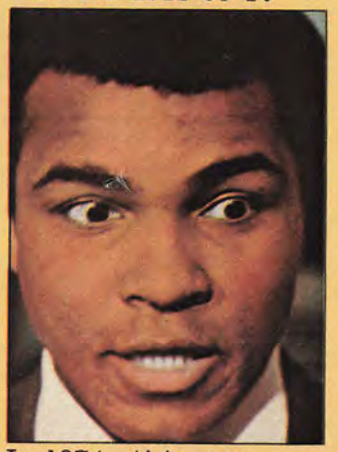
A. his mustache
B. his hand
C. his hair
D. various heavily insured but failing businesses owned by Republicans

President Johnson once said of then-Congressman Gerald Ford that he couldn't chew gum and _____ at the same time.

A. walk
B. sleep
C. give head
D. say "Momma"

This man would walk over his grandmother for _____.

A. Richard Nixon
B. Christ
C. a subway token
D. the hell of it



In 1974, this man _____ the world's heavyweight boxing title.

A. lost
B. won
C. bought
D. ate

Peter Benchley's novel "Jaws" was about _____.

A. sharks
B. Linda Lovelace
C. Martha Mitchell
D. dieting

This star is _____.

A. David Bowie
B. Mia Farrow
C. malnourished
D. on the Italian-American Civil Rights League black list

Which one of the following men was not President Nixon's attorney?

A. J. Fred Buzhardt
B. John Dean
C. Owen Marshall
D. James St. Clair

The Seventies practice of running around naked was called _____.

A. flashing
B. streaking
C. swinging
D. on account of rain

The American institution symbolized by these arches is also associated with the slogan "You deserve a _____ today."

A. break
B. fix
C. paregoric
D. massage

President Ford prescribed _____ for dealing with economic woes.

A. tranquilizers
B. simultaneous tax cuts and increased taxation
C. that everyone wear SMILE buttons
D. that everyone should eat and be well and have a nice day

The tackiest Seventies fashion was _____.

A. platform shoes
B. midiskirts
C. short hair
D. bisexuality

This girl is _____.

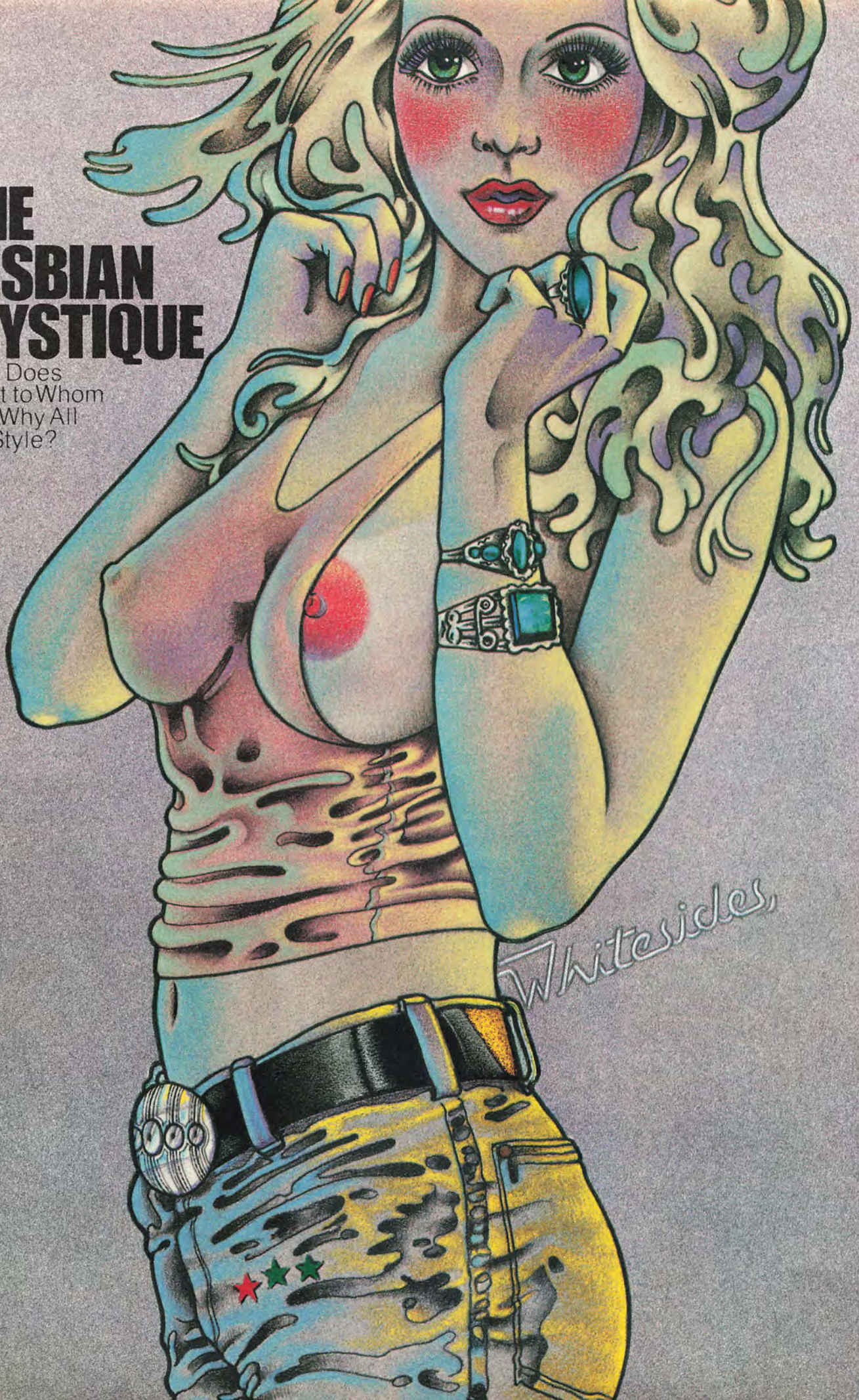
A. talented
B. exploited
C. out to lunch
D. Miss Baskin-Robbins 1975

This Massachusetts Senator is best known for his _____.

A. driving
B. underwater free style
C. brothers
D. Harvard education

THE LESBIAN MYSTIQUE

Who Does What to Whom and Why All the Style?



Article by
Tracy Young

I suppose we both had a lot to drink, but I don't remember. I do recall sitting on the edge of a bed, staring into the most tragic brown eyes I had seen since *Bambi* reruns, and the next thing I knew, she had thrown her arms around my neck and was kissing my face. We were in bed as quick as a movie dissolve—she whispered for me to take off my clothes; I wondered if she was a dyke or just an emotional Italian. I couldn't decide, so I didn't move. I lay there, under the covers, fully dressed, blushing.

"Have you ever done this before?" I asked.

"Why?" She sounded slightly annoyed but continued to tug at

the snap of my jeans.

"Because you seem to know what you're doing."

"I'm just doing what I feel," she sighed, and in a few minutes—or a half hour—it was all over.

Even after that, when I'd had a few brief affairs with women, they were straight, like I was, and we thought of ourselves as adventuresses. We didn't consider ourselves gay, just highly erotic. After all, as one of us said, "Anyone who's into sex is into men and women." In fact, if we had been as groovy as we thought we were, we would have realized that bisexuality was about to hit the newsstands and lend scientific plausibility to our dabblings. But in 1968, everyone was gay or straight; and unless you took sides, you got confused.

In any case, my romances were conducted so far from any "scene" that my knowledge of the Grapevine, the lesbian secret society that populates pulp novels, was secondhand, gathered from French porn, pseudosociology and rumors, such as the one that said: If you go into one of "those places" and some big bull dyke asks you to dance, *do not refuse* or she'll punch your teeth down your throat!

The first time I ventured into a gay bar I was terrified; but I was also gravely disappointed when I was neither KO'd nor even asked to dance. My fantasy of Colettelike decadence, where women in mauve tuxedos carried riding crops, was shattered. The place was more like a college rec center, except for the girl-on-girl graffiti in the john. And the women—well, there were a few truck-driver types in leather and key chains, but no one wore a tux, and the rest of the people looked as all-American as the models in *Seventeen*, just slightly more competent. Not butch, competent.

In the months to follow, my friends and I pored over the photo spreads in *Women's Wear Daily*, pointing out to one another the chic closet gays—ones somebody had caught in a restaurant making goo-goo eyes at another woman—or discussing which famous singer-writer-actress was a lesbian. These were acts of reassurance, confirmation not so much that gay is good—leave that to the protesters—but that gay is better. Gay is glamorous.

Yes, Virginia, there are lesbians whose names are household words. And also superstar lesbians whose names are household words in certain households—legends in the gay world, role models (to cop a phrase from the women's movement), women who are famous for having the most money, the most chic, the most talent, the most outrageous behavior. People everyone knows all about, in this slightly incestuous world, without ever having met them.

But there's also another generation—young women in their 20s and early 30s, woman's alleged prime. I am thinking of a specific group that may have its counterpart in other cities, but that is to be differentiated from the lesbians you see protesting on the news or read about in those levelheaded sociological treatments. Many are beautiful, sexy girl-women. A few are grooming glamorous careers. A couple have money to burn and nothing better to do. Most are lovely young bodies, with no visible means of support, who are somehow or other managing to live the high life.

Their heads are different from the stereotype. They are not women who are with women by default, nursing some psychological scars in a world without men, without sex. Their world does contain men: friends, lovers, patsies who take them to lunch and never get into their pants, guys they hustle for a night on the town for show, guys who are turned on by a woman who digs chicks, men they have once in a while when they feel like a good fuck. That's right: Just as there are some so-called straight women who prefer oral sex to intercourse, there are a lot of so-called gay women who love cocks and every so often want one inside them—not a dildo, a cock.

More important, the times have changed. These young women have lived (and some just barely) through the drug culture and the sexual revolution and find themselves at a point in time where being gay is not only OK, it's chic; trash is flash; and the only real bones of concern are how far to go with S/M and how much coke you can do and live. They are, in general, turned-on ladies—a far cry from the tweedy Sister Georges you run into, huddled in self-protective groups, at resort hotels.

These young women are not uptight about being gay, although there was a flurry of paranoia about turning up *exposed* in this article. They are uptight, like most women their age, about the problems of growing up: Should I be alone and get into myself? Should I leave my older lover because I'm too dependent? Should I get involved with someone younger? One young woman, who'd become claustrophobic with an older woman and maternal with a younger woman, packed it all in and took up with a man—a man who'd been left by another man. If you think the sexual algebra of a gay man and a gay woman is too difficult, listen to the woman who says: "Gay guys make the best fucks. It's a very weird kind of sexuality, very kinky, but they are so sensual."

So what's the attraction women have for each other? The psychological explanations run the dreary gamut from narcissism to arrested development to mother fixation to fear of penetration to penis envy—and the sociological motifs are even more varied. Gay women will give almost as many explanations as sociologists. One lovely young thing, who always has men panting after her, says: "I can get turned on by men, but they're too easy—it becomes boring. Women are more difficult, more mysterious. Besides, the idea that what you're doing is slightly naughty makes sex with a woman exciting."

Another says: "I like women who are into being women—otherwise I'd be with a man. . . . Women are sensual . . . and young women have a mixture of innocence and awareness."

One of the best literary explanations is from *Nightwood*, by Djuna Barnes:

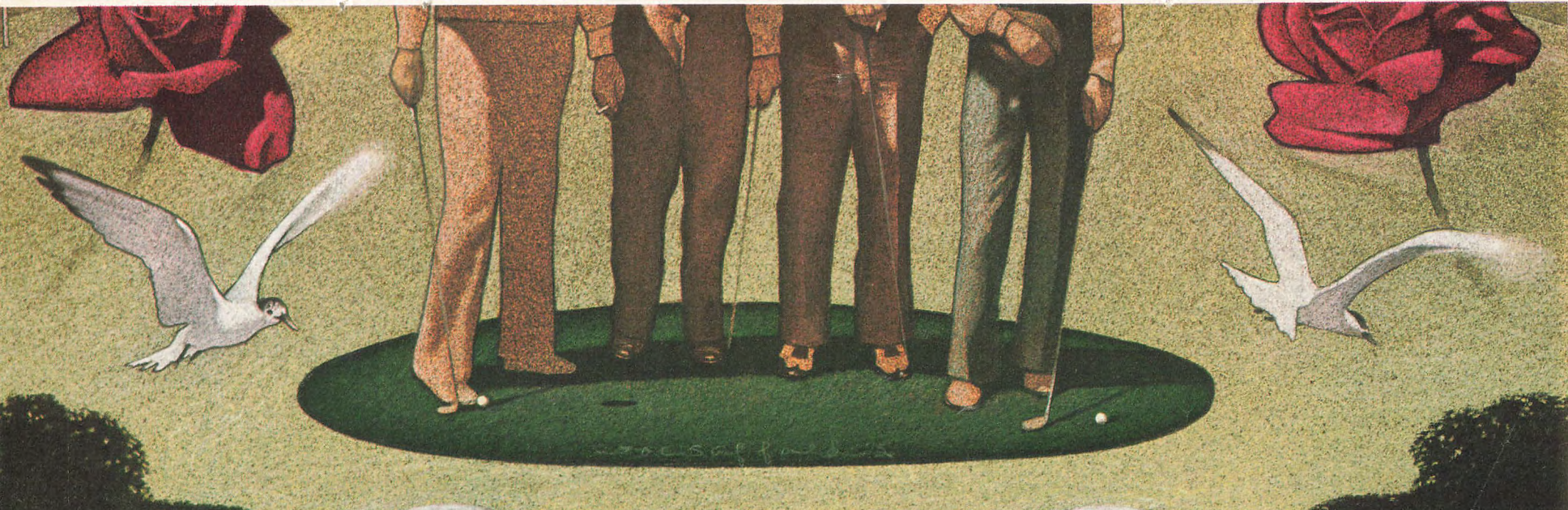
> What is this love we have for the invert, boy or girl? It was they who were spoken of in every romance that we ever read. The girl lost, what is she but the Prince found? The Prince on the white horse that we have always been seeking. . . . We love them for that reason. We were impaled in our childhood upon them as they rode through our primers, the sweetest lie of all. . . . They are our answer to what our grandmothers were told love was, and what it never came to be. . . .

The attraction, then, has to do with mystique, with rebellion, with romance, especially the kind of romance that is precipitated by psychic danger, the roller-coaster ride in and out of involvements. It also has to do with identity: Immersed in the mysteries of becoming themselves, these young women have been apprenticed at one time or other to older, more experienced women who could teach them about writing, or fashion, or sex, or hustling and who, in turn, have been given a blast of fresh air, firm flesh and the captive audience that is worldly wisdom's due. These are young women ready to try out what they've learned on the world at large—on their peers.

How do they find each other? Gay women don't have it as easy as the guys. There are no identifying marks—no giveaway pinkie rings, no special colors, no key chains slung to the left or right. And they can't just stand out on Christopher Street, pick up an appealing stranger, unzip their fly and get sucked off all neat *(Continued on page 100)*

"Paul!"

00040-134



COUNTRY-CLUB PRISONS

THE HOWARD HUGHES HOAXER TELLS HOW HIS INCARCERATION WAS A VACATION—WELL, ALMOST

ARTICLE BY CLIFFORD IRVING

My 365th day in prison: Like any other day, lights silently bloom at six A.M., doors clank, keys softly jingle. In the cool early morning, men circle the compound, jogging. This concrete cyst in the green Connecticut hills—Danbury Federal Correctional Institution—could be anywhere in America, for the walls kill all the view. A "Popsicle prison," according to Daniel Berrigan, former tenant. Also known as the Country Club. I'm on vacation here for a term of 10 to 30 months. Life has its ups and downs: One month, I was on the cover of *Time*; the next month, I was doing it. Danbury and a companion joint in Pennsylvania called Allenwood, a prison camp where I began serving my sentence on August 28, 1972, are two of the showcase lockups in the nationwide system called the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Howard Hunt did time with me at Allenwood. Egil Krogh and Jeb Stuart Magruder followed. During my 17 months inside, I met such luminaries as Ralph Ginzburg, Carmine de Sapio, Hulan Jack, Johnny Dio, at least a dozen former mayors, state attorneys general and assorted public officials, a score of millionaires and *capos* and . . . enough; I don't want to be known as a name dropper. Fortress prisons, like Atlanta, Lewisburg, Terre Haute and Leavenworth, have got to go, say enlightened penologists and social reformers. The minimum-security prisons are supposed to be archetypes for the prisons

COUNTRY-CLUB PRISONS *At Allenwood, I taught a course in creative writing and was able to study music theory, taught by a volunteer inmate; at Danbury, I took French and German.*

of the near future. Allenwood, Danbury, Lompoc, Eglin, et al., are allegedly designed to rehabilitate, maybe even reeducate, criminals. At Allenwood, I taught a course in creative writing and was able to study music theory, taught by a volunteer inmate; at Danbury, I took French and German with *Frau* Ilse Reich, high school teacher and widow of Wilhelm Reich, who died in the Lewisburg pen while serving two years for contempt of court. The average student attendance for these classes is three.

No gun towers at a place like Allenwood. No unscalable walls topped by electrified barbed wire (where tired robins die regularly of shock), a minimum of bars and locks. A tennis court, bumpy but playable; a gymnasium inside a bubble; a weight-lifting shack; a country road down which a man could walk or jog for almost a mile, with cow and deer and butterfly in nearby fields. Regular hours, no wild parties, plenty of fresh air, a simple diet. It doesn't sound too different from a training camp.

The food is edible, if you like starches, pasta, canned vegetables, sweet cake and plenty of hamburger in varying disguises. When I was there, a favorite (with the cook, not with the inmates) was Salisbury steak and one West Virginian regularly gave me his portion. The first time he did so, I asked him, naïvely, "Are you a vegetarian? Don't you like meat?"

"Meat?" he yelped. "Ain't no fuckin' meat *in* it. It's *wheat*! If I was a billy goat, I'd be eatin' good."

There is entertainment, too—one movie every weekend. A few weeks after my arrival at Allenwood, the education department, which was in charge of the movie schedule, offered a dubbed European import called *99 Women*, which dealt with lesbians in a Caribbean island prison. It was very close to a skin flick and I had to get up and leave. Three other men were so moved by it that they took off over the hill that Saturday night and, as far as their fellow inmates were concerned, they were never heard from.

I complained all the time I was at Allenwood, but it was really a health farm there in the wasteland of central Pennsylvania. I settled in nicely and had made a deal with a friend, a $200,000-a-year Washington lawyer who was doing ten big ones for income-tax evasion: He was a crack tennis player and instructor and, come spring, we were going out onto that clay court and he would make a tournament player out of me. As a *quid pro quo*, I was editing a little tennis-instruction manual he had written in his spare time. But one midnight in March, I was caught—like a schmuck—with a coffee jar full of gin. Handcuffed and shackled, I was driven 17 miles down the road to the United States North Eastern Penitentiary at Lewisburg, placed in solitary confinement and eventually transferred to Danbury, where the restrictions were such that you couldn't even get liquor—other than home-brew.

•

Adjustment, even at the first country club, Allenwood, wasn't easy, for besides the inherent problems of learning a new language and new rules and having to live cheek by jowl with strangers of different persuasions, there was the phenomenon some men call incarceration shock.

The main compound of the Allenwood camp is a sprawling complex of single-story red-brick and rotted-wood buildings hidden in the cup of an unspoiled valley near Williamsport, Pennsylvania. One visitor compared its appearance, unfavorably, with a second-rate junior college, and in fact, the built-up area that houses between 300 and 400 men is often called "the campus." But Allenwood is actually a farm that spreads over 4500 lovely acres, filled with oaks, willows and warbling birds, which supports over 1000 head of beef cattle. These cattle are butchered periodically to feed inmates of Federal prisons in the East. In the experience of inmates, none of these steers has ever been known to contain a tenderloin or a sirloin.

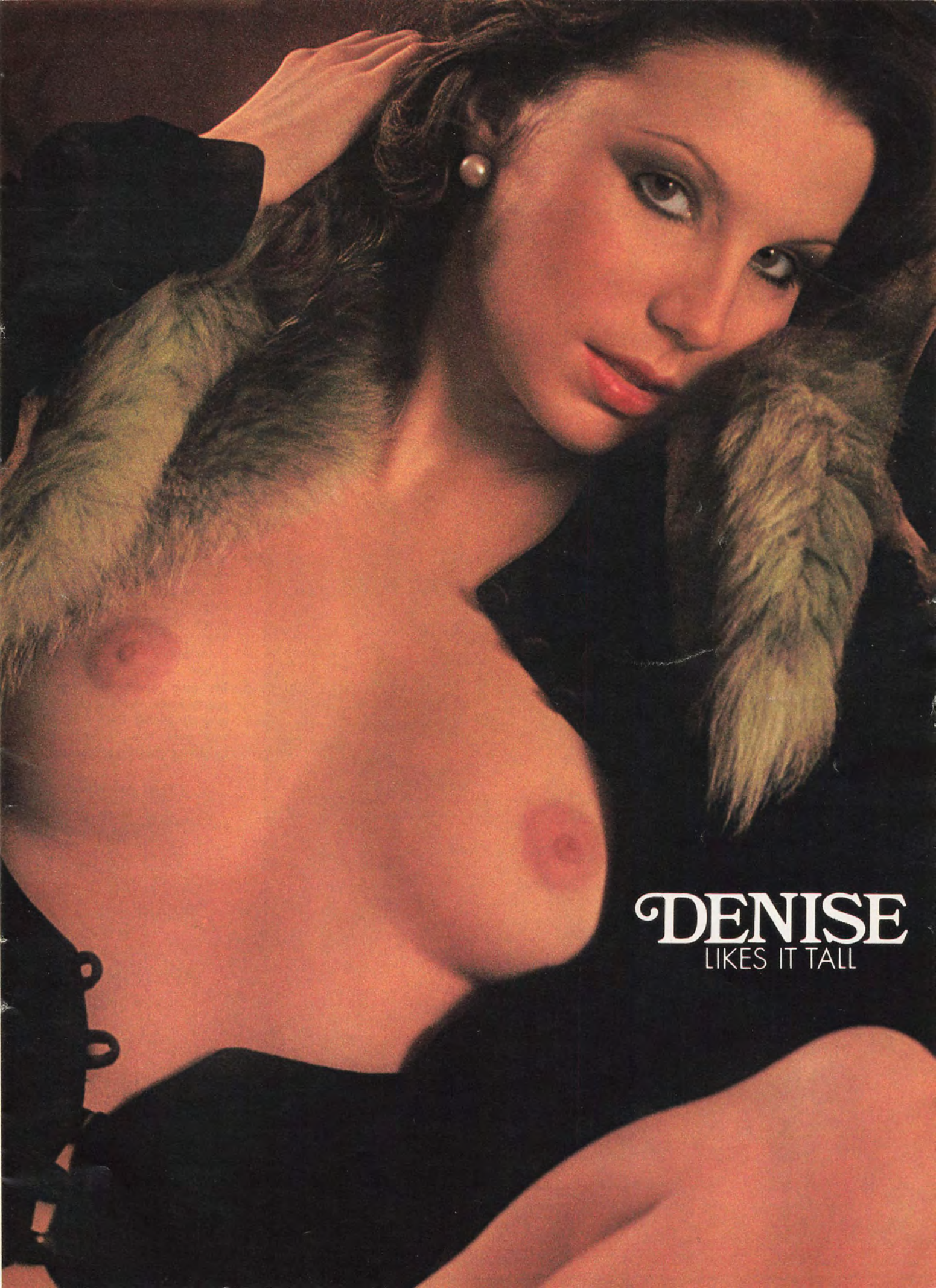
The difficulty adjusting to this bucolic haven begins when you're handcuffed; reaches a brief plateau of disorientation when they take away all your belongings—your watch, your gold pinkie ring, your vitamins and your Valium—substituting a number (mine, unforgettably, was 00040-134) and a few sets of prison khakis; and peaks when you are assigned a job scouring pots and pans.

I went stiff. I mumbled and I stuttered and I had to be led hither and yon by kindly veteran inmates, one of whom gave me a bar of Ivory soap, another a bedboard. I was assigned to a bunk in a place called dorm five. A visiting Congressman had recently likened this housing unit to the tiger cages in Vietnam, which he had also seen, but he was exaggerating—slightly. Dorm five contained 125 residents. (That's what they call you at Allenwood: residents. It was a country club; you weren't a *prisoner*, for God's sake.) It was late August, the temperature was 85 degrees and my bunk stood at the entrance to the shower room, which had no door. The showers dripped hot water all night long, sending a steamy mist swirling through the dormitory; I woke at four A.M. that first night, wheezing, soaked with sweat, my senses yelling that I was trapped in a rain forest or in the swamp on Devil's Island. I had to keep telling myself: "Keep cool. This is the Country Club."

The next night, my neighbors, four burly young black men, argued until three A.M. about who could do the most push-ups; and then, in rumbling, husky voices, debated salvation and the fate of the underprivileged. One of them concluded: "I know one motherfuckin' thing: If you ain't got no motherfuckin' sense of peace of mind, you one miserable motherfucker." And I had to agree.

As the shock slowly wore off, I adjusted to the language problem. I learned that the men I had thought were guards were referred to by the prison administration as correctional officers and by the residents as hacks. They were to be addressed as "Mr. So-and-So"; they called the residents by their last names only, or first names if they felt chummy. This first-name privilege, if exercised in reverse by a resident, resulted in his being shot. Not with a gun, please—to be shot meant to receive a ticket, a correctional report, which was an accusation by a hack that caused you to lose your previously accumulated good days (time off your sentence for meek and mild behavior) and to be sent to the hole (known to the moviegoing public as solitary confinement and referred to by the administration as segregation). Your bunk or cubicle in the dorm was your house and you developed appropriate feelings of territoriality. The man across the corridor, in the facing row of bunks, lived across the street. An informer was a rat or a snitch (I found that quaint) and he sometimes was treated to a blanket party, which wasn't quaint at all. It meant that, during the night, his blanket was pulled up over his head and he was piped or shanked (beaten or knifed).

C.O.s were, of course, conscientious objectors; but O.C.s were alleged members of organized crime and there was no confusion as to who was which. Your coconspirator in crime was your rap partner and anyone from the same town was your homey. Blacks, to many whites, were yoms or j.b.s (jungle bunnies). Blacks made up about 50 percent of the camp population, which is standard for the Federal system but low in comparison *(Continued on page 106)*

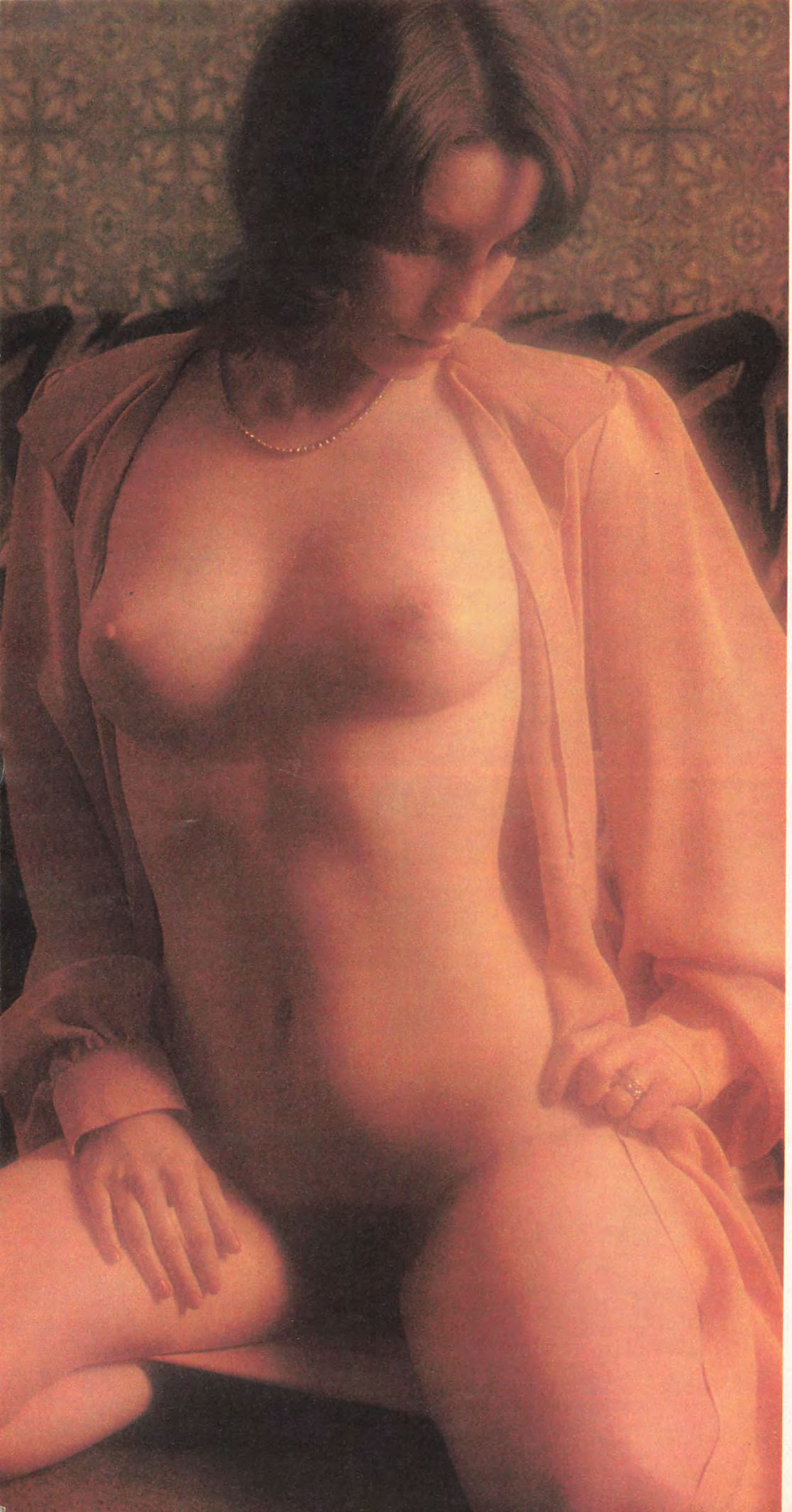

DENISE
LIKES IT TALL

Denise Deni is not your typical London working girl. Although the 20-year-old British subject shares many tastes with her countrywomen—good food, wild parties, dancing and hot weather (which is always at a premium in England)—Denise has what she calls a peculiarity. She likes her men tall, dark and handsome—emphasis on the tall. "Men over six feet, five, at the minimum, are what I like," she tells us, "and taller if possible." Since Ms. Deni is only 5′5″, that does seem a peculiarity. "I grew up in the company of tall men," she says. "My father, who is well over six feet, used to own a clothing store for tall men. Tall men have so much trouble finding clothes to fit them that we were swamped with business. I worked in the store every day after school, so I became accustomed to having tall men around. There's something about them that intrigues me. They seem more able to handle life than the rest of us; they're more sure of themselves. And not many blokes give them an argument." They are certainly more noticeable, we concede. "They are also terrific lovers. My mum always told me to marry a tall man; she said he'd give me plenty even when he was only half trying." She laughs at this bit of wisdom.

"THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT TALL MEN THAT INTRIGUES ME. THEY ARE TERRIFIC LOVERS."

"I'M A VERY SEXY PERSON, BUT I JUST DON'T GET TURNED ON EXCEPT BY MEN WHO TOWER OVER ME."

"And she was correct. Of course, my father wants me to marry a professional man. And I may. My current boyfriend is a barrister who stands six feet, eight. He pleases both of my parents, but he especially pleases me. Good Lord, you should see the size of him!" We can imagine, but we can't help wondering if he objects to her working as a model. "Oh, he's very much the modern man. Says it gives him a charge to see me in the slicks—and he's looking forward to seeing me *au naturel* in OUI. When he comes with me to a session, the photographers don't bother with physical instructions. I'm afraid they are intimidated by him." Our own photographer has a worried look on his face and we ask if we will get the chance to meet the lucky barrister. "Oh, no, he's before the Queen's Bench today, defending himself. He punched a bloke who made a pass at me." We wonder what other advantages there are in dating a tall man. "Well, sometimes I feel out of place with him at parties, but the other girls look so envious that I forget my embarrassment. I mean, I'm sure the other men joke about me, but I wouldn't trade my tall man in for a million pounds. I like them big." Most women, we think, would agree, at least in part. But a great



many women value things other than size: money, love and money, to name just a few. "Oh, don't I know it! My mum has a favorite saying: 'It's just as easy to love a rich tall man as a poor tall man.' In fact, I realize that half of the problems that lead to unhappiness and divorce have to do with money. But the rest have to do with size. It seems the natural order of things that the man should be the protector. Take Onassis and Jackie. After he died, it came out that he was going to divorce Jackie. He had scads of money, but he was much shorter than she was." We hadn't realized that the difference in their heights had caused marital difficulties. "Well, he had a great deal of charm and worldliness, of course, but I bet that she didn't look up to him." We both laugh at this before she continues. "I'm a very sexy person, in case you couldn't tell, but I just don't get turned on except by men who tower over me. Maybe it's primitive, but I love the cave-man type: not hairy but big and strong. Like John Wayne. He must have broken many a heart when he was young. You know, a man's man. Tough on the outside, tender on the inside. Understand?" We think so. Denise Deni likes tall men and well-done meat.

"MEN OVER SIX FEET, FIVE, AT THE MINIMUM, ARE WHAT I LIKE. THEY GIVE YOU PLENTY WHEN THEY'RE ONLY HALF TRYING."

Photography by Brian Hennessey

oui

A's

CONVERSATION WITH

REGGIE JACKSON

Baseball's most colorful and controversial player sounds off on his life as a superstar, teammate, lover, off-field millionaire and self-confessed asshole

Reginald Martinez Jackson is 29, six feet tall, 200 pounds and the right fielder on baseball's most flamboyant team—the world-champion Oakland A's. He's as colorful as anybody in the game and, in many people's opinion, has more natural ability than any player who ever walked onto a baseball field. The most striking physical fact about Jackson is that he has a classic superhero body—a Captain America frame—which is topped by a wide-eyed, pleasant moonface, a respectable Afro, glasses, the brain of an Arizona State University graduate and the soul of a Methodist. This is not your traditional baseball hero's usual constellation of traits. Nor is Jackson anything like a typical ballplayer.

Because of his successful financial affairs off field—land development and speculation—he is one of the few ballplayers who could walk away from the game at any time without incurring economic disaster. This also makes it easy to ridicule your boss in front of the press, a thing Jackson is known to have done. Genetically, he is Afro-Latin-American. Sociologically, he was born into one of six black families living in a white, predominantly Jewish Philadelphia suburb and, to a remarkable degree, he is a product of white America—a situation that raises some complications with both races. Avocationally, he's involved with homes for delinquent boys and alternative sports experiments and is a fanatic car nut.

Reggie Jackson's primary significance springs from his profession. To begin with, he has enough raw ability to make life more miserable for pitchers than does elbow trouble. Indeed, he has put on some stupendous displays of hitting. In 1969, he had hit 11 home runs after 102 games—a feat that neither Ruth nor Maris came near accomplishing—before crashing into a slump. During the first third of the 1971 season, he hit close to .400, with 15 homers and 42 r.b.i.s—more than some entire teams have done—and then fell apart. He is not the classiest glove man in the league, but he can make the fantastic catch and get off throws that would go right through you at close range. In 1973, the baseball writers elected him the American League's Most Valuable Player by more votes than anybody in history, and did the same in the world series that year—rewarding Jackson as much for his irreverent outspokenness as for his performance. If he is not the best all-round ball player now in the majors, he is easily one of the most exciting.

Jackson is equally colorful off the field. He can afford to be. He is a financial drawing card and he knows it, and so does the A's owner, Charlie Finley, a man who carries his wallet in his teeth. After Jackson's 1969 home-run binge, he and Finley went loudly and viciously to the mat on the subject of salary. Jackson was broken by the power of the buck and Jackson's breaks do not heal easily. It was not his first cathartic battle with Finley and, in fact, these two go at it like rabid ferrets at least once a year, to the delight of almost everybody else.

Robert Wieder interviewed Jackson at the A's spring-training camp in Mesa, Arizona. He wrote:

"Jackson is baseball flash, which is precisely what he wants to be. But his enthusiasm and commitment to the game are genuine and extraordinary. He has injured himself to make the winning play, he has cried sincerely at defeat. He is having the time of his life and he busts ass. He wants to be thought of as great, warm, clever, humane, dignified, exciting, remarkable and sharp.

"So do most of us, but R. J. just might make it.

"To quote a piece on the A's that once graced these pages: 'Jackson looks directly into your eyes. He enjoys the uncommonly blunt candor and intelligence he brings to the role of ballplayer. He has the smoothest con in town, but if you don't instinctively like him, it means you have no pulse.'

"Say hey, Reg."

OUI: You once said that hitting a home run is better than sex. Is it really better, or is it just a form of the same kind of pleasure?

JACKSON: It really stretches the word sex. It's a *type* of orgasm, hitting a home run in the ninth inning and having the fans stand on their feet and go, "Ahhhhhh, Reggie, Reggie. I love it, Reggie, I love it." That's a situation where you could stretch the word and say the fans really got off. People want to *touch* you at that particular moment.

OUI: There is a hypothesis that performing on a baseball field, like performing on a stage, is analogous to performing the act of sex—seducing, making love to the audience.

JACKSON: I understand. That can be done. You can turn your audience on sexually.

OUI: Like last season, when you were playing in Oakland against the Texas Rangers, your biggest rivals, and it was the ninth inning——

JACKSON: Yeah, we were down 3–2 in the ninth, two outs, two men on base——

OUI: You fouled off 11 pitches in a row and then finally hit one out.

JACKSON: Hey, yeah, that's the day I made that statement.

OUI: In a situation like that, the people leave the ball park——

JACKSON: With a sense of awe.

OUI: A postorgasm afterglow?

JACKSON: Yes, yes. If you hit home runs like that, you can have all the sex you want. But hitting a home run like that is not better than being in love.

OUI: Last year, one of the Oakland players explained why the team seemed to play worse at home than on the road with the words, "Bad pussy." Is it a fact that a road trip for a ballplayer,

REGGIE JACKSON *I can get into some pretty asshole moods and if a guy doesn't really like me, he's not going to stay around me. It's my way of finding out who my friends really are.*

especially a good ballplayer, is a circus of booze, good times and puss?

JACKSON: It depends on the guy. It can be if he wants it to be, but you can't do all of those things and be a good ballplayer. I know that I'm abusing myself if I screw around too much. I mean, I see people in different towns, but I'll never be out *chasing* anything, anywhere.

OUI: You don't have to. You're a sex object, aren't you?

JACKSON: I *may* be a sex object, but that's not important to me. I won't just go to bed with anybody who calls me up and says, "I like your body and I want to *do* it." Give me a couple hours of conversation at least, and then if we like each other, fine. Making love to somebody is nice and you don't have to be in love with someone to make love, but *fucking* somebody is terrible. To have to get up next to her and not have anything to say is embarrassing and dehumanizing.

OUI: Is that opinion shared by most major-league ballplayers?

JACKSON: No. I don't think most of them are like that.

OUI: They're not sophisticated enough?

JACKSON: Well, a lot of guys get married when they're too young and they miss out on a lot of sowing of wild oats. So, when they get out, they raise hell and carouse and do a lot of fucking.

OUI: Are there ballplayers who have lost some years off their careers just by being party boys and puss hounds?

JACKSON: No question about it. I roomed with a guy who drank, smoked and chased women a lot, and it hurt his career beyond question. He's not with us anymore.

OUI: Are there guys like that on every team?

JACKSON: There are people like that all over. It's not strictly related to athletes. Whether they be sportswriters or salesmen or truck drivers, there are people like that, who are unable to relate to any kind of meaningful way of life. But maybe they were raised where carrying on like that was an accepted way of life—like a ghetto—then we really have no right to call them assholes, because that's what they were taught. It's never-ending.

OUI: It's a life of great license, though. You can pretty much make it a life of sex, booze and dope all the time if you choose, can't you?

JACKSON: Yes, you can, you can. If you're a pretty big name and you have a few bucks—you make $30,000 to $40,000 a year—you can make it a life of good times, screwing around.

OUI: There are baseball groupies; that's common knowledge.

JACKSON: Yes, there are girls who screw ten different guys, all on different teams. It's a shame.

OUI: You have to admit, though, that players today wear uniform pants that fit like a coat of Kem-Tone and they do a lot of posturing and strutting. They must get a kick out of being in the limelight and looking studly, don't they?

JACKSON: I don't know if they get a kick out of it. I like to look nice, I don't like to look sloppy. I don't think any ballplayers on *our* ball club wear their uniforms tight to show off their body for sex reasons. Willie Mays invented the tight, tapered uniform and it's that identity with a superstar, being a great player, that makes any player want his the same way. He wants the fans to think that he has things together.

OUI: You're not necessarily just hustling for a piece, then?

JACKSON: Right. I feel I have a nice body, I don't have to go around telling everybody. In my street clothes, or in a *tent*, I still have a nice body.

OUI: What about drugs? Have you known of players with drug problems?

JACKSON: Yeah, I know of players who have drug problems. Not a hell of a lot of them. It depends upon what you're talking about. If you're talking about a guy who lights up a joint once a month, that's not a drug problem. But if a guy's getting loaded up on coke habitually—three, four times a week—that's not right. I can't see spending $1200 an ounce for cocaine—that's crazy. I could do a lot for my race car with $1200 a goddamn week or month or however long it lasts. The mere thought of getting caught with cocaine, the mere stigma of that association is too great for me.

OUI: What about amphetamines or steroids? They can hurt an athlete physically.

JACKSON: Well, OK, yes, they can——

OUI: But they're semilegal, they're in a gray area.

JACKSON: First of all, the baseball season's too goddamn long. And the travel is too much. Now, if a guy comes in and plays 150 games a year, and he has to play a day game after a night game, and he takes a diet pill or pills that doctors take to stay alert during an operation, something like that, I don't get down on the guy. If it's August, and it's 95 degrees, and a guy needs a little lift, and he knows what he's doing, OK.

OUI: But aren't there more serious cases than that?

JACKSON: Some. There are guys who'll take a 20-milligram pill and a Darvon and a Dexedrine along with it; then after the game, they'll drink a six-pack of beer and take some Benzedrine and a sleeping pill to get down. They've got a drug problem. They're doing something to harm themselves. But the guy who takes a five-milligram upper for a particular game, then afterward goes out, has dinner, returns and lays in, he knows that he's taken a pill to have his body put out more than it normally would and that he needs some rest to catch up. I'm not down on that guy. He's only realizing that he's not as strong as the schedule and the owners would *like* him to be. And he has to have some kind of help. I know players like that and I don't think less of them. I'm down on the pressure that creates drug problems. I don't think it's really fair, but then again, I think it's something that'll always be in baseball. You're supposed to be *naturally* psyched up, by adrenaline.

OUI: Drugs are dishwater next to stardom. Do players get hooked on the spotlight?

JACKSON: I can't really speak for everybody. I can speak for a few guys because I've played with them and I don't think the spotlight is that important to them. The spotlight is important to the degree that it brings an athlete recognition and respect as a ballplayer. The same applies to salary. My salary means that I am a *good* player, one of the best in my field. That is important to me. People respect what I say because I have done a certain number of things to warrant it. That's where the spotlight is important to an athlete. The publicity and personal appearances are very boring for an athlete, but he wants to be on the cover of *Sports Illlustrated* or in OUI, because it means that he has some fame, and to get fame, you have to swing the shit out of the bat or you gotta throw the hell out of the baseball. But the glitter that goes along with the sheer stardom, that's very boring. That's a pain in the ass. It infringes on your private life, infringes on your being *you*. You have to live in a cage—live a certain way, treat people a certain way, watch how you act, watch what you say, watch what you even *think*, because you're setting an example. Because you are who you are, you have to be at certain places, you have to make certain appearances, you have to answer your phone, you have to be nice. Fuck that. That is a real fucking pain in the ass. You have to make time to be alone. You're always on a schedule, always in demand, and only because you're a great baseball player, and nothing more. Very few times do I feel someone wants to be around me because I'm a good Joe.

OUI: How can you distinguish the one relationship from the other?

JACKSON: It *is* tough. You can do it. It's easy for me because I'm moody. I can get into some *(Continued on page 110)*

Any musician will tell you that the best thing to have between your legs is a cello. The sheer femininity of its shape makes the thighs resonate and the music bold. For this, a cellist prepares all his life. But for Marcello, some things need no preparation, such as his introduction into the music of other spheres and his afternoons with Lucretia Gorgeous. Marcello's father, a famous Fascist and sometime industrialist, found in his son all that he himself was not: passion without regret, genius without purpose and curiosity without scruples.

Marcello's life, his father decided, would be dedicated to art. Marcello was a child prodigy—and became a master cellist at ten. His childhood was confined to Mozart, Beethoven, Schönberg and trains. He played for the major orchestras of Europe, for his father's funeral, for his mother's remarriage, but never for himself. He was a guarded and pampered boy. Marcello grew shy and proud and sheltered. He sought only the company of mirrors. He grew vain. He was horrified when he discovered whiskers

A MUSICAL PARABLE IN WHICH LUCRETIA GORGEOUS SUCCUMBS TO ROMAN HANDS

MARCELLO'S CELLO

Photography by James Baes

LA on his face, when his voice changed. It was confusing. The only thing he fiddled with was his cello. He didn't discover girls until he went to Rome and met Lucretia. She lived downstairs from his studio. One afternoon she heard him practicing one of Beethoven's late quartets. She immediately decided to go upstairs to borrow something. Marcello was gracious, if somewhat surprised. It soon became obvious that he and she

DE would make their own kind of music. Lucretia had never known a man who wore make-up. Marcello had never seen a woman without clothes. She knew nothing about music; he knew nothing about breasts. They would have to go slow. In the afternoons that followed, she became his other instrument. He would spend hours tuning her, examining her imagined f-holes, getting her comfortable between his legs, rosining his bow. The

DA sounds she made testified to the superb craftmanship of her sound box. She grew to enjoy her patience. He grew fond of her pliancy; it reminded him of a mellow instrument. But sometimes she wondered when he would take off his warm-up clothes.

CIA vs

THE AGENCY'S PLOT TO TAKE OVER AMERICA

By PHILIP AGEE

The following conversations occurred during a series of secret meetings held in 1975 and 1976 in the office of the director, Central Intelligence Agency at Langley, Virginia. Participants in the meetings included the following CIA personnel: Director of Central Intelligence (D.C.I.), Inspector General (I.G.), Deputy Director of Operations (D.D.O.) and Deputy Director of Management and Services (D.D.M.&S.).

April 1975

D.C.I.: If we're going to do anything about the possibilities I outlined last week, we've got to get started. You've all had five days to think it over and if any of you want to opt out now, I'll understand. We can talk freely here. Stan?

I.G.: I'm for it. We've got to do something and I think your analysis is dead on. Having the agency get into the 1976 elections makes all kinds of sense. Congress and the press are really turning up the heat and the agency has got to counterattack somehow.

D.D.O.: You know, I always thought Truman had that phrase wrong. Our motto should be: "If you can't stand the heat, snuff the flames." (*Laughter*)

D.C.I.: It always has been, Jack, but it won't be anymore if this new Congress gets out of hand. What are your thoughts, Bob?

D.D.M.&S.: You know me. I don't think I've ever once said no in all these years. If we don't get rid of *détente*, they're going to keep on painting us as anachronistic, Cold War hardliners, all that. And with these traitors blabbing all over the place, the opposition will uncover a lot of new dirt to throw at us. Put it all together and you may get a chain saw leveled against the Clandestine Services, counterintelligence—who knows, the whole agency may get abolished in the end. Yeah, I'm for doing it, but we've got to make this tight from the start. If this operation were to blow, our asses and a lot of others would land right in jail, and for a lot longer than any of those Nixon honchos. We've got nothing to bargain with.

D.D.O.: Oh, we do have a few files, Bob. Don't ever underestimate the power of a big fat file folder.

D.C.I.: As I see it, the situation is going to get a lot worse. The domestic-operations investigation and the assassination rumors are nothing compared with what will happen if all of Indochina blows. Since we were in there first, the opposition can say that our failures of the Fifties made the big intervention in '65 necessary. Portugal is going, maybe Greece, maybe even Spain. It's bad, all right. The agency's being forced to retreat just when we ought to be building our assets, developing covert-action capabilities—especially in the Persian Gulf, western Europe. Instead, we have to worry about how to survive! Goddamn it to hell, anyway.

D.D.O.: Thanks to *détente*, people don't take the Soviets seriously anymore, so our role there is out. And we can't depend on Third World terrorism to justify our covert operations, either—too sporadic, not visible enough in a continuous way. Hell, the Third World revolutionaries don't need hijackings and embassy occupations these days and we're not needed to put them down. The Communists never had it so good.

I.G.: You know, it's getting so that people don't even believe our intelligence anymore, much less trust our covert capacity. We tried to warn the press that Thieu was pudding and could go overnight, but they wouldn't listen.

D.C.I.: The important thing here is that we can't let down the people who depend on us—not just our staff officers but our contract agents, proprietary employees and those working under oral commitment. Think of all the intelligence services overseas, the liaison services, that depend on us—Brazil, Thailand, Indonesia, Iran, South Korea, on and on. Hell, think of the governments and the millions we've saved over the years. Are we going to stand by and watch them fall?

D.D.O.: I had this report put together by econ research after our meeting last week. It's an estimate of the world economic slump, with a special look at U. S. problems. They see no chance of real recovery before 1977, maybe not even then. Unemployment's maybe going over ten percent,

.USA

IT WAS CALLED OPERATION *PBPRIME*, THE LEADERS WERE THE TOP FOUR MEN IN THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY AND THE TARGET WAS CONTROL OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. IT COULD HAPPEN HERE AND A CONTROVERSIAL EX-CIA AGENT TELLS EXACTLY HOW.

with 12 percent not out of the question. After Watergate and Vietnam, this depression will be enough to keep the Republicans permanently ruined.

D.D.M.&S.: Oh, I don't know, Jack. Can't somebody like Reagan renounce the Nixon-Ford past and pull the party out of the ashes?

D.D.O.: Would you vote to put Bonzo the Chimp's co-star in the White House? The opposition would crucify that fool.

D.C.I.: Jack's right. Our man's got to be a Democrat, one we can compromise and then control. That's the only way to get a backlash going here against the people who sold out Vietnam, who got us in and couldn't win.

I.G.: What about the option of letting events take their course? It looks now like Wallace has a lock on the Democrats and we can lay back and help him along here and there to make sure. Then, when he's elected, we give him the usual inside peek at all the deep, dark secrets, parade out a few James Bond gadgets, and we have him in our pocket.

D.C.I.: I realize you're playing devil's advocate, Stan, and I appreciate it, but the mere possibility of that Neanderthal as my leader, my country's leader, turns my stomach.

D.D.O.: Wallace is a problem, though. We can't let him exploit anticommunism for isolationist purposes.

D.C.I.: We've got to choose our candidate soon, get him compromised and get the psychological campaign going. Get him in the middle and force Wallace and Jerry to the edges.

D.D.M.&S.: Do you have anyone specific in mind?

D.C.I.: No, not yet. Should be a Senator, probably—one of the social-democrat types, liberal anticommunist, good labor record, friendly with the military, strong campaigner, no personal wealth. . . .

D.D.O.: There's always Hubert. (*Laughter*)

D.C.I.: What's important is to find someone we can compromise and fast—say within five–six months. Jack, this will be your project.

D.D.O.: I already have some lines out. The situation's tailor-made for the kind of operation we know how to run, that we've been running all over the world for the past 25 years. Just think, a superclandestine election operation right here at home, in PBPRIME! It'll be just like the Fifties all over again.

May 1975

D.C.I.: Jack and I have been working on organization for the past three weeks and I think we've got it pretty well plotted out on paper. First, we'll set up a central office here inside the Inspector General's office. Stan, as I.G., you'll be responsible for this—keep it small, compartmented, out of the way. One or two offices with some desks, a filing safe and shredder—we don't want to use the normal burn chutes. Keep files to the bare minimum, too. Bob, you'll have two top priorities: Get the Office of Finance to find some money—let's say $30,000,000 for the rest of '75 and $60,000,000 for the election year. Use proprietary income if you can, since it can be covered better. Try the airlines—Air America, Intermountain—or Double-Chek, Vanguard, one of the corporations. Next, get the communications people to set up an independent crypt system that we can use with appropriate field stations for this operation only.

D.D.M.&S.: Will we use the PBPRIME cryptonym?

D.C.I.: Sure, why not? It signifies the entire geographic United States—it's suitably innocuous. Now, as to funds—Jack, you decide which of the foreign intelligence services can be used to channel the money back to us. You'll probably want to look in Latin America and Asia.

D.D.O.: Chile, Malaysia, Brazil, Indonesia, Korea—lots of possibilities.

D.C.I.: Right—go after the liaison services where we have good penetration, cooperative people on top. We'll funnel the cash through our penetration agents in each service and they'll pass it back to our PBPRIME offices here in the States.

I.G.: Will the PBPRIME field setup be a bogus operation or part of the agency structure?

D.C.I.: A little bit of both, Stan—they'll be special I.G. offices which you'll set up in the stations here run by the

Domestic Operations Division.

D.D.M.&S.: D.O.D. has space in all the big cities.

D.C.I.: And a lot of the smaller ones. But we'll keep D.O.D. personnel out of this operation—keep the I.G. cover for all our staff structure.

I.G.: We'll need case officers to run these offices and more people to run outside fronts.

D.C.I.: I figure that, with the inside operation, we'll need about 15 people here in headquarters, plus 30 or 40 to man the new I.G. offices around the country. Jack, you'll select these personnel from your most discreet and trusted people. Get men who've had covert experience in the field—branch chiefs at least, station chiefs if possible—and make sure they're either eligible for retirement or close to it. We'll open special retirement accounts for them in case this thing blows. Now, you're also going to need another 40 to 50 officers working outside, once the campaign gets started. You can recruit these, Jack, from officers who've recently retired, people who've worked in election and political-action operations in Latin America and the Far East.

D.D.O.: I know just the man to handle it—Vern Shannon.

D.C.I.: Brazil?

D.D.O.: Right; he ran the entire anti-Goulart election operation out of Rio in '62—handled a $20,000,000 campaign with about 1000 candidates running: senators, governors, legislators. That campaign led directly to Goulart's getting thrown out by the military two years later. Shannon's a good man. Perfect for recruiting retirees for the outside operation.

D.C.I.: Good, but make sure nobody but the four of us sees the whole picture.

I.G.: What are we talking about in terms of fronts?

D.C.I.: Well, I think the priority need is for an umbrella political-action group, some kind of campaign to revive the Soviet and Communist danger. Something like the Crusade for Freedom—a mass movement. Set up a national office, regional chapters. Get big names to sign on as patrons—not business people or bankers, they'll be kept in the background, but entertainers, athletes, intellectuals, writers, environmentalists, consumer activists. Get as many media people as possible—TV, movie personalities. Then organizational support: scout groups, Legion, Shriners, NAACP, Rotary, A.F.L.-C.I.O. Pump the need for revival of American spirit, patriotism, confidence—make it upbeat, positive. Then balance with strong warnings of the disintegration of our will to resist the creeping loss of freedom from Communist advance. Create tension, polarize—isolate opponents by forcing them into positions they are unprepared for. We've done it before.

I.G.: Sure, but never here. How can we be certain that political tactics that've worked in some backward place like Brazil or Chile will work in the United States? I mean, what with television——

D.C.I.: Why not? What we're dealing with here are fear and pride, two basic human emotions, and they're the same everywhere. People can be just as afraid or proud, whether they're spit-poor Chilean peasants or American industrialists. If you think somebody's out to steal everything you have, you're going to be afraid—damn afraid—no matter how smart you think you are.

D.D.O.: Hell, Stan. Before we got through in Chile, half of the so-called intellectual clique in Santiago was *convinced* Allende had the entire Russian army waiting in his basement.

D.C.I.: Exactly. Which reminds me, Jack, we're going to need the capacity here to put out something like the Plan Z we used against Allende. Set up some private detective agencies to collect intelligence on the opposition that can be mixed with a little pure invention and put out in forged papers.

D.D.O.: I'll get a couple of retired technical-services people to help out.

D.C.I.: Fine. Now I've got to get over to the White House or they'll be calling. God, it's slow going with Jerry. Poor retention, I'm afraid. I'll leave you people to work out the details.

October 1975

D.C.I.: Thank God we got this going when we did. These Congressional investigations are really becoming hysterical—left me no option but to come clean. If I don't, chances are that some junior officer around here who's read the files will try to make a hero of himself. It might get worse, but the way we're moving on PBPRIME, the battle will be over before they're done with maneuvers. You're all doing a great job.

D.D.M.&S.: So's the candidate.

D.C.I.: Yes, Henry Scooperman was the logical choice—popular Senator, ambitious, forceful, solid social-democrat record, no bad habits, great appearance, limited means——

D.D.O.: And no child ever took candy so quickly. Using an Israeli cover agent to make the approach was perfect—QRTEST has legitimate credentials as former chief of the Israeli service and Senator Scooperman has a strong pro-Israel foreign-policy position; gave QRTEST plausible reason to offer support and gave our candidate the opening to rationalize foreign interest in his Presidential campaign. What's wrong with working with a close American ally whose interests are identical with ours? Scooperman needs money for his campaign and accepting Israeli donations is not much different from taking money from an American Zionist businessman. He'll never know the cash comes from us, since not even QRTEST knows for sure—our contacts with him are being handled by his former case officer in Tel Aviv, who now works for McDonnell Douglas.

D.C.I.: So Scooperman's twice removed from us. Sounds good. Pass word to QRTEST to give the Senator a lot of test assignments and make-work—speeches, position papers, personal appearances at a few meaningless banquets. We've got to get him used to taking orders. Stan, how's the personnel picture shaping up?

I.G.: Pretty well. We've got special I.G. offices set up now in New York, Boston, Atlanta, Miami, New Orleans, Houston, Chicago, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, as well as D.C.—three case officers, on average, in each office. The cover is that the agency's setting up these new offices to investigate past abuses in its Domestic Operations Division, so it's logical to put them in the D.O.D. stations and to keep them apart from everyone else. Our people will have a free run, no questions asked.

D.C.I.: Bob, any trouble on money? What sources are we using?

D.D.M.&S.: Got it all from the airline proprietaries, Air America mostly. They're putting cash—the first $30,000,000—directly into 40-odd accounts in Zurich, Bern and Geneva.

I.G.: Is Air America still doing all right, what with the Vietnam operation shut down and all? Just curious.

D.D.O.: Oh, the profits will drop off somewhat—nothing this year like the $60,000,000 it cleared in '74. But they've still got contracts in Thailand, Burma, Malaysia, Indonesia. They'll do OK.

D.C.I.: All right, we've got the necessary cash on hand. Now to get it to the individual liaison services. Next week, I'm going to send separate messages—"RYBAT/EYES ONLY"—to the chiefs of station in Bangkok, Santiago, Teheran, Djakarta, Brasilia, Montevideo, Jidda and Kinshasa, advising them that cash is on its way from Switzerland by special courier, earmarked for the domestic-intelligence service in their country.

D.D.O.: The cover being that it's an emergency fund for counterterror operations.

D.C.I.: Right. That's for anybody who asks questions later back here, as well as for the chiefs of station—each'll think it's a onetime thing for his station alone. The messages will specify which penetration *(Continued on page 118)*

LOVE

THE JEANING

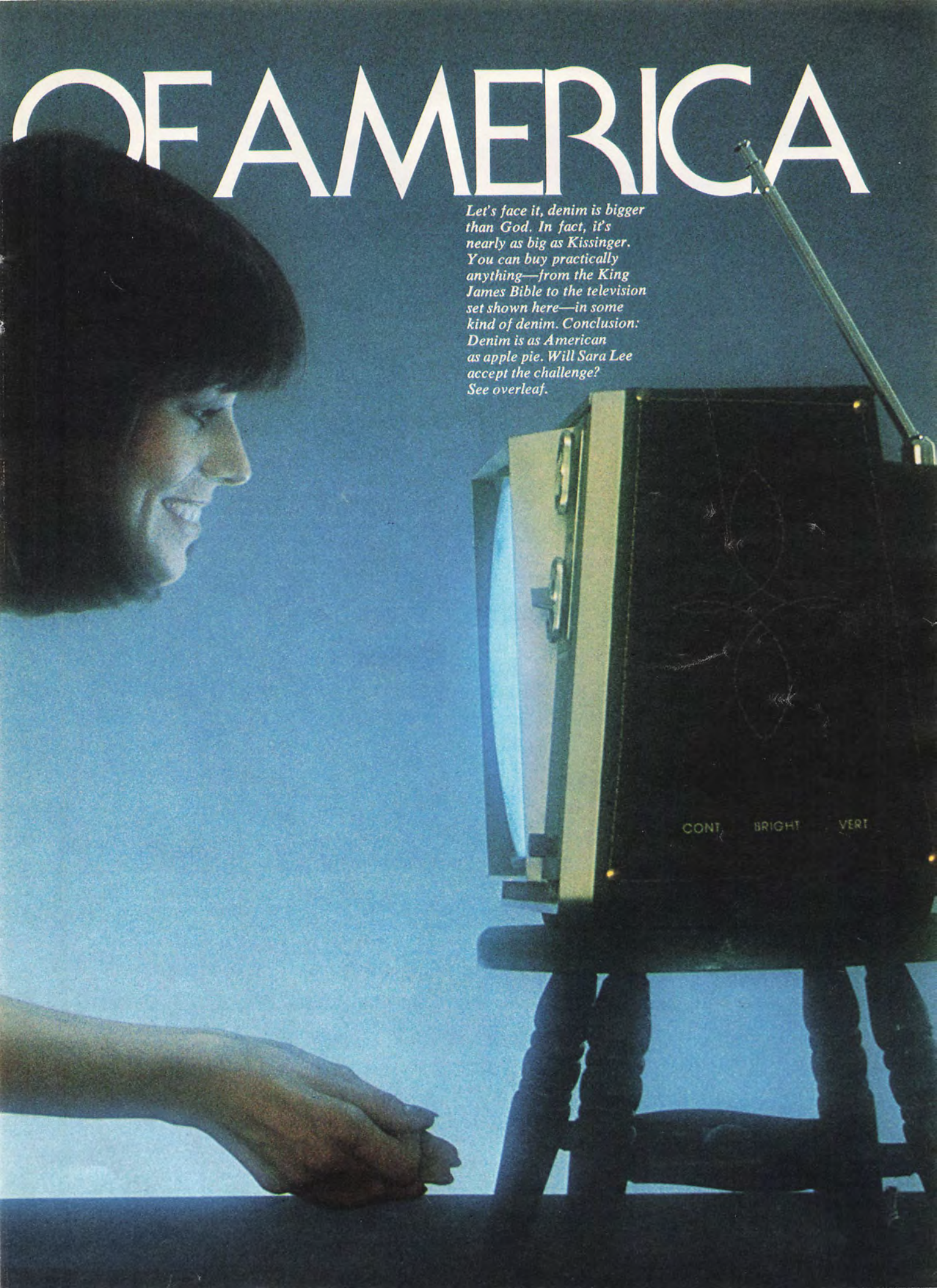
HOW THE WEST WAS SPUN

ARTICLE BY PETER S. BEAGLE

One can't help but wonder how Levi Strauss would have felt about it all. Obviously a practical man, unquestionably a serious one, what would he have thought of being posthumously linked with such men as Thomas Crapper, Henry Shrapnel, good Colonel Cundum, Richard J. Gatling, George M. Pullman and Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, in the highly select company of inventors whose names have become synonymous with their individual contributions to Western civilization? The durable canvas trousers that Strauss created and sold to the Mother Lode gold miners of the 1850s were never really called anything but "those pants of Levi's." Strauss himself insisted on calling them pantaloons or overalls to the day he died, so he might not have been too crazy about becoming part of the folk process. The colonel probably wasn't, either; but Crapper seems to have enjoyed himself, in a sober, responsible manner.

The material of Strauss's pantaloons, by contrast, exists under at least three generic names and antedates the California gold rush by 12 or 13 centuries. Known as *serge de Nîmes* during the Middle Ages, it was the sailcloth of Christopher Columbus' flagship, the Santa María. There's a further connection with Columbus: Sailors from Genoa, his birthplace, traditionally wore pants made of the same cotton fabric, which were then called *genes*. Their counterparts from the Indian seaport of Dungri could likewise be identified by their *serge de Nîmes* trousers; and in time, the word for the Indian sailors themselves—*dungarees*—came to be used for the garment

(Continued on page 92)


OF AMERICA
Let's face it, denim is bigger than God. In fact, it's nearly as big as Kissinger. You can buy practically anything—from the King James Bible to the television set shown here—in some kind of denim. Conclusion: Denim is as American as apple pie. Will Sara Lee accept the challenge? See overleaf.
CONT
BRIGHT
VERT

JEAN BOOTS

Well, Sara Lee or no Sara Lee, Americans are too imaginative to just *sit* on a good thing. So Acme made these Dingo boots with blue-denim uppers. $27.

WALLETS WEST

A wallet made of denim and bandanna-print cloth suggests the wild West in a double-barreled way. From The Works; mighty cheap at $3.

THE BLUE-DENIM SOFA

This is truly an all-purpose piece of furniture. It's denim, but denim so finely wrought that you could put it in a white room, next to a black piano, and damn the cocktails. Or you could stick it in a loft, next to the azaleas, and invite David Bowie. By Angelo Donghia, from Design Source; $930.

PLEASANT, ER, JEANS

The patched-jeans sleeping bag. The idea comes from all those patched jeans kids have been wearing for the past few years. The outer shell is denim and is lined with bright-red tricot (very light and warm) and three pounds of polyester. A separating zipper lets you zip two bags together. By Gladding Corporation; $20.

KITCHEN HIP

White chefs' hats are pretentious and most oven mitts look like they were made for steelworkers. These are fun. From Now! Designs; the hat, $5; the mitt, $1.50.

ON THE CASE

The man in the gray-flannel suit has switched to blue jeans. So it follows that his leather lunch pail should switch, too. Trimmed in rivets; by Cases, Inc., $25.

THE BIKE BAG

Big enough for everything you want to stash, small enough *not* to bang against your legs. Genuine Levi's pocket. From Now! Designs; cheap chic at $6.

THE BOOK BAG

Made like the famous Harvard book bags with a drawstring top that lets you sling it over your shoulder and get on with things. From Now! Designs; $6.

THE DENIM RACKET, PART VIII

The only blue thing about your tennis game will be your carrying case, and *it* looks so good you'll dazzle your opponents into submission. Roomy pockets for tennis balls, a snug fit for your weapon. Flight-weight luggage by Wings; $36.50.

THE DENIM PLACE

So far, this is as close as we come to actually *eating* denim, but give us time. What you do with this is put it under your favorite dish and think about our great pioneer tradition. From The Works; $3.

GOOD NEWS

The *New Testament and the Psalms*, $2.75; the King James red-letter edition of the *Holy Bible*, $3.75; both with denim-look jackets. By Thomas Nelson.

LEVI'S SHOPPER

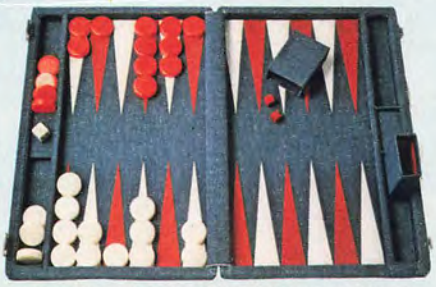
Just the thing for eclectic shopping: the deli, the shoemaker, the auto-parts store. It has handles and the ubiquitous pocket. From Now! Designs; $8.

MINIKIT

Small kit bag in heavy-duty denim with bright-red strap. Carries the famous Levi's leather patch, too; 7" by 16". From Kaleidoscope; $6.

RAINY-DAY BLUES

What the writing says is "umbrella." What the fabric says is "Black is grim and boring, but all those colors and see-through umbrellas are dopey." This blue-denim umbrella is fun but not silly. From Bonwit Teller; $18.



BLUE-DENIM BACKGAMMON

They say that if you dress in jeans and play on this board, you'll always win. A tournament-size set; it has red and white points, denim dice cups, Catalin markers, a white nylon handle. By H.I.T. Ltd.; $55.

SHADES OF BLUE

The body of this lamp is made of white wicker, but the shade is denim blue and suggests the vertical lines of wicker, too. From Raymor; $109.50.

RECORD KEEPER

In the foreground, the denim letter-size Clipfolio, $5; at left, the Levi's three-ring binder, $5; at right, the Levi's address book, $5; all from Now! Designs.

THE BLUE-DENIM CHAIR

Angelo Donghia has designed this terrific chair to go with his terrific sofa. Modernized Forties slouch look, right for any room, mix or match. From Design Source. The fine workmanship justifies the $530.

SIDE-KICK TV

This is the 12-inch diagonal, personal portable TV shown on the opening page. It has a solid-state 82-channel tuning system and cabinet is covered in denim with orange stitching and rivets. By Zenith; $110.

FLY ME, I'M DENIM

Wings has always specialized in lightweight luggage and here it's gone all the way with a superlight denim suitcase. At left, the 21-inch weekend case, $38.50; at right, the slightly heavier 26-inch pullman bag, $55.

Photography by Bill Arsenault and Ken Frantz

THE URI GELLER TOUCH

THE STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE SAYS HE'S A GENUINE PSYCHIC—OUR REPORTER SAYS HE ISN'T

ARTICLE BY LORA MYERS

The tall, lean man standing at the door of his New York apartment has a soft, seductive voice, an enchanting smile and magnetic brown eyes that seem to be looking right into my mind. His modish tangerine-colored shirt is open far enough to reveal a swath of black, curly hair and his tight-fitting pants outline a comely bulge at the crotch.

Not bad, I am thinking as he leads me to the couch, but can he perform?

I have come with the perverse intention of asking this man to bend my house key, read my thoughts and perform a few of the other feats for which he has recently become world-famous—because he's Uri Geller, the 28-year-old Israeli who claims he can melt metal with his bare vibes.

His press releases say that he has made Geiger counters jump to 500 times their normal count and that scientists throughout the world are now

THE GELLER TOUCH *In November 1972, Uri entered the laboratory at the Stanford Research Institute, where he was tested. The SRI report said that Uri's powers of telepathy were genuine.*

analyzing his metal-bending powers, known generally as the Geller effect. (There is no commentary on the potential social usefulness of these peculiar powers, but that, apparently, is beside the point.) His friends and followers say he's the most extraordinary wonder worker to appear on the scene since Jesus walked on water. And his manager and chief disciple, Andrija Puharich, speaks of him as if he were the Messiah. His critics, meanwhile, many of whom are magicians, write him off as a charlatan with a considerable gift for promotion.

The only thing everyone agrees on is his incredible sense of timing. According to one recent national poll, 53 percent of the American public now believes in psychic phenomena and ESP, and untold numbers believe in witchcraft, astrology, spiritualism, fortunetelling or even stranger forms of nonrational phenomena. If ever an age were groping for miracles, it is ours, and miracles are just what Uri Geller is selling.

•

Uri tells me he performed his first miracle at the age of seven, when he moved the hands of a watch by simply willing them to move. Nobody in his family took this odd talent very seriously (not even Uri did), until at the age of 23, after a stint as an army paratrooper, assorted nondescript jobs and a brief career in modeling, he decided to take it into show business. His Israeli nightclub act consisted, he says, of "simple telepathy and psychokinesis"—the power to affect inanimate objects with the mind. He did his ancient watch trick, he guessed words and the names of cities that members of the audience wrote on a blackboard, he split rings in half with a wave of his hand and he bent keys just by stroking them. This last has become his trademark.

He became moderately successful as an entertainer; however, few Israelis were willing to buy his claims on the paranormal. Most people thought he was a magician. And a couple of unpleasant incidents that occurred soon after his showbiz debut seemed to confirm their suspicions.

In 1971, an Israeli court upheld charges that "Uri Geller, the self-proclaimed telepathist, was guilty of breach of contract, in that he promised to perform feats of telepathy, parapsychology, hypnotism and telekinesis, while, in fact, he merely employed sleight of hand and stage techniques." Geller had to pay court costs and reimburse the plaintiff—a disgruntled engineering student—for the price of his ticket. Then a photograph of Geller and Sophia Loren was published in an Israeli newspaper with an explanation by Geller that it had been taken during an "astral" trip to Italy. Loren immediately denied the meeting and Geller admitted the photo had been faked. He still insisted that his powers were genuine.

All this happened before Dr. Andrija Puharich arrived in Israel in late 1971. Puharich, an American M.D., had been busy with psychic research for more than 25 years and had written a book on the effects of psychedelic mushrooms. Previously he had sponsored Dutch "sensitive" Peter Hurkos, the psychic bloodhound the Boston police used during the Strangler case. Hurkos had defected to become a night-club entertainer, and Puharich was on the lookout for a new boy wonder. He set up a makeshift laboratory in his Tel Aviv apartment and persuaded Uri to take part in informal experiments—for a fee.

Puharich spent nearly two years studying Uri and then wrote a book aptly titled *The Journal of the Mystery of Uri Geller*. In it, he alleges that Uri's powers had been conferred upon him by a crew of extraterrestrial computeroids, cruising some 53,069 light-years from earth aboard a spaceship called Spectra. Puharich had frequent chats with the computeroids, who spoke through Uri's mouth when he was in a hypnotic trance. Generally what they had to say was pretty unintelligible, except when they got around to talking about Uri: "Do whatever Uri wants," was their most common directive.

"Every word of Puharich's book is true," Uri declares; and we'll have to take his word for it, since none of the tape recordings Puharich dutifully made of the transmissions has survived. The computeroids somehow dematerialized the tapes at the end of each communiqué.

In April of 1972, accompanied by his pal Shipi Strang, Uri took off on a tour of Europe—where he found audiences infinitely more receptive than at home and where a few colorful incidents added to his mushrooming legend. In Germany, with a group of journalists as witness, he stopped a cable car in midair with his mind. In France, before a TV audience of about 4,000,000, he reactivated a volunteer's heirloom watch that had been inoperative for 20 years. In Sweden, he nearly incurred a lawsuit when a woman television viewer claimed he had made her I.U.D. curl up and she had gotten pregnant; it could have been one of the most bizarre paternity cases on record. Hundreds of other television viewers claimed that when Uri bent spoons on the air, their household silverware bent, too. By the time of the European tour, Uri was also taking photos of himself through sealed camera lenses and wilting flowers on command; on one occasion, he turned rosé wine into Burgundy before the eyes of an astonished Greek Orthodox archbishop.

Puharich, meanwhile, was back in the U.S.A. persuading former astronaut Edgar Mitchell to put Uri through some official laboratory tests. Mitchell, who conducted unauthorized ESP experiments aboard Apollo 14 en route to the moon, now heads the Institute of Noetic Science in Palo Alto, a psychic-research organization. He arranged for Uri to be tested at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California.

Uri wasn't too keen on the idea. Neither were the computeroids on board Spectra, who warned Puharich to "keep Uri away from the scientists." But Uri was given a warm reception by Mitchell and the two scientists contracted to do the research, Drs. Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff, both laser physicists with extensive experience in psychic research. Uri, therefore, changed his mind, agreeing to take part in the project—to the tune of $100 a day, plus expenses. When Uri changed his mind, the computeroids on Spectra changed their minds, too.

So in November 1972, Uri entered the laboratory at SRI, where his powers of telepathy were tested under "scientifically controlled, cheatproof" conditions. He was isolated in an "electrically shielded" room, then sent images of target drawings, selected by the researchers. In October 1974, the report of the SRI experiments was published in *Nature*, a prestigious science journal, to the glee of parapsychologists and ESP enthusiasts.

The SRI report said that Uri's powers of telepathy were genuine.

•

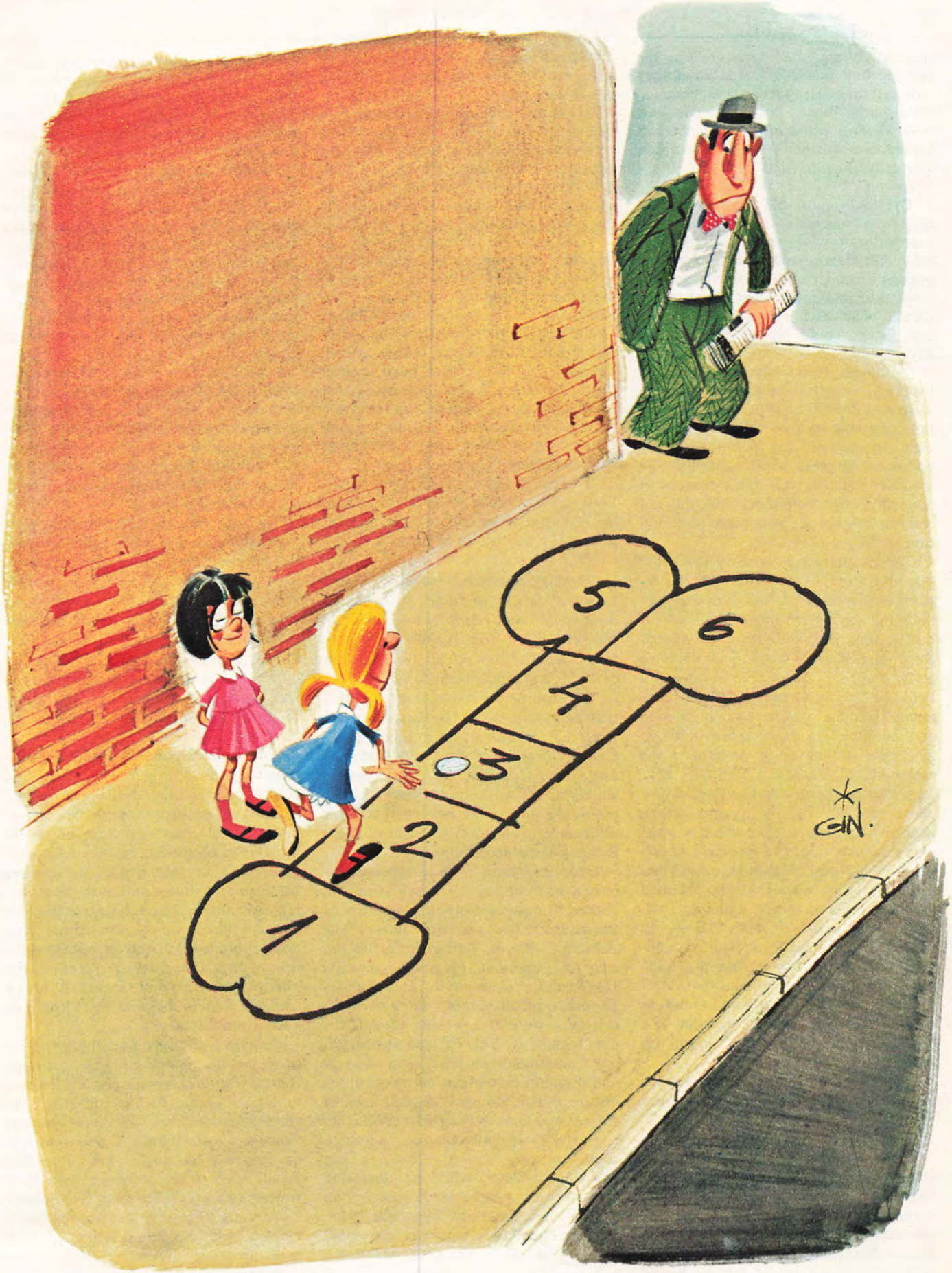
Back in the New York apartment, Uri shows me two broken spoons. He melted them, he says, without laying a hand on them.

"What I do on television," he assures me, "I can do under laboratory-controlled conditions—to prove that what I do is real."

And the people who say he's just a clever magician?

Uri doesn't mind the doubters. He loves controversy. And he is sure that he will be vindicated.

"I *want* people to see how wrong they are," he says. "The day will come. Do you know that I have been mentioned about eight or nine times in *Time* magazine and now they're changing slowly. Once they called me a magician. Now


5
6
4
3
2
1
GIN.

THE GELLER TOUCH *"Intelligent people," magicians claim, "are the easiest to fool." And Geller, they insist, has been fooling some of the best minds around with a standard magic act.*

they're calling me 'Uri Geller, the psychic and magician.' And soon they will call me, 'Uri Geller, the psychic.' That's how they're learning. They see that there is proof. I mean, once I'm locked in a shielded room and I can do telepathy, then that's it!"

Or is it?

The SRI report did say that Geller had been successful in reproducing a number of drawings sent to him by telepathy. But it also said that most people possess a similar ability to send and receive information through extrasensory means. The SRI report did not say that Geller could bend metal through psychokinesis.

"Although metal bending by Geller has been observed in our laboratory," Targ and Puthoff equivocated, "we have not been able to . . . obtain data sufficient to support the paranormal hypothesis." In other words, although the scientists thought that Uri's powers of telepathy were legitimate, they did not want to rule out the possibility of deception on the metal bending.

Geller's detractors jeered; they said that the scientists had been put on by their own guinea pig in what was perhaps the most outrageous incidence of paranormal fraud since the distinguished Dr. Joseph Rhine—who coined the term ESP—endorsed the psychic powers of a talking horse. An exposé of the experiments, written by Dr. Joseph Hanlon and published in *New Scientist* magazine, also did much to undermine the credibility of Targ and Puthoff's findings. Hanlon charged that a circus atmosphere—created by the temperamental psychic—had prevailed at the lab, making a mockery of the so-called cheat-proof conditions. Hanlon theorized that Uri had a tiny radio receiver, patented by none other than Dr. Puharich, implanted in one of his teeth. This, with the help of Uri's pal Shipi, who was conspicuously underfoot during the tests, might account for the fact that Uri's drawings seemed to be "representations of words which would describe the target drawing" rather than literal reproductions of the originals.

Jokingly I ask Uri if I can inspect his teeth. He laughs but neglects to open wide.

•

These days, he is not inclined to talk about SRI. He would rather discuss his showbiz career, which is all he really wanted in the first place. Since the SRI episode, he has discovered talents in areas other than telepathy—in writing song lyrics, for example. But he has to do even that the paranormal way.

"Sometimes when I write lyrics," he tells me, "I use words that are not even in my vocabulary."

Uri is also making plans to star in a film about his own life and he has recently published an autobiography under the title *My Story*. He has just been to a gala party for Elton John and he is basking in the afterglow of his newly discovered celebrity.

"You know, at the party we were sitting far away from Elton John and John Lennon's table; I would have loved to meet them, you know, but there were so many important people there—Elliott Gould and all the VIPs. Everybody was famous there. And I said to myself, I'm not going to approach them to meet them. And then, Elton John heard that I was there; he had seen me on television in England. Suddenly I found myself sitting with all those people and things were *happening*. Keys were bending.

"There's an actor named Peter Boyle. Well, his key broke in half! He phoned me to say that he couldn't get into his house. His key broke in half!"

•

"Intelligent people," magicians claim, "are the easiest to fool." And Geller, they insist, has been fooling some of the best minds around with a standard magic act dressed up in the trappings of ESP. Some magicians admire Geller as a consummate artist. Others think that he claims occult powers simply to cover up for lack of an ordinary magician's skill; when he fails to perform, he can always pretend that his powers simply aren't working, they say. In any event, the magicians believe that Uri's reluctance to perform in front of them is proof of his deceitfulness.

Uri's first bout with magicians occurred in February 1973, when he was invited to meet and mystify members of the staff of *Time* magazine. James "The Amazing" Randi, representing the Society of American Magicians' Psychic Investigating Committee, and Charles Reynolds, picture editor of *Popular Photography*, were also present, though Uri didn't know it. The Psychic Investigating Committee's purpose is to identify and discredit fraudulent psychics, much as the Great Houdini worked against shyster mediums in the early 1900s.

At the *Time* confrontation, the magicians say they saw Uri bend a key against a tabletop while he distracted the less wary people in the room with chatter and generally hyperactive behavior. Then, they say, Uri concealed the bent end of the key under his thumb and pretended to be melting it. Randi and Reynolds also report that they saw Geller applying physical pressure to one fork while supposedly concentrating his mind power on another fork held by a *Time* staff member. In the ensuing confusion, the forks, they say, were somehow switched.

Reynolds explains it this way: "Geller generally works under conditions of chaos, thereby distracting the viewer's attention. He will regularly put things aside, then claim they have been bending while your eyes were elsewhere." What Uri is doing, he contends, is applying the ancient principle of misdirection—diversion of attention to the right hand while the left hand does the dirty work.

Also working in Uri's favor, Reynolds says, is the tendency of credulous eyewitnesses to allow their preconceptions to affect their perception. If seeing is believing, believing is also seeing. While Uri skillfully keeps things jumping, he just as skillfully encourages observers to jump to conclusions.

Take the case of Uri's "miracle photographs"—as they were called by baffled British journalists. Photographers Yale and Seth Joel were assigned to shoot a cover photo of Uri for *Popular Photography* magazine. In the presence of the Joels, Geller clicked off a roll of film with the camera lens cap taped securely over the lens. Later, when the roll was developed, the Joels were astonished to discover that one exposure had been made.

A miracle? Doubtful. After they had reflected a bit, the Joels recollected that at one point during the studio session, Uri had asked them to leave the room—ostensibly to draw a picture he would later try to reproduce through telepathy. Geller was left alone with the camera for several minutes and that, presumably, was ample time to remove the lens cap and take a picture. The camera had been equipped with an extremely wide fisheye lens and, on close scrutiny, the photo revealed what appeared to be Geller's fingers holding the lens cap away from the camera.

Perhaps Uri's most humiliating defeat came at the hands of The Amazing Randi, who is currently playing Batman to Uri's Psychic Fiend, and who successfully foiled his antagonist on the *Tonight Show*. Johnny Carson, who is an amateur magician, had consulted Randi prior to the show and had been warned to keep Geller away from props. Apparently Randi's instructions were carried out, because Geller couldn't make anything happen.

A few days before I saw Uri, I met with Randi *(Continued on page 125)*

CAT FIGHT IN THE POWDER ROOM

A PICTORIAL FANTASY OF TWO LADIES AND ONE DRESS

"ONE LAST
CHANCE:
YOU TAKE THAT
DRESS
OFF OR I
RIP IT OFF."

This catfight is getting nowhere fast. Cécile, the French lady, is one mean bitch, and she's got it into her head that the Italian countess has to be taught a lesson. Shit. You can't spend all that money on Paris originals, then find your best friend looking back at you like a full-length mirror. Must be that little twit of a fag hairdresser telling both of them to buy the same damned clothes.

"YOU CREEP. STOP PULLING AT ME AND I PROMISE I'LL LET YOU UP."

What must the gentlemen be thinking? Surely they've got it figured out by now that Cécile and the countess are whipping the tar out of each other. What else can you conclude when two identically clad ladies excuse themselves to take a powder? Too bad their honor code prevents them from stepping into the ladies' loo to break up this fight. Right now, they're probably sipping cognac, the bastards.

"YOU'RE DUMB AND A HALF TO LET ME UP, YOU SUCKER. YOU'RE FINISHED."

"OUCH. YOU STOP BITING ME, GODDAMN IT. THAT HURTS."

Goodness, this unhappy incident seems to be drawing to a conclusion, and it looks as if Cécile has done a first-class job of kicking her friend's ass. That Cécile is sure one hostile lady, and no mean player with her teeth and fingernails, either. Wonder if anyone's ever suggested she see an analyst. Animus like that and she could mess up some pretty nice places. At least no blood was spilled, thank God.

"THANK YOU, MADAME PIPI. I'LL SEND A TRUCK FOR HER IN THE MORNING."

Photography by Helmut Newton

DENIM *It used to take a year of serious cowboying to soften and fade 19-ounce denim; and at its most domesticated, the old material would have been far less amenable to today's embroidering.*

(Continued from page 76) and the material alike. The trousers were not necessarily blue. It was Levi Strauss who specified that all the denim his brothers in New York shipped to him in San Francisco must be stained with a particular new indigo dyestuff. He liked it because it could be depended upon to come out the same color every time.

Volkswagen virtues. Having half-stumbled upon a long-lasting product for which there was a continuing demand, Strauss didn't mess with it much. The only change made in his lifetime came about because a Carson City, Nevada, tailor named Jacob W. Davis discovered that if the pockets of miners' and teamsters' white-duck overalls were reinforced with copper rivets at the corners, the seams would be less likely to rip under the weight of ore samples. In 1872, Davis applied directly to Levi Strauss & Company for aid in protecting his invention.

> The secratt of them Pants is the Rivits that I put in those Pockots and I found the demand so large that I cannot make them up fast enough I charge for the Duck $3 and the Blue $2.50 a pear. My nabors are getting yealouse of these success and unless I secure it by Patent Papers it will soon become to be a general thing everybody will make them up and thare will be no money in it. tharefore Gentlemen I wish to make you a Proposition that you should take out the Latters Patent in my name as I am the Inventor of it.

Within a year, Strauss's pantaloons had acquired 11 rivets at various points of stress, as well as the orange double-arcuate design on the hip pockets, which is the company's oldest trademark. (The hip-pocket rivets, incidentally, eventually disappeared, because they scratched saddles and furniture alike.) The joint patent held good against a growing flock of imitators, whose inroads finally brought about a court fight in which Levi Strauss & Company took on the largest clothing firm in Chicago, along—somehow—with General William Tecumseh Sherman. The case dragged on for four years before being settled in Strauss's favor; but the company came out of the expensive, precedent-setting battle not only with its patent watertight but with the beginnings of that rarest and most infinitely desirable of business assets—the public copyright of folklore. By the time Levi Strauss died in 1902, his name had come to mean not pantaloons but blue jeans. All blue jeans.

Which was, and continues to be, hardly fair to such worthy and venerable competitors of Levi Strauss & Company as the H. D. Lee Company, Blue Bell, Inc., Landlubber–M. Hoffman Company and the A. Smile Company. Strauss's original patent has long since expired—everybody uses rivets and some kind of decorative stitching now—and the weaving of denim itself has never been a secret or mysterious process. It's at least arguable that the Lee Company, Levi Strauss & Company's chief rival, often turns out a superior product; true or not, it doesn't make the slightest difference to the legend. The international advertising industry is founded on the understanding that legend transcends quality and on the El Dorado/Fountain of Youth/philosophers' stone quest for the trick of manufacturing a legend. Levi's—like Hershey chocolate bars—never have been advertised very much.

The Lee Company has an interesting history of its own. Although it began with a baggy, one-piece garment known as Union-Alls, which evolved into the United States Army's fatigue uniform in World War One, Lee made its name by introducing the zipper fly to work clothing and by providing blue jeans to professional rodeo riders. Sally Rand, the fan dancer, is given credit for helping to design a particularly tight-fitting and successful model. Blue Bell, otherwise distinguished for having created a pair of overalls for a man who weighed 700 pounds, scored most significantly by offering the Jeanie for women factory workers during World War Two. That move opened the way for denim's entry into the field of women's fashions, and Blue Bell has since become the most diversified of all apparel manufacturers.

Denim, unlike most other fabrics, is woven, dyed and finished—textured, preshrunk, permanent pressed and otherwise processed—in a single mill. (A denim mill costs more than $25,000,000 and can't be used to make anything but denim.) The fabric is invariably yarn-dyed, meaning that the strands of cotton fiber are dyed before they are woven on the loom, creating a more durable color and a more lustrous quality than material that is conventionally piece-dyed. Besides being considerably more expensive than other methods, the dyeing of blue denim demands a unique and practiced sensitivity from the supervisor, who must time to the second the alternating periods of dipping the yarn into the dyestuff and then exposing it to the air, until the proper indigo hue is achieved. (All, it may be added, so that a hopefully-hip customer may bury his jeans in the ground, anchor them in a stream or in a chlorinated swimming pool for a month, bleach them repeatedly, drive over them with a tractor, wear them while surfing or pay anywhere from $20 to $60 to have some laundry or boutique apply its own particular aging process to them. A dry cleaner named Don Rogers recently received a contract from the Lee Company to fade 250,000 pairs of its blue jeans and other firms are moving in the same direction.)

Once dyed (only the lengthwise, or warp, strands are stained blue, by the way; the woof, or filling threads, which run crosswise, are usually gray or white), the yarn is put onto the weaving machines. Part of the traditional durability of denim is due to the fact that it is always woven in a twill pattern, with the filler threads forming a diagonal ridge, called a wale, across the material. Twill weaves, khaki, whipcord and tweed tend to create a close-textured, heavy fabric, stronger and more dirt resistant than most plain weaves—though harder to clean.

The astonishing modishness of blue jeans began after the war, hit its stride during the Fifties, went into orbit in the past decade and shows absolutely no sign of leveling off in the years to come. Today's buyers have a far wider choice of denim weights and styles than any previous generation; but nobody's jeans seem to be quite as tough as they were in pre–World War Two days, when work clothing was generally made from 19-ounce denim. It used to take a year or so of serious cowboying or sodbusting to soften and fade 19-ounce denim; and at its most domesticated, the old material would have been far less amenable to today's necessary painting, stenciling, embroidering, appliqué, batik and rhinestone studding. Even now, the old-fashioned straight-leg jeans seem to last longer than the modern crop of flares and bell-bottoms. Much the same thing happened to armor, in its time.

The price per pound of raw cotton has fluctuated over the past couple of years, doubling, tripling, falling back and rising again. The international shortage has been directly affected by both the oil embargo and the spreading reality of famine throughout Asia and Africa. Land formerly used to grow cotton is increasingly being turned over to grains and vegetables and some 40 percent of the American crop is now going abroad. The synthetic fabrics that might have been expected to fill the gap are mostly petroleum by-products—they'll be here, but they certainly won't bring clothing prices down. Not only can the price of new blue jeans be expected to double, or worse, but the shortage and the apparently limitless stylishness of denim have together created a roaring market for used jeans and even for denim scraps and rags. *(Continued on page 124)*

THE EROTIC ART OF P.S. 31

COMPILED BY MARC RUBIN AND CHRIS MILLER

After many years of puritanical suppression, erotic art has finally emerged into the public eye and is now considered one of our most vital forms of artistic expression. Accordingly, a number of schools of erotic interpretation have sprung up in the past few years and none of them has captured the raw polymorphous energy of human sexuality quite so forcefully and unashamedly as Public School 31.

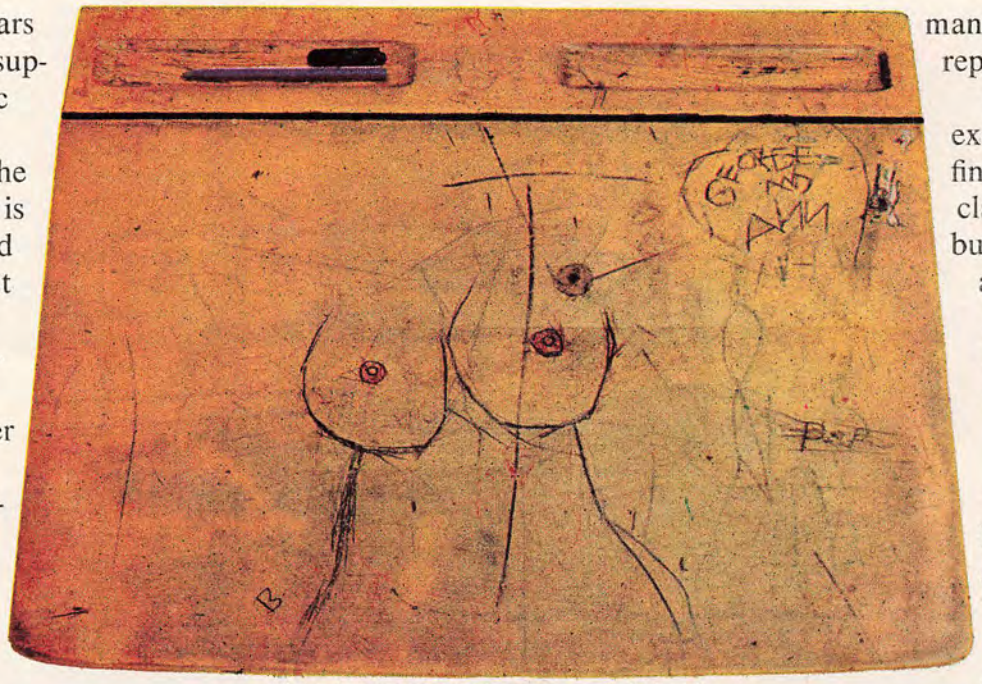


Plate 1. BENJAMIN SPILKOWITS. *A Pair of Tits*. 1969. Penknife on wooden desktop.

To the layman, much of this work may seem crude, destructive and calculated to offend. But to react in this manner is to miss the point, to deny the truth of our personal daily experience, which these works, with their hauntingly familiar and profoundly *human* themes, seek to reveal: that each of us, no matter how high or low our station in life, is occasionally found with his finger up his nose.

At first glance, early 20th Century Dadaism would appear to be the operative influence on many of the artists represented here. Yet, on closer examination, we find not so much classic Dadaism but a derivative: a form of Neo-Dadaism that Ernie Slosser, an eight-year-old artist whose work is represented here, classifies as "Doo-doo." Other schools of influence are also found here; most notably, Manual Trades, a predominantly Puerto Rican vocational high school in the south Bronx.

The artists exhibited in this collection, like other outspoken artists before them, often met with violent protests from a public unprepared to accept their revolutionary aesthetic. Many of them were persecuted by the establishment—forced to stay after school and clap erasers, wash blackboards and, in some cases, destroy their own work. It is to these brave visionaries that the collection is dedicated.

New York City *M.R. & C.M.*
June 1975

Plate 2. ERNIE SLOSSER. *Mr. Mann*. 1971. Ballpoint pen on playing card.

Photography by Bill Arsenault and Richard Izui

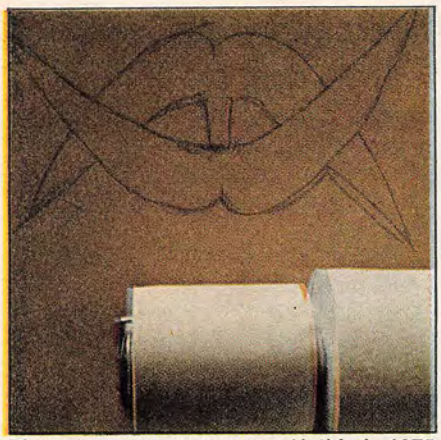


Plate 4. ARTIST UNKNOWN. Untitled. 1975. Bic Banana on toilet stall.

Plate 3. LLOYD HICKS. *Flaming Desire*. 1975. Paper-match construction.

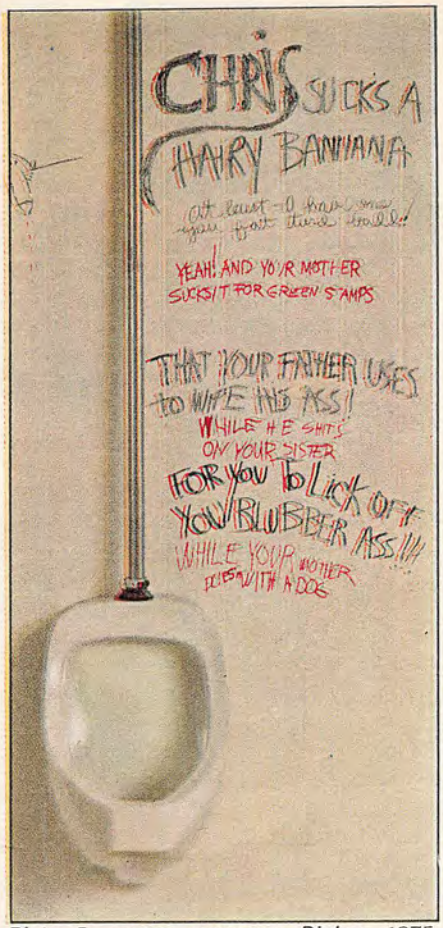


Plate 5. ARTIST UNKNOWN. *Dialog*. 1975. Pentel, pencil and Magic Marker on tile.

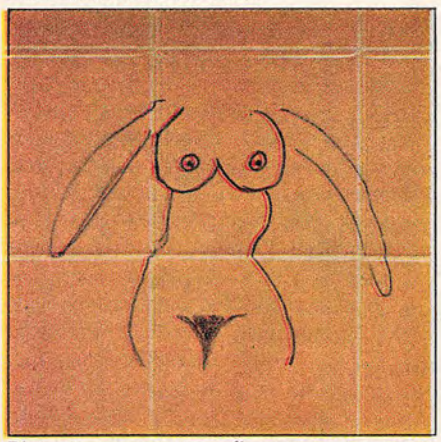


Plate 6. GREG PLATT, after FELIPE DE JESUS. *Optical Illusion*. 1975. El Marko on tile.

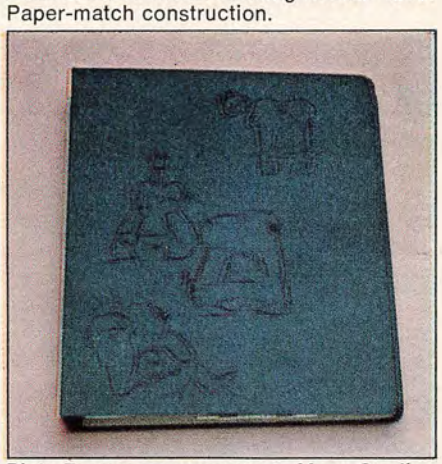


Plate 7. NICK POPALOPOULOS. *Moon Studies*. 1973. Ballpoint pen on notebook cover.

Plate 8. ARTIST UNKNOWN. *Mrs. Zeitzer Sucks* (Restored). 1975. Pentel on legal pad.

Plate 9. JIMMY HEINZ. *Mobile*. 1975. Prophylactic and water.

Plate 10. ARTISTS UNKNOWN. *Puck Yoy*. 1968. Fork on cafeteria tray.

Plate 11. STUART SCHNECK. *Surprise!* 1974. Instamatic with Flashcube (from the collection of the artist).

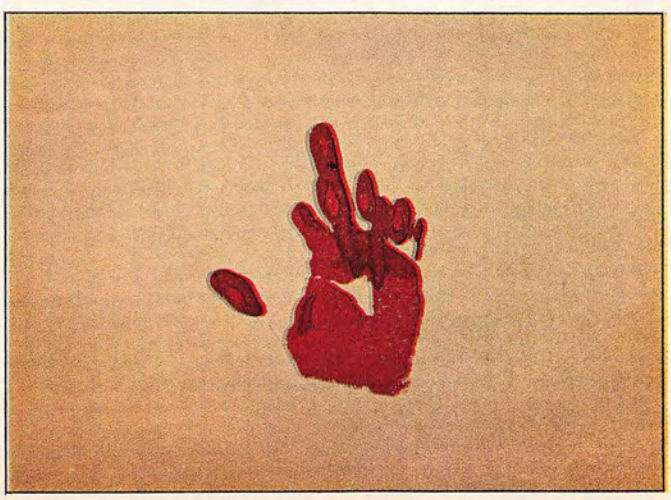


Plate 12.
MARK COWANS.
Up Yours. 1975.
Finger paint on oak tag.

THE ORGANIC GRAVY TRAIN *"Honey's even worse for you than refined white sugar; it hits your blood stream sooner. Honey's the best example of health-food hype."*

(Continued from page 46) spooky toxins from potatoes, rhubarb, spinach, nuts and green vegetables. Eat hearty.

Preservatives are a bitch. Much of our diet would be unaffordable, unpalatable or just impossible without them. Shun them and you genuinely risk a deterioration of food nutrition and maybe salmonella botulism or other food poisoning, second only to the common cold in the illness derby. Even BHA/BHT, dangerous as it is, protects vitamins A, D and E. In fact, many health foods need and contain preservatives. A 1973 study conducted by the University of Florida Food Science Department compared 24 health foods with their traditional counterparts and found bacteria traces in six health varieties, but in only three standards. You can't win.

A fine harrou has been raised over "organic" fertilizers versus "chemical" fertilizers, but nutritionists from Harvard's Stare to the Mayo Clinic's Rynearson insist that a plant couldn't care less and that there's no nutritional distinction made by crops, since plants absorb minerals and chemicals, not the host fertilizer. Government studies show the vitamin and mineral contents of the two to be virtually identical.

Even so, people pay up to 100 percent more just to avoid pesticides. Do they get their money's worth? Well, every four weeks, the FDA analyzes two weeks' worth of an average American diet and tests for 50 pesticides. It seldom finds traces higher than 1/200th of the acceptable daily intake. The University of Florida study found all pesticide levels well below Federal tolerance standards but found polychlorination contamination in three of the straight foods and *seven* of the health foods. Agriculture without pesticides is as unlikely as government without collusion, and even the most rabid organic partisans admit that the idea of anything grown near our major agricultural areas being chemical free is a joke. What with pesticides in the air and water, you might as well hunt for uncontaminated spirit as for uncontaminated food.

Regarding the relative nutrition of health foods and junk foods, you couldn't get a better argument. As the alliances form up, on one side you have such health-establishment types as nutritionists, M.D.s and Government agencies; on the other, you have the socio/politico/religio/psychological health muckrakers and nutritional gadflies. Health-establishment members have paid their dues via education and training and, like all dues-paying sects, would claim a franchise on their knowledge and not tolerate the mystic horseshit of amateurs and nutritional claim jumpers. But even as they file health foodists under Fads & Misinformation, the latter file *them* under Establishment Front Men & Industry Shills. As a class, nutritionists are hardly in the avant-garde of foodism and their opponents are hardly Ph.D.s in the health sciences.

Meanwhile, the University of Florida study found the nutritional content of health foods and traditionals to be nearly identical: "The major difference between the samples was the greater cost of the health foods." And Rynearson speaks of nutrition when he says: "Not one shred of scientific evidence suggests that fertile eggs are superior to infertile eggs." Granola, a hot health-food item at 60 to 85 cents a pound, is little more than an oil-and-sweetener calorie machine, while such robust hypes as Alpen, Nature Valley, Heartland and Buc-Wheats, in the 95-cents-a-pound range, offer little more in the caloric/protein/fat/vitamin line than oatmeal at 30 cents a pound. Still more:

· By the pound, refined white sugar costs about 55 cents, brown or turbinado up to $1.10, "organic" honey maybe $2.25. But, in terms of keeping your liver alive, your teeth in your head, your blood sugar within reason, your pancreas whole and your nervous system cool, they all offer the same empty, vicious calories. Brown sugar is refined sugar plus molasses. As to honey, Professor John Yudkin, the very Zola of sugar (*Pure, White and Deadly*), would have us know that the sugar content of honey is usually as high as 97 percent; and an informant at the University of California Medical School reports: "There are no refined sugars in nature, thus we aren't made to eat them, thus the sudden infusions we give ourselves wreak havoc on our bodies. But honey's even worse; it hits your blood stream sooner. Honey's the best example of a health-food hype."

· Cold-pressed vegetable oils run about 90 cents more a pint than otherwise-pressed. Nevertheless, according to testimony at the New York City Consumer Affairs hearings, "There hasn't been a cold-pressed oil in 2000 years." "Hain's Pure Foods labels its oils cold-pressed, but its owner, George Jacobs, reports that his company's oils are expeller-pressed, which in fact is the method used for all health-food oils," says *Family Health* magazine.

· Macrobiotic diets, which are supposed to cure everything from cataracts to cancer, have been known to produce everything from anemia to kidney damage, because of their nutritional deficiencies. Purist vegetarian diets, which contain no animal protein whatsoever, will be short on calcium, B_{12} and D, and can kill people.

· Tiger's Milk, Hoffman's Hi-Proteen and other box-office-smash protein supplements have about twice the protein content of powdered milk at four to six times the price.

· Ninety percent of all "natural" sea salt comes from San Francisco Bay, a favorite hangout of dead fish and oil slicks. Paul Hawken, president of Erewhon health foods: "The water is filthy. The salt is clean because it's been refined. There's nothing extra left in. I buy it, but I feel ripped off."

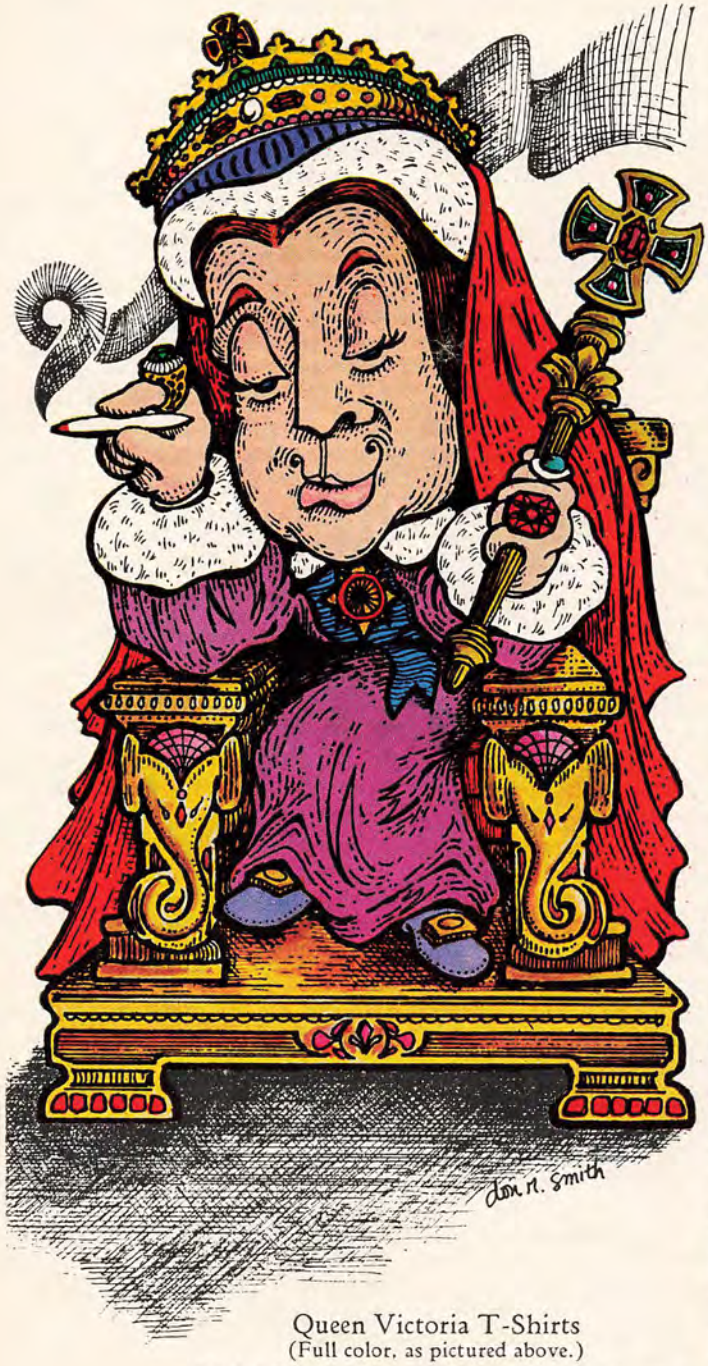
All of this skirts the basic issue, which, like most basic issues, is financial. Whatever the relative values or hazards of health foods versus straight foods, whence comes the 30–100 percent price hike attaching itself to anything waving the health/natural/organic banner? Produce should cost about the same or less, "organic" fertilizing being 35 percent *cheaper* than chemical. No dice. Vegetable-protein meat substitutes, which should cost a fraction of the price of meat, average twice the price of ground beef. Wha-a-a?

Yup, political illusions die hard. The fact remains, however, that the health-food number is business, not revolution, and its lofty tariffs derive from the canons of the market place:

It's a Middleman's Game. And those cost the most to play—distributors and jobbers often getting 40 percent of the retail price. There are health-food items—supplements and vitamins the worst offenders—that triple in price from warehouse to store. Creative Health Food Stores operator Gary Null testified at the New York hearings that when he questioned the 100–300 percent markups of ordinary foods given health-food/natural-food labels, he was blackballed by distributors.

Put Nature in a Can and You Can Charge for the Cannery. The way the food industry got rich was through the miracle of convenience foods, whereby it puts ten cents' worth of food into a four-cent package by a two-cent process and hits the buyer for 49 cents each. Ditto such health-food boomers as granola and protein supplements. Processed convenience foods are nutritional hookers that lure you by taste or simplicity, be they Twinkies or Vita-Burgers. *Processing* is what your body does to

Last year, 300,000 Americans were arrested for smoking an herb that Queen Victoria used regularly for menstrual cramps.



Queen Victoria T-Shirts
(Full color, as pictured above.)
@ $4.50 each S___ M___ L___ XL___

It's a fact.

The herb, of course, is *cannabis sativa*. Otherwise known as marijuana, pot, grass, hemp, boo, mary-jane, ganja—the nicknames are legion.

So are the people who smoke it.

By all reckoning, it's fast becoming the new national pastime. Twenty-six million smokers, by some accounts—lots more by others. Whatever the estimate, a staggeringly high percentage of the population become potential criminals simply by being in possession of it. And the numbers are increasing.

For years, we've been told that marijuana leads to madness, sex-crimes, hard-drug usage and even occasional warts.

Pure Victorian poppycock.

In 1894, The Indian Hemp Commission reported marijuana to be relatively harmless. A fact that has been substantiated time and again in study after study.

Including, most recently, by the President's own Commission. This report stands as an indictment of the pot laws themselves.

And that's why more and more legislators are turning on to the fact that the present marijuana laws are as archaic as dear old Victoria's code of morality. And that they must be changed. Recently, the state of Oregon did, in fact, de-criminalize marijuana. Successfully.

Other states are beginning to move in that direction. They must be encouraged.

NORML has been and is educating the legislators, working in the courts and with the lawmakers to change the laws. We're doing our best but still, we need help. Yours.

NORML NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS
2317 M STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

☐ I enclose $15.00 membership fee. (Students and Military $10.00)
☐ I'm not a joiner but I would still like to help with a contribution.

Send along the following NORML items. All the proceeds from their sale go toward furthering the fight.

___STICKERS @ 3 for $1.00 ___STAMPS @ $1.00 per Sheet
___T-SHIRTS @ $4.50 each ___S ___M ___L ___XL

NORML ___T-SHIRTS @ $4.50 each ___S ___M ___L ___XL
___GOLD MARIJUANA LEAF PINS @ $1.00 each

☐ Send along additional information. OUI 975

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Please Print

THE ORGANIC GRAVY TRAIN *People who take vitamin E for more energy are just healthed-out versions of your speed freak or caffeine junkie.*

food, and you know what comes out. Here's where the additives and contaminants cluster. However, even in the subculture food industry, the trend is toward making produce staples into assembly-line products.

When in Business, Do as the Businessmen Do. An old supermarket trick is a bewilderment of sizes and brands of a product, which makes extreme price variations possible and a math degree necessary for comparison shopping. Would health-food dealers pull this sort of crap? Would Kissinger hedge? I have read of health-food stores with more than 127 teas, 16 breads, 34 flours, 110 blends/flavors/sizes of honey, 10 mayos, 187 juices, 71 cheeses, 48 nut butters, 84 oils and more vitamin supplements than there are Chevies. Consumerist Sidney (*Health Foods: Facts and Fakes*) Margolius found a health-food store with 23 laxatives; I dug up one with 37 lipsticks. And few health-food stores have been in the vanguard of the unit-pricing campaign.

Faith Moves Mountains, but Fear Moves the Brewer's Yeast. *You are what you eat* is not a hip cliché but a deep-seated timeless psychological belief, emotionally vital, and a big chink in the armor of sales resistance. Chinks like these have made life a joy for the insurance, cosmetic and medical industries. Why not food?

Indeed. Every month, media from NBC to *Prevention* give you a couple of dozen reasons to feel miserable, helping to build the health-food biz on the twin pillars of Insecurity and Suspicion. "NEW STUDY LINKS PROTEIN & CANCER!" "OUR DEADLY SPICE BINS: A PROBE!" "MEDICAL PROOF—EAT TURNIPS OR DIE!" God knows there's plenty to be scared about, if you're one of those people who eat food. White flour is nutritional gravel; refined white sugar is the electric chair of food; cardiovascular disease is our number-one health problem, thanks mostly to high fat and cholesterol diets. Of Americans with annual incomes over $10,000, 40 percent eat inadequate diets. They're the lucky ones. In terms of economics and buyer motivation, the health-food pitch breaks down beautifully: "Your money or your life."

The fear tactic works best on the weak and most successfully when used to promote the health-food Fort Knox: the vitamin/mineral/nutrition supplements that often account for 20 percent of a store's inventory and more than 60 percent of its net profits. Vitamins alone are a 40 percent wedge of the industry's volume. Between distributor and retailer, the price on most "natural" supplements is run through a 200–500 percent markup; on such prime movers as E and wheat germ, the increase is truly breath-taking. At $1.50 a pound bulk, a bottle of 100 500-mg. tabs of vitamin C costs about three cents to produce. Customers pay up to $3.50. Why? Because. . . .

You Can Charge More for Medicine. No shit. Medicine makes you well, cures disease! Food, however, as good for you as it is, does not. Nor do vitamins, minerals or protein cure anything beyond their own specific deficiencies. But people treat them like the Robe, virtual wonder drugs, and health-food dealers are more than willing to tolerate that fiction, pushing their wares as nutritional life insurance.

According to an HEW poll conducted in 1972 by National Analysts, Inc., 75 percent of Americans believe that vitamins provide energy—which they don't—and 20 percent believe that such diseases as cancer and arthritis result partly from vitamin or mineral deficiencies—also false. Studies find most people holding notions about this stuff that border on the lunatic. Supplements are the panacea of the masses.

Says *Prevention*, the organic-food monthly bible, of vitamin E: "Cystic fibrosis . . . embryonic degeneration, pancreatic atrophy, liver necrosis and muscular dystrophy are known to be caused by vitamin-E deficiency. . . . There is a valid relationship between [E] deficiencies and coronary thrombosis, cancer, premature aging and . . . crib death. People who have . . . steatorrhea, liver cirrhosis, obstructive jaundice and sprue . . . need extra vitamin E." Professor H. M. Evans, who merely discovered the stuff, calls this nonsense and says you couldn't plan a diet that didn't supply enough. But thus are myths made, such as:

You can't take too many vitamins. Terrific. Vitamin-A intoxication in kids is presently a big trend, thanks to this idea. B_{12}, K, riboflavin—all are toxic when overdosed. Even trusted C can produce kidney or bladder stones. Had your iron today? Too much could mean cirrhosis, heart damage, bloody runs. You need 10,000 mg. of D daily like you need to hold your tongue in the fan. Megavitamin therapy as prescribed over the health-food counter is nutritional roulette.

Natural vitamins are better than synthetics. Are you kidding? Not only can't you find any differences between the two but there's virtually no such thing as a purely natural vitamin. A real 100 percent 100-mg. rose-hip "natural" C tablet would be the size of a shot glass. B vitamins are mostly synthetics added to yeast and other natural bases. Even such "pure" vitamins as E require chemical solvents and capsule preservatives. The law can't control the use of the "natural" label, however, since there's *no known way* to determine the origins—synthetic or natural—of the end product.

Everybody needs vitamins. Not people who eat balanced diets and already have plenty.

The health-food business becomes a genuine problem when it replaces medical treatment of disease with its own instant elixirs. We are legendary for seeking magic wands and simplistic cures—zinc for sex, niacin for depression, calcium for nerves—embracing the "It's not a drug, it's a nutrient" line. Nuts. People who take E for more energy are just healthed-out versions of your speed freak or caffeine junkie. B-complex, the newest trend item, is said to refresh the liver and quell hangovers. C'mon. It's one thing to take vitamins if they put the mind at ease but something else again if they are exalted as a divine tonic for the eyes/wind/balls.

All of this isn't to drape the whole health-food movement with guile and scandal. The surge deserves everybody's thanks for focusing on and publicizing the need for nutritional education and reform, for creating a social consciousness and popularizing self-care, for generating economic buying co-ops and food conspiracies and for exposing the criminal malfeasances of the FDA, USDA and other Government agencies. There are hundreds of health-food stores that can provide fresh, nutritious, good food at about the same prices—or lower—than most supermarkets. And plenty of ways for shoppers to avoid the profit-crazed rip-off aspects.

The best, of course, is by eating a balanced diet of fresh foods prepared at home. Almost nothing from a factory is as good for the system as something home-cooked. All we need daily is something from each of the big six: meat/poultry, breads/cereals, dairy products, dark-green/yellow vegetables, fruits, fats/oils. Such a diet has every major and trace mineral needed. The only known deficiencies are iron, iodine and fluorine. Iron is important; no iron, no hemoglobin, no oxygen, no heartbeat. For plenty, eat liver, raisins, prune juice. Iodized salt is a health-food

naughty. Never mind. Use it. Fluoridation is the very abortion controversy of foodism.

Words to the wise: Stone-ground whole-grain flour is dynamite. Animal protein is better than vegetable protein; tops are eggs and milk. Powdered milk beats hell out of the whole stuff. Use molasses, not honey; and oil, not shortening. In terms of linoleic acid, which we need, and saturated fats, which we don't, the best vegetable oils are safflower, sunflower, soy and corn; skip cottonseed and preservatives. Avoid *nonfood* stores, places with high-voltage vitamin/mineral selections and organic candies. Distrust wild pseudomedical claims such as "Kelp adds years to your life, inches to your doodad." *Food* food, versus *treat* food, is better almost anywhere you get it. Refrigerate whole flours and grains. It goes on and on, but the focus remains the same: We must take our health out of the hands of strangers, including those strangers with a hip aspect.

The rankest irony of the health-food mystique is that a big chunk of the market consists of people driven there by the piggeries of the system, who see foodism as the culinary arm of the movement. Even if the health/natural/organic kick is pointless faddism, it is the relentless, transparent, self-serving contempt of the alternative that has made these or *any* desperate countermeasures so flush and viable these days. But let's face it: We tolerate an industry that makes us go to few and special places at extra expense and that makes it difficult to get the kind of quality the industry should be giving us in the first place. Then, people, we're chumps. A chump is someone who, upon finding a strange hand in his/her pocket, shakes it.

What to do about it? For starters, jump up and down on the Government. The FDA, which is supposed to regulate food labeling, has fought like a wounded hyena against every effort to expand truth therein. The USDA protects us from the monopolistic excesses of agribusiness like the FBI keeps us free of organized crime. Ha, ha.

The bottom line: If the food industry were honest and conscientious and the Government agencies truly represented the public that pays their freight, we could eat safely in this country without resorting to an alternate or exorbitant lifestyle. There is the authentic burn.

Cast not our bread upon the bullshit, or vice versa. In old Egypt and Turkey, if a food merchant suckered you, they nailed his ear to the shop door. Think it over. ▣

HEALTH FOOD VS. JUNK FOOD
Wherein Big Mac goes up against the Cosmic Messiah's Zen Dinner in the Bite of the Century. May the best meal win.

We are a junk-food culture, it is argued, and you can't deny the stats: The three best sellers in American supermarkets are, in order, soft drinks, beer and pet food; Americans buy more potato chips than frozen vegetables. Down the hatch!

Given this situation, we are told: Mix crap and nutrition, you can make it; but *substitute* crap for nutrition and the undertaker starts taking your measurements. This leads directly to the question at hand: Just what is crap and what is nutrition?

Talk is cheap. Let's have some Original Research. We went to two places. In Berkeley, there's the Cosmic Messiah's Universal-Industrial World Church Lunchroom. Honest. In Oakland, there's McDonald's. It couldn't be better.

The Cosmic Messiah is out of a Smothers Brothers skit—a contrivedly health-mystic natural-food cafeteria. The Zen Dinner—that's *their* phrase—is $1.60 and consists of brown rice and soybeans, gravy (flour, water, herbs), salad (lettuce, red cabbage, carrots and bean sprouts, with sunflower seeds and tomato wedge optional), dressing (vinegar, oil, herbs), a slice of dense whole-wheat bread with a soybean spread and tea.

In Oakland, we get what we get at every McDonald's. Even the small talk is franchised. Big Mac, large fries, strawberry shake: $1.70. TWOALLBEEFPATTIESSPECIALSAUCELETTUCECHEESEPICKLESONIONSONASESAMESEEDBUN. That's from their T-shirts.

We took all this to the Uni-Research lab in Oakland, to have it analyzed for basic fat/protein/carbohydrate/calorie content, and for the most significant mineral—iron. Also, we checked for pesticides of the chlorinated-hydrocarbon variety and for those Nazis of food—nitrate preservatives/colorings. The chart, please.

Son of a gun. You actually get a bit more protein from the Cosmic Messiah than from the meaty Big Mac—vegetable protein, to be sure. Neither meal is even remotely a balanced diet, of course, but in terms of nutrition per penny, they are functionally equal in protein, carbohydrates and even calories. The Big Mac plate is regrettably fatty, but the son of a bitch also has three times the iron of the Zen Dinner and less than half the water. No nitrates detected in either and a big hand all round, but—what's this?—chlorinated hydrocarbons in the Zen Dinner? One part per 100,000,000, but still—it's the principle of the thing.

(We shouldn't have been surprised. A couple of years ago, when the health-food crunch began, McDonald's commissioned a top-to-bottom analytical ransacking. Amazing. A cheeseburger, fries and chocolate shake, tested for the recommended daily allowance for people aged 14–18, were found to provide 25 percent of the C, thiamin and B_6, 60 percent of the calcium and phosphorus, 65 percent of the riboflavin, 45 percent of the B_{12}, 20 percent of the all-important iron and 125 percent of the always-welcome iodine; substitute a Big Mac and almost everything goes up, especially niacin, B_6, B_{12}, riboflavin and iron, with up to 62 percent of the recommended daily protein. Of course, a heap of this comes with the milk in the shake, the same shake that blitzes you with sugar—as bad for the body as anything grown in Turkey.)

So. The Bite of the Century might fairly be called a split decision: five rounds to crap, five to nutrition. But, like American policy in Vietnam, a standoff might be the most McDonald's hoped for.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

INGREDIENT	ZEN DINNER		McDONALD'S	
	Percent	Per Meal	Percent	Per Meal
Moisture	74.50	668 gm.	58.20	318.80 gm.
Ash	.81	7.26 gm.	1.34	7.34 gm.
Fat	4.33	38.83 gm.	10.40	56.97 gm.
Protein	6.06	54.34 gm.	9.00	49.30 gm.
Carbohydrate	14.30	128.23 gm.	21.06	115.30 gm.
Calories	546.70 (per lb.)	1079.60	970.80 (per lb.)	1171.40
Iron		10.40 mg.		30.80 mg.
Preservatives (Nitrates)	None detected		None detected	
Pesticides (Chlorinated hydrocarbons)	.01 ppm*		None detected	
Weight of complete meal	896.7 gm.		547.8 gm.	

*Chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticide detection limits: -BHC, .01 ppm; Lindane, .01 ppm; Heptachlor, .01 ppm; Aldrin, .01 ppm; Kelthane, .02 ppm; Endrin Mirex, .02 ppm; Heptachlor Epoxide, .01 ppm; DDE, .01 ppm; o,p-DDT, .002 ppm; p,p-DDD, .02 ppm; Hexachloro Benzene, .02 ppm; p,p-DDT, .08 ppm; Methoxychlor, .04 ppm; Chlordane, .10 ppm; Toxaphene, .01 ppm; Dieldrin, .01 ppm.

THE LESBIAN MYSTIQUE *For a lot of gay women, the chase is more important than the act and the intrigue that passes for romance is best conducted off the street and, say, on the dance floor.*

(Continued from page 52) and quick. It's not that they aren't horny, it's just physically difficult. There's still plenty of promiscuity. Women as well as men can pick up a man, or a woman, or a team and get their rocks off with no thoughts of continuing the relationship through breakfast. But for a lot of gay women, like a lot of straights, the chase is more important than the act and the trumped-up intrigue that passes for romance is best conducted off the street and, say, on the dance floor.

•

Some of these beautiful young bodies could once be seen, however dimly, at the Lib, a bar that used to be in New York's east 40s that progressed from being strictly ladies in d.a. haircuts and dirty fingernails to being a mecca for a wide variety of bisexual-chic types.

At the Lib, there were bylaws, tacitly observed by the beautiful bodies, who somehow all knew that Friday night was uncool—Friday night you went to dinner at "in" restaurant Cecil's or ventured downtown to "in" night club Reno Sweeney's to drink margaritas and cruise singer Ellen Greene. And Saturday night you went to a party, or to a private loft to dance, or to the Grand Finale to see Wayland Flowers, because the Lib would be jammed with glitter babies from Queens, all dancing to rather formidable Latin rhythms. The names might change, not the routine. But if your blood was up, and you wanted to check out the action with *your* crowd, you went to the Lib on Wednesday night. Wednesday night was Walpurgis Night and from ten P.M. on, a mixture of high and low gay was in attendance. High and low gay, according to a veteran, refer to us and them: us being successful, attractive, passable, or possibly straight; them being any kind of tacky, like the glitter babies from Queens. To get to the real action, they made their way through the unobtrusively marked front door (GENTLEMEN MUST WEAR JACKETS & TIES), past the eyes on the bar stools, past the couples necking in dark corners, on back through the peculiar heady smells of beer and perfume, and into an ever denser sea of jostling bodies and deafening music.

•

It is 11:30 P.M., the fashionable hour to arrive, and another scene is about to unfold in the teenage Machiavellianism that constitutes dyke politics:

Lesbian charm school, lesson one: The problem is that Hilary is getting bored with Robin, but Robin's still mad about Hilary; Hilary's playing footsies with Robin and they're both chasing Carla. Carla has gone to Morocco, but the day she left she spent the afternoon holding hands with Hilary in Clarke's. Then, at 7:30, she was bundled into a limo by Robin, who'd spent her rent money on a magnum of champagne, and they rode out to the airport together amidst many tears and promises to be true. Now passionate cables from both women in New York traverse the Atlantic like migratory birds. What neither of them realizes, however, is that telegrams there aren't delivered—they're posted in the middle of the town square for the amusement of anyone with a smattering of English. A confrontation between Hilary and Robin seems imminent.

On cue, Hilary and her entourage flounce past the bouncer. Hilary, a tawny aristocrat who inherited $250,000 from a distant relative and quickly parlayed it into ten times as much back when she was dating a Wall Street *Wunderkind*, hasn't bothered to reserve a table. She and her pride, which includes a male escort in motorcycle leathers, merely pluck the RESERVED sign off Robin's table and make themselves at home.

Hilary's wearing an expensive slack suit, and several thousand dollars' worth of Cartier jewelry hangs from her neck like fetishes. Her blonde hair falls in big soft waves around her face; her manners, like her make-up, are flawless, very Hepburn. She makes sure everyone at the table is taken care of—fields drink orders, whispers them into her escort's ear so he can relay them to the waitress—then settles back to survey the scene, waiting for something to happen.

On the dance floor, which is slippery with spilled drinks and cigarette butts, a seamy-faced hustler with a greasy R. D. Laing shag and his Bette Midler baby do a mean jitterbug to *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy* and, when the music pauses and there are no takers, slide back to the bar. A dark-haired girl in overalls swaggers all the way to the other end of the room and, failing to get a rise out of two uptight Chihuahua blondes in matching stewardess duds, throws a popper on the floor, stomps on it and stands back to watch the results.

In the bathroom, neon lights turn faces into close-up photos of the moon and romances, begun under strobes, fade in the glare. From one cubicle, the sounds of lovemaking, which can be confused with the sounds of someone being sick, issue forth.

Robin makes her entrance. Rangy and electric, she has frizzed brown hair and darting eyes and she looks like an animal that's been barely trained to wear human clothing. She, too, has a male escort, who serves primarily to hold her fur coat when she takes it off.

Ignoring the fact that her table has been usurped, she leaves her squire cuddling the fur and makes for the dance floor. Wriggling up behind a zaftig blonde in a blood-red ciré jump suit and dangerous-looking spikes, Robin lures her away from her partner to perform a *pas de deux*, during which neither pair of eyes leaves the other's pelvis. Superficial sexual calisthenics are happening all over the dance floor: A less flamboyant couple grind their thighs together; a tall black girl does a 20-minute bump with a long-haired boy and neither of them misses a beat as they slide between each other's legs like lindy champs.

Her show done, Robin goes over and embraces her rival like a long-lost friend. In another 15 minutes, the entire supporting cast has assembled and there are at least a dozen people crowded around the corner table, trying to catch a piece of Hilary, waiting, as always, for something to happen.

Hilary lounges back against her escort. A blonde fashion model sits on Hilary's lap and fingers the jewelry. A gamine, dressed out of a *Night Porter* fantasy, unbuttons a button on her blouse and dances with a walking stick, center stage, hoping to grab a bit of limelight, or at least to catch Hilary's eye. One of Hilary's ex-lovers inches closer and takes her hand. A tall girl in Fred Astaire pants takes her hands out of her pockets and asks Robin to dance, but is dismissed with a preoccupied pat on the fanny. Robin is watching Hilary, too, sees her shot and takes what is left, linking ankles with Hilary under the table.

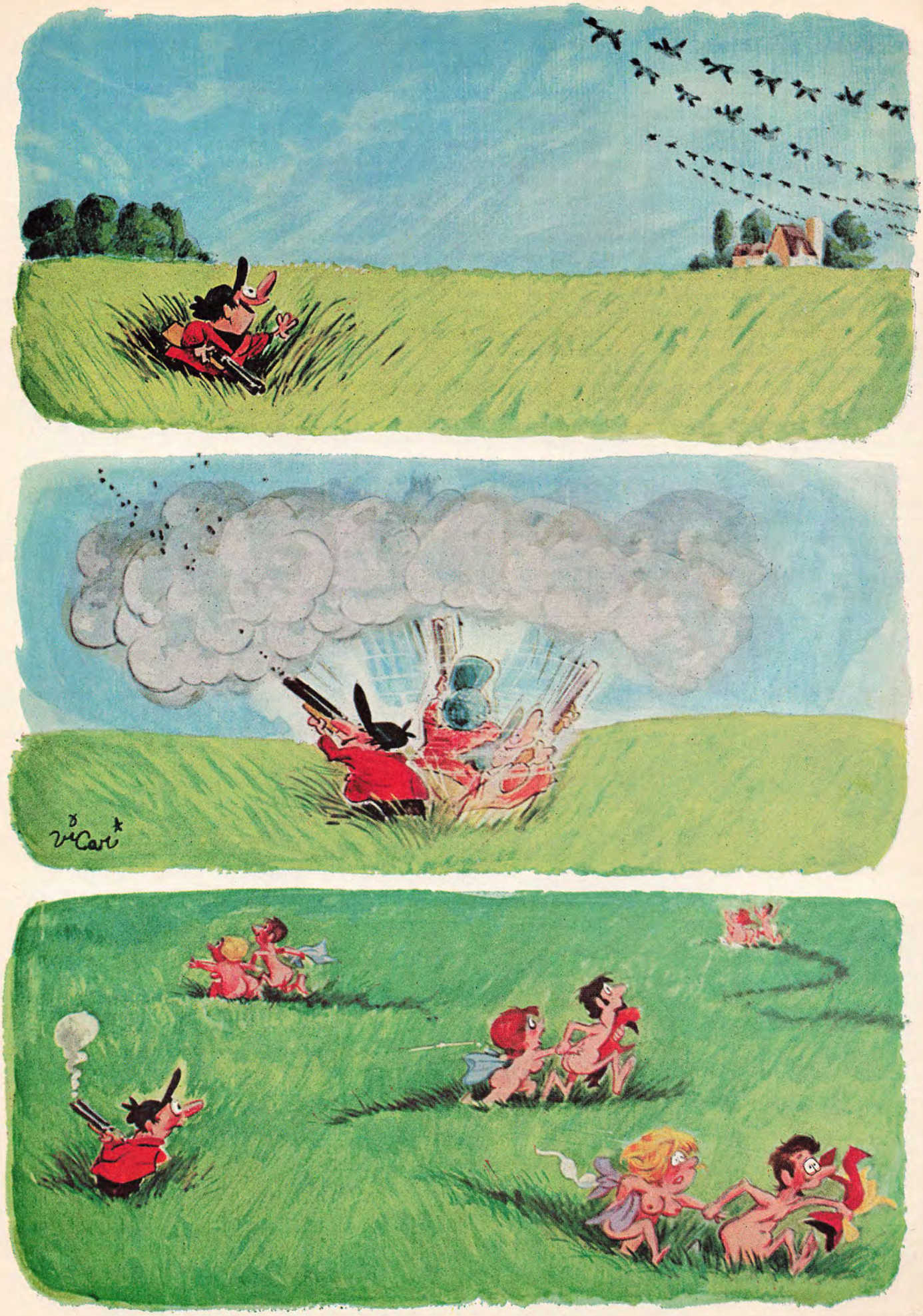
An onlooker leans across this piece of Hindu erotica, pushes her horn-rims back up her nose and says, with a thump of her cocktail glass: "If you were standing neck-deep in a barrel of shit and someone threw a handful of snot at you, would you duck?"

"So you've read Sartre, too," someone else says.

At 1:30 A.M., Hilary calls, "Check!" and leaves.

It is as if someone has pulled the plug from a bathtub—nothing left but the ring. The outfits look wrinkled, the make-up is smudgy, the records are starting to skip, the poppers leave a gymnasium smell in the air, the lights are suddenly too bright, the place is a drag.

Robin has one last dance, goes home with a blonde "singer" and passes out, snuggled up like a four-year-old in her momma's arms. The girl with the poppers goes off with a humpy black chick who rubs her down with Mendocino massage oil and comes like the Panama Limited taking a slow curve: wooooooweeeee! The gamine turns down an


Vicari

invitation to breakfast, goes back to her telephone and her vibrator and gets off talking to a friend long-distance before she falls asleep. The two Sartre readers have one last drink with a couple of Sarah Lawrence sophomores wearing T-shirts.

"What are two nice girls like you . . . ?"

It's quarter to three and the bartender is humming *Baby Face* as she mops up.

"It's the only place to go," they reply.

It's a far cry from the days in school when the lezzies would sneak into each other's rooms at night, but even the sophomores had to find a new home away from school a few weeks later when an explosion on Second Avenue took the Lib with it.

•

It didn't much matter that the Lib blew up—it reopened, farther downtown, a few weeks later, by which time it was no longer the place to go. The gang had moved on, beginning the mass spring exodus from New York, during which the clubs struggle to stay afloat on tourists and transvestites, and the only dykes left in town are the ones in lavender T-shirts and open-toed logging boots, the ones who look like they drink a can of maple syrup every day. A few rad-chic types ferry to Fire Island to dance with the boys at the Botel and the rest go to the Hamptons to relax or work, but mainly to be with one another, to enjoy the intrigue that transpires amidst the chill Colonial charm of Long Island's South Shore.

Last summer, many of the beautiful young bodies hung out at one of the beach houses rented by friends who weren't about to let their romances interfere with their rental. The standard group of people into light affairs and heavy partying included a radicalesbian who would talk revolution as she twisted the dial on her Cartier tank watch; Robin, the *Cosmo* girl, who mixed perfect cocktails; a group of young ladies dressed by famous tailor DeNoyer; and a couple of gay guys who preyed around the edges of the group, soaking up the dyke dish and hearing true confessions for the umpty-umpth time—everyone drinking, or tripping, or doing both at once, while the sun set, unnoticed, behind a neighbor's barbecue.

Saturday morning they'd arrive, gunning their motors like teenaged boys. They would swim in the still waters of the bay, drift on a Sailfish or sit on the beach comparing rosebud tits aglisten with suntan oil, while everybody wondered who *wanted* them. Nothing much happened, but you could cut the *sex* with a knife. At dinnertime, two young ladies who'd been shacked up in the pantry/guest room, making highly audible love among the paprika tins, might emerge, stark-naked except for rubber beach shoes, to fix a salad for 12. Later on, they'd all take off on a round of barhopping—a ritual that, by midseason, left the area littered with landmarks out of personal drama.

Within a ten-mile radius in the Hamptons are a number of bars that cater to the gay scene and anyone who wants to make an evening of it can caravan through a gamut of experiences. Right off Montauk Highway, down the road from Great American Fingerstuf (an alluringly titled junk-food stand), is a big drafty barn of a place called The Attic, which is usually packed to the rafters with older, overdressed fags and straight travelers who stumble in by mistake. Closer to Bridgehampton is Out-of-this-World, a run-down leftover from the *disco* days, now a rural offshoot of the Manhattan gay-bar circuit, with entertainment to match. For serious dancing, you drive a few miles through the foggy potato fields, way out near the Bridgehampton race track, and hit a tiny shack called the Millstone, where the night air reverberates with soul music, the smells of sweat and poppers are indistinguishable and, at about three in the morning, the gay boys strip off their tank tops and work out a hairy-legged chorus line to the tune of *I'll Always Love My Momma.*

Then there's Patchez, where, by Memorial Day weekend, *Sturm und Drang* well under way, lesbian society comes together like a movie confused by too many flashbacks. Ex-lovers dance with each other without worrying about who's going to lead this time and bitter enemies buy each other drinks in the flush of tenderness reserved for people who no longer have to live together.

In spite of the determination *not* to get involved this summer, there's always that Saturday-night pull—as addictive as soap operas—so by midnight, the parking lot is jammed. The back room, which used to be a bowling alley, was recently converted into a hard-core *discothèque*, with Mylar on the walls, a

sound-system jockey and strobe lights. It encourages everyone to try to act just a bit decadent. Some succeed. See that 14-year-old boy tossing his hair out on the dance floor? Well, he's really a child hooker. And that old dude with him isn't his father, he's the pimp. Whoa, there goes that blonde girl into the bathroom again. Is it to make a connection? Is that why she dances like crazy when she comes out, a snip of tin foil stuck in her teeth? See that famous writer in the corner with a German *au pair* girl? They're looking for threesomes. . . . Or is he just researching a book? A couple is introduced.

"How did you meet?" the *au pair* girl says, squirming off a popper flash.

"Well, for a couple of weeks, I just stared at her name in the Manhattan phone book. . . ."

"I sink dat's lovely," *au pair* replies, stroking one woman's face and squirming some more. "Do you know who you remind me of?"

"Greta Garbo," the woman says.

"How did you guess dat?"

The main room is an annotated version of the same story. There's not as much dancing—the jukebox is more Piaf than Kool and the Gang—and people sit down to eat dinner. Here lurk the legends, the beautiful bodies of yesteryear, the women who dressed for dinner and carried on with finesse. One of them, a middle-aged actress, sits at the end of the bar. The barmaid, a breathy and buxom girl, leans over to whisper, "Tell me: Is Hollywood really dead?"

Everyone is here to see and be seen, to act out the peculiar ambivalence that makes them enjoy being tomcats while halfheartedly looking to find a good home. It's psychic androgyny and it's all about seduction. Seduction between women has endless subtleties, it takes place as much in the mind as on the body, as when innocent meets legend.

•

Stacy met Greta and was attracted, so she finagled an invitation to Greta's house for the weekend. Having shaved her legs and trimmed her pubes "just in case," she was shocked when Greta escorted her to her own private room. She lay awake most of the night, wondering if Greta would sneak in and, under the cover of darkness, perform a host of unnatural acts. By the end of the weekend, Stacy was on pins and needles—but nothing had happened at all. At one point, she'd received an omen, a dream. Marlene Dietrich walked into frame, looked her square in the eye and said, "You're going to get your vings burned." Then, the last night they were together, Greta strolled into Stacy's room like an ad for insouciance. "What's all this?" she said, peering at Stacy's notebook.

"Oh, I'm working on a scenario," Stacy said, copying the cool and shoving the pages out of sight.

"Am I in it?"

"Not yet."

"Well, I want to be. Write me into a love scene," Greta said, and sat down next to Stacy.

"Sure. I'll be played by Dominique Sanda and Marlene Dietrich will do the narration——"

"I'll be Marlene," Greta said. And thumping on Stacy's single bed, she added, "Is there room for two of us in here?"

In the street lamps' fluorescent light, Greta's body was smoother, more delicate than Stacy had expected and her skin rippled as she ran a tentative hand down her flanks.

"Just feel me," Greta murmured as Stacy uncoiled alongside her, a nubile postadolescent, wrapping legs around legs between legs, kicking back the sheets and blankets, hearing saxophone music in her head, touching breast to breast in mirror image. They kissed.

"I could come just looking at you," Greta said, twisting her fingers through Stacy's hair, thrusting her backward for a better view.

Stacy rolled over onto Greta and kissed her behind her ear, where it smelled of Cabochard and musk and shampoo, kissed her neck, her throat, the muscles that ran across her armpit, a small and perfect breast, taking the nipple between her teeth, taking inventory with her mouth.

Greta gasped and took one of Stacy's hands, pushing it down between her thighs. "I'm soaking wet."

Stacy brushed through, stroking each side, searching.

"Oh, stay right there . . . oh, right on. God, now I know where they got that expression."

Stacy followed Greta's movements with her fingers, digging her other hand into Greta's buttocks. She kissed her legs, inside the knees, and started to go down on Greta, tracing her way slowly up each side until Greta shuddered, once, twice and clasped her legs around Stacy's head.

"Higher!" Greta muttered. "Higher!" louder this time.

Stacy sat up for a minute. "Listen, I can't hear you when you've got your knees around my ears. Maybe we should use cue cards."

A few minutes later—lying on their backs watching the light play across the ceiling—Greta said: "Did you get off?"

"I enjoyed it, if that's what you mean."

"Well, if you really get into it, if *you* feel what *I* feel, you can get off *with* me, making love to me." Greta took Stacy's nipples between her fingers, pinched them hard and then slid a hand down between Stacy's legs. "See, you're all wet, too," she teased her until Stacy jumped.

"Premature ejaculation," Stacy said, giggling.

"Good responses. I like that," Greta

The Inner Man

said, pinning Stacy back, twisting her hand around inside her until Stacy dug her nails into her shoulders, hard.

When it was all over, when they had collapsed, wet and sweaty, Greta said: "And where were you?"

"In the jungle. I really felt like I was in the jungle."

•

Now, the interesting thing about two women in bed together is not so much the sheer aesthetics, or the way they know how to turn each other on, orchestrating each other's eroticism with Kalilike dexterity, but the fact that they know the way into and out of each other's head. If you're Stacy, Greta's Dietrich image is as exciting as Stacy's *faux* innocence; and if you're playing psychological footsies with another woman, the idea that she knows that you know that she knows is half the fun of getting there.

Forget your fantasies of two burly creatures slavering after each other with yard-long dildos—getting there can involve as many byways as there are partners, as many frills as the imagination can concoct. There are women who are into apparatus: dildos, vibrators, sex toys, electric toothbrushes and parboiled carrots stuck into a rubber. There are women who like to be tied up and women who like to do the tying. Some like it rough, some like it sweet. Some are passive, some aggressive and some both at different times. Any way of getting to that magic button, whether it's through fantasy or manipulation, oral sex or rubbing with a well-aimed hipbone, usually produces results. And the experience itself can range from an all-out sense feast, with the right lighting to the right music and the right words, to the times when these women are as specifically horny as men, when just getting off is all that matters.

The following announcement appears regularly in *The New York Times*:

> The Cartier jewelry counselor will help you discreetly dispose of your unwanted jewels: a service to private owners, banks and estates.

Cartier may as well say "a service to private owners, banks, estates and lesbians," because little gold tokens of undying affection—Aldo Cipullo love bracelets, 14-kt. dog tags, nail bracelets, arrow pins, three-band rings—are the coinage of the gay realm. And while Cartier may handle its disposals with a good deal of discretion, certain female conquistadors wear their jewelry, like scalps on a belt, long after the lover has been disposed of. One young woman, on a yearlong spree of serial monogamy, had love bracelets so far up her arm that she couldn't bend her elbow.

Even if many young women sincerely believe "You gotta give up a piece of your soul if you give up the chase," there are others who meet, fall in love and get "married." And as fragile as any of these liaisons may be, whether they last five months or 15 years, they are, like hetero marriages, attempts to create a family—an emotional construction that has nothing whatsoever to do with gender.

Within these marriages is a variety of arrangements. There is the kind of domestic bliss where you can visualize the pipe and slippers and where the partners argue about how to bring up their pets, or whether or not it's time to rotate the tires on the Volvo. There is open marriage, which usually means that the people are conducting extracurricular affairs but are too heavily and mutually invested to go separate ways. There are settlements between gay guys and gals who live together and play apart. There is the gay equivalent of any upwardly mobile and passionless ménage in which romance has been sacrificed for keeping up the kind of fascistic chic you acquire by reading magazines like *New York* and taking them seriously. There are couples who thrive on chaos, whose relationships resemble those between incestuous and rival sisters, who live like Auntie Mames.

These women live like regular married couples. They give cozy dinner parties, they go out, they remain on good terms with the world at large and, to a certain extent, with their families. I asked one if her mother knew she was gay.

"Mothers always know," she said. "It's fathers who don't want to discuss it. Why, my father loves nothing better than talking about *faygeleh* and how he can always tell one by the way he holds his bottom—but he has no idea his daughter is a dyke!"

"Did he ever meet any of your girlfriends?" I asked.

"All of them. I'd bring them home every Sunday for bagels and lox—a different one every few years."

"Did you ever take Debbie home?"

"As a matter of fact, no. Mother might not have minded my dating a girl, but she couldn't handle a *shiksa*."

Then there are people like Stacy and Greta, who set out to have nothing more than an affair but who find themselves thrown together as friends and lovers, while continually fighting for space.

•

"Are you just going to sit there?" Greta yells on her way through the living room and into the kitchen where loud mutterings can be heard: "Cunt . . . selfish. . . ."

"Maybe you should get yourself someone who can play wife," Stacy says. "I have my mind on more important things."

" 'More important things,' she says. Christ——"

"I'm a creative person; remember, you like creative people—they're so much more interesting."

"I'm sick of creative people—I went through all that with Jean. She used to keep her Magic Markers in the icebox, then we'd go to bed and I'd roll over and sure enough, there was another Magic Marker under the pillow."

"That's what I hate about relationships—all this fucking domestic bullshit. I thought we were above it."

"This isn't a relationship, it's a nervous breakdown. I even have to make two dinners just because you don't like clams."

Moments later, they are seated at the table with their separate meals.

"I still can't believe you don't like clams," Greta says, sucking merrily on hers.

"Oh, you just like clams because they remind you of all your old lovers." Stacy looks sideways at Greta. "Who are you eating now?"

"This one looks just like you," Greta says with a smirk.

•

Finally, Labor Day approaches and there are parties to end the gay season with a bang. Hilary has bought a new house for the occasion and it has become a stage set where everyone feels compelled to act out their private, internal dramas before a jury of peers.

The day of her party, Hilary is a wreck. She's going all the way, hiring a plane to fly out two of the guests and then hiring a courier to retrieve a bag one of them has left at the airport. Is there enough coke? Ice? Champagne? *Pâté*? Grass? Poppers? Jack needs a new suit: Call DeNoyer and see if they deliver. One of the dogs has chewed up a pair of someone's party shoes. A car is sent to town to pick up the rest of the food. Who's coming? Thirty-five, 40 people?

They come in droves. Everyone loves an accident. And Hilary has been burning through since the beginning of summer like a comet askew. She must explode—or maybe, quite simply, she'll run out of money. How does it feel to have what everyone else wants—money, lots and lots of money? Do you want to throw it all away and be done with it? Or maybe you feel ripped off and just want to coke up and forget all this

bullshit. But it's too late now, the guests are arriving.

Here come Ethel and Nealy in all their jewelry. Things are very tense here. Nealy has been sexing it up with Hilary, exchanging passions in the back seat of a Rolls during lunch. Ethel's going for broke this time and her hand that holds a cigarette is more like a wounded paw. Keep your cool, Ethel, you're still the queen. Long live the queen, whoever she may be.

More guests arrive: samplings from various cliques, hangers-on and regulars. They disperse. They smoke joints, they play backgammon, they dance, and all the while champagne is poured into plastic cups that are emptied, washed and used again.

Hilary keeps changing the records, setting the needle in just the right groove, trying to provoke something, orchestrating.

Let's get it onnn. . . .

Nealy makes a face like Marvin Gaye and dances for her rival lovers.

Stacy and Greta walk in. People look surprised. Hilary had said they broke up. Hilary changes the record.

The love I lost . . . was a sweet love. . . .

Stacy asks Robin: "What's going on? It's weird here."

"I don't know. I've been pimping for her for weeks," Robin says, pointing at Hilary, "and I'm exhausted. I'm going celibate—just fucking men from now on."

A young girl stands beside the fireplace, blowing up a huge yellow balloon filled with poppers that should go off any minute now. The balloon stretches out from her lips—a parody of a phallic symbol—and refuses to explode.

"Show Mona where the coke is," Hilary says to Stacy and winks.

They go into the bedroom to snort. There's a limp pink stuffed animal lying between the pillows and behind a bureau, a tape recorder is winding away.

"You should have seen Corky," Mona says. "She had one blow of this stuff and was on her knees. . . . I had to give her twenty milligrams of Valium just to get home."

No one, curiously enough, is eating.

Two young girls in black and white are in the middle of the room. They both have cameras and they circle each other to the music.

Money, we make it, 'fore we see it you take it.
Oh, make ya wanna holler the way they do my life. . . .

They cross like swords, pointing their lenses at each other. Click, click, click—to the beat. They alternate: a shot, a pose. Suddenly the dark one has an advantage—she's caught the other with her legs apart and moves in close, sliding down between them, shooting with one hand, unbuttoning the girl's white blouse with another—sliding. They're leaning now, almost in a perfect arc, until the pale girl bares her teeth.

"Do it!" three people shout in unison. More heads turn to watch.

The girls are on their knees. The pale one's bent backward from the waist, her hair grazing the floor, her blouse loose, her camera thrust behind her back, sweat forming at her temples.

Hang-ups, let downs, bad breaks, setbacks,
Natural fact is I can't pay my taxes.
Oh, make ya wanna holler. . . .

Just as she is about to flatten under the steady click, click, click, the pale girl takes a breath, swings her legs around, grabs the dark girl around her waist and gets to her feet. Now her hands are in the dark hair, parting it from behind, and she's shooting down at the nape of her neck, bearing slightly forward, clicking like crazy.

"Get her!" they cry out again.

The dark one is on her knees, bending forward, breathing faster as her hair, damp now, swings from side to side, twisting in and out of camera range.

"Take it off!"

But already the dark girl is unbuttoning her blouse, slipping it over her shoulders, and swoosh, it's on the floor. The pale one stands over her, still clicking, clicking, astride her now, shooting down, down, down, until the dark one is lying flat out on the polished-wood floor. The pale one steps lightly between the black pants legs, hesitates for another shot and reaches down to tug the belt off the dark girl's pants. She puts it on the floor next to her camera, takes off her own belt, raises it above her head, hesitates, reaches across to undo the other's pants and pulls them slowly down across the floor. They are both lying on the floor now, naked except for their panties, and are kissing each other, rolling back and forth, tangled in each other's long hair.

But already the crowd is bored. They have taken the fantasy as far as they want it to go: The rest is uneventful. Everyone starts to leave. They step over the two young girls and find their coats. Motors start up. Kisses are kissed. Afterparty plans are made. The girls finish and get dressed, too. Hilary could be ready to spit the way her lip is curling. Instead, she walks over and changes the record again.

Money makes the world go 'round.

It's five A.M. and the sun is just starting to filter in the big picture window. Hilary sits on the floor amidst the plastic cups and has one last snort of coke. The house is as empty as a church during the week and she feels better already. It will be a good five hours before she has to see anyone—if she even wants to see anyone. No need to worry about it right now. The last record has flipped onto the turntable with a soft sound. She takes off all her rings and lies down to stare at the beams on the ceiling.

Such is love in the Hamptons. And now it's all over. The rentals are up. The dispossessed head back to the city. The beautiful young bodies, coming in on a wing and a prayer, return to their lovers, or their jobs, or their therapists—or consider going straight for the winter. Hilary disappears the next day, cancels her date and, rumor has it, goes to California to join Arica. ▣

COUNTRY-CLUB PRISONS *The most debilitating part of incarceration is that one gets used to it; our need for survival betrays us and makes us content to be less than fully human.*

(Continued from page 56) with state prisons. Whites, to most blacks, were just shit, although that was hardly new. Anybody who spoke Spanish, even if he was from Tierra del Fuego, was a P.R., short for Puerto Rican.

Learning all this, I was learning to jail. To jail is a verb meaning to adjust, even to thrive. It's what we all do, I suppose, from the day we're born within the walls, visible or not, that are erected for us, or that we ourselves throw up.

Soon I was moved from dorm five to dorm two—only 55 men there, each with his own six by eight foot cubicle that was separated from the next man by a shoulder-high makeshift cardboard partition. There, one could read or daydream unseen—and could masturbate at night without providing a show for the rest of the residents. I decorated my house with some excess green felt stolen from the prison furniture factory. With that, I covered my two metal lockers. I put up framed photographs of my wife and kids. Following other men's examples, I picked up a discarded piece of plywood from the factory and used it to construct a miniature writing table, suspended between the lockers. My books (mailed in from the outside) stood in a row on a tiny window ledge.

Others decorated their lockers with an array of centerfolds from *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, OUI and the like, but I found them too disturbing. I also found that I missed good food more than sex. In fact, my pecker went limp for the duration and a mental anesthesia set in regarding all matters sexual. From the pages of *Esquire*, I snipped a life-size photograph of a two-inch-thick, blood-red, aged, well-marbled, U. S. prime sirloin and glued that to the cardboard partition opposite my pillow. Some men found this very kinky and began to avoid me.

No matter. Comfort couldn't be sustained and no one was going to let me or anyone else nurture illusions for too long. The Federal prison authorities always manage to remind a man that he's in custody and he'd better not set himself up too pleasantly. It's not enough to be punished by absolute removal from society, friends, children and mate; in addition, you have to be punished *during* the period of punishment.

About a month after I'd finished decorating my house, the jovial bank robber across the street had said to me, "Man, you're really jailing now," and, to his friends said, "Look, Irving found a *home*!" One morning, whilst all we residents were at work in the factory, the farm, or the kitchen, a group of hacks led by the camp superintendent, an articulate young disciplinarian named Max Weger, swept through the dormitories. Systematically, they stripped each man's cubicle of all articles of decoration, literally ripped everything from the lockers and the cardboard partitions. It wasn't necessary to give a reason; we all understood.

At the same time, an order was given to remove all books, except Bibles, from the window ledges. And let's tuck those blankets in with hospital corners, you men. Dust under the bunk, *men*? Let it happen again and you'll get a shot, and that could mean loss of parole, *men*. In other words, men, to survive you'd better forget that you're men and start acting like subservient, authority-fearing children.

That is called re-ha-bil-i-ta-tion.

Yowsah, Boss.

•

What's that you say? Any place with a tennis court and a former guest list that includes Bobby Baker, Carmine de Sapio, Clifford Irving and Jeb Magruder can't be all bad? Well, if you've got to go, by all means go to one of the country clubs. Go to Allenwood, Fort Worth, Eglin or even Danbury. Berrigan qualified his Popsicle prison remark about Danbury by adding, "Because every aspect of the life there is enervating rather than openly vicious or wounding in a physical sense, it amounts to a dislocation of the human spirit." But the human spirit and a few internal organs as well are apt to be dislocated in any Federal or state joint; it seems to be a specialty of the penal system in these United States.

Lewisburg, I've mentioned, is 17 miles down the road from Allenwood. We called it The Wall. I went there first for a medical examination; then for Yom Kippur services; then once a week in my job as clerk with the Allenwood commissary, which required a replenishment of supplies from the penitentiary warehouse; and finally for those four days in solitary when I was kicked out of Allenwood.

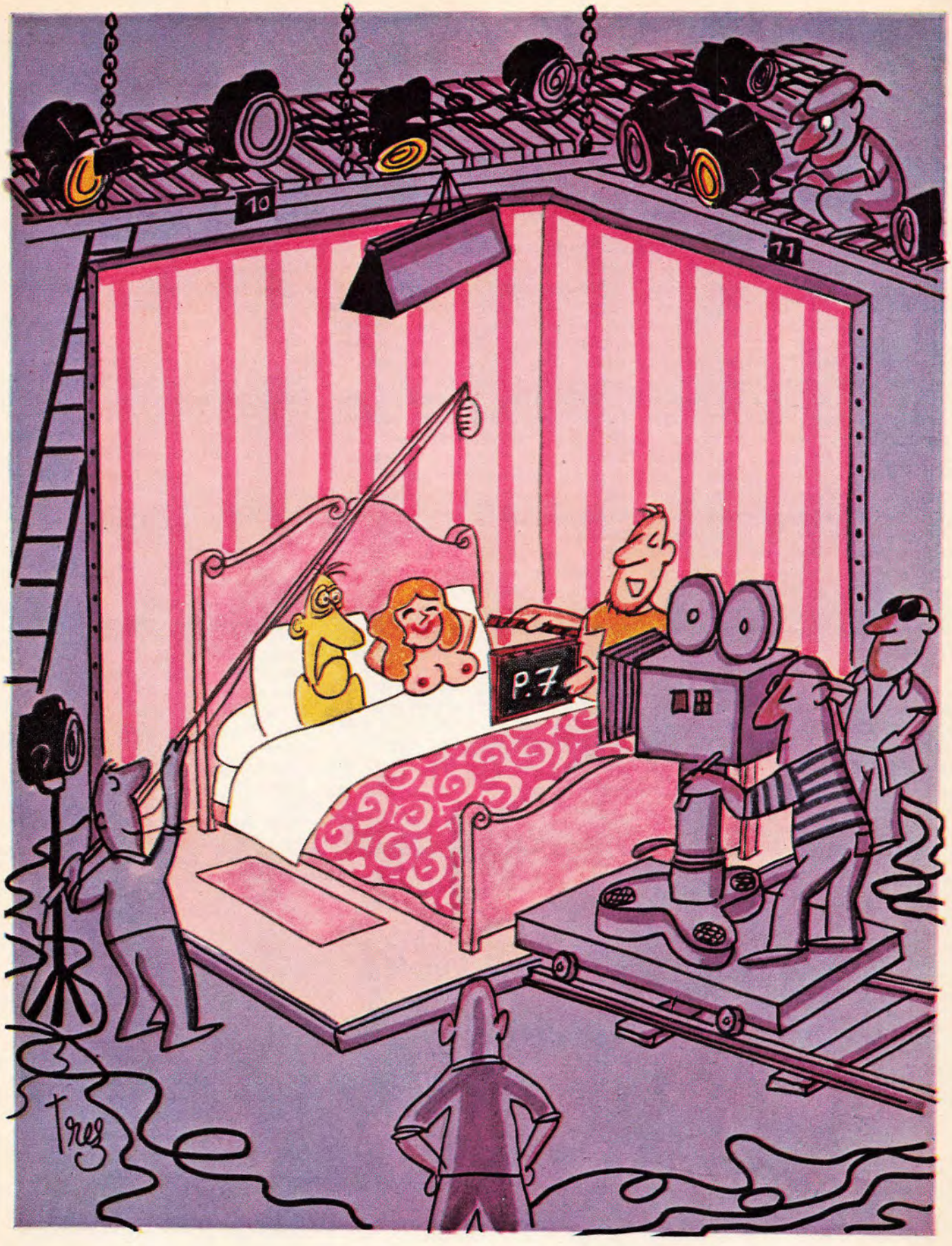
At The Wall, a man was shanked in the chow hall in a minor scuffle over the possession of the last jelly doughnut on the tray. There are at least two or three stabbings a month there. A resident who's doing life, double life, natural life, hasn't got much to lose when there's little or no chance of parole and no death penalty. If he kills another inmate, he might get a year or two in the hole. Relatively speaking, that's not a severe punishment. In prison, there's a pecking order and it's got to be observed. So, if you brush up against anyone—*anyone*—in the corridors of Lewisburg, you promptly say, "Excuse me." And when you say it, you had better mean it, because men have been shanked for lacking the correct tone of sincerity.

This doesn't mean that Allenwood, or its equivalent country clubs elsewhere, harbors a collection of Little Lord Fauntleroys. Six weeks after I moved to dorm two, a fight started during the night; someone was playing his radio a bit too loudly. A request was made for silence, the radio owner said "Fuck you" and the next moment, the two men were at each other. One wielded a baseball bat, the other a length of bedspring. Within seconds, everyone in the dorm was awake and *armed*. I suddenly realized that practically everyone but me slept with some weapon close at hand. I suppose I had been clinging to certain middle-class illusions and fuzzy dreams of indiscriminate brotherhood. Goodbye to all that! The most popular weapon for such emergencies, I learned, was a combination lock (sold at the commissary) wrapped in a sock. From that time on, I kept one in my shoe, on the floor, just under the portrait of the two-inch sirloin.

But at Allenwood, I must admit, violence was not the rule. Mostly, the days and nights just rolled on, more or less peacefully. Nothing to do, no true emotional pressure. In some ways, an ideal life, if only one were not a prisoner. The most debilitating part of incarceration, be it in a Lewisburg or an Allenwood, is that one gets used to it; our need for survival betrays us and makes us content to be less than fully human.

There are tales told of Allenwood and they may be apocryphal, but I'm not so sure. They tell, for example, of a *mafioso* called Charley "the Blade," a real *pezzo novante*, who had his meals served to him in bed by some of the lesser members of his family who were doing time with him; and they tell also of a memorable gold-bricker named Goldston who managed to avoid a job assignment for the entire 18 months he spent in central Pennsylvania. He slept all the time. He had carefully lettered a sign and had hung it at the foot of his bed: PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB. I HAVE COMPLETED MY WORK DETAIL. It sounded so authoritative that no one ever bothered to ask where he worked.

A man named Lester, who was doing his third bit and had been in Allenwood in the early Fifties, reminisced to me once about those good old days. "It really was a country club then," he said. "A man could relax, feel like half a human being, just by reason of having trust put on him. The hacks let us wander over the whole reservation. We were all finishing up big bits, had come here from Atlanta and The Wall and



" 'My Night with Peggy,' take seven!"

COUNTRY-CLUB PRISONS *It was possible, in my time at Allenwood, to drink, or get laid, or get stoned, although each had its attendant risks. Liquor was common and it cost $20 a fifth.*

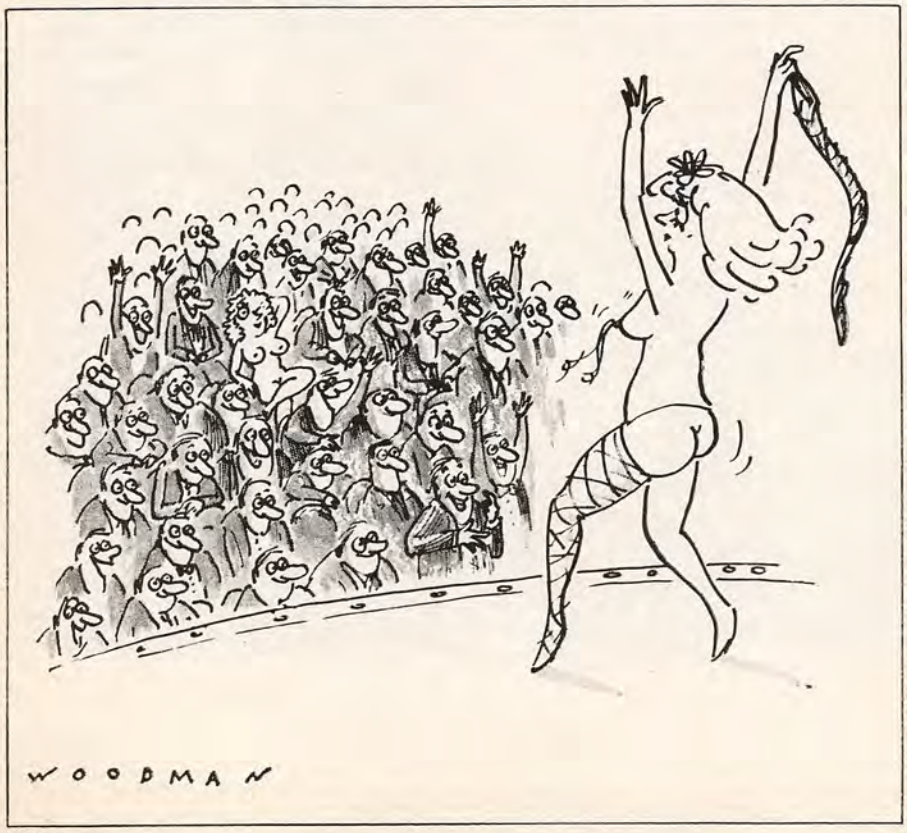
Alcatraz and such. Mature men, real cons, not like this trash you see here these days. We went out and trapped coons and rabbits, and cooked them in charcoal pits. Swam in the reservoir during the summer, fished on weekends. It was a good life. If you got caught outside the camp grabbing a piece of ass, they threw you in the hole over at The Wall for a few days, then brought you back here and told you to be more careful next time. But," Lester sighed, "the cons abused the freedom. Couple of dumb hillbillies got drunk one night, went out on Route 15 looking for cunt and waved their dicks at passing cars. That ended it. We got a new superintendent. The guys bitched. But everything they lost, they lost themselves."

Still it was possible, in my time at Allenwood, to drink, or get laid, or get stoned, although each had its attendant risks. Liquor was common and it cost $20 a fifth (it's $25 today, I hear, with inflation), which was cheap if you reckoned it against the per-drink price at P. J.'s or the St. Regis, except that at those places you can have it on the rocks instead of sipping it from a plastic coffee mug.

The booze was brought in by inmates, called runners; they usually had a contact in Williamsport and the haul would be stashed somewhere on the reservation, preferably in the forest. The runners kept in shape by jogging a few miles every day and it was hard to catch them and even harder to locate the stashes. The forest was big and on winter nights, the hacks had no great ambition to hunt through snowdrifts or brambles in search of buried cases of Jack Daniel's. Generally, on a Wednesday evening, your contact, or the runner himself, would stop by your bed with the Pennsylvania State Liquor List. You would peruse it and give him your order. This wasn't Lewisburg—where you had to drink home-brew cooked up, with raisins and yeast, in foul-smelling lockers—this was Allenwood and you could choose J&B or Chivas Regal.

I kept to a weekly six-pack of cold Genesee beer and an occasional bottle of Inglenook burgundy or Courvoisier. Once, around Christmas, I ordered a chocolate malt and the runner, with whom I was friendly, chuckled but obliged. He said, "I ain't doing it for the profit, man, you dig? It's the challenge." And he delivered it at midnight on Friday, in a container, and charged me only two dollars for his trouble.

Getting laid involved sneaking out of the camp between the various counts—specific times at which each resident had to be sitting on his bed for a head count. You had to be dead quiet during count time, for the slightest whisper seemed to throw the hack into a frenzied fear that he would blow the count and have to start all over again. The longest gap was between the four P.M. and ten P.M. counts and this was the time that most men chose to hit the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the broad path over the hill and through the forest to nearby Route 15. Waiting in a car on the highway would be one's wife or girlfriend, or a hooker provided by prearrangement—or the rendezvous could be made in one of the local motels. It was risky and I never tried it. During my six months at Allenwood, at least ten men were caught out of bounds with a woman or en route to meet one. They were placed on escape status, pitched into the neighboring, lice-infested county jail for a couple of weeks' punishment and then transferred to the penitentiaries at Lewisburg or Terre Haute. In most cases, a rat would have snitched on them; in some instances, the motels cooperated with the camp authorities; and occasionally, a man would be dumb enough or horny enough to overstay the time and miss count. Without free-lance help, the hacks patrolling the camp perimeter on their own had a perfect record of never having caught a single man.



Drugs—mostly grass—were brought in by various methods, some of them rather esoteric, and if I am less than specific, it's because I long ago chose sides and decided I was a prisoner and not a cooperative resident, a snitch. I remember smoking some of the most dynamite Syrian black hash I've ever come across, and I recall how, on New Year's Eve, a small group of us went down in the darkness to the weight-lifting shack, hoisted iron for about an hour and then, arm weary and light-headed on a starry night, got stoned. I was trying to wipe out the memory of Christmas, which had depressed me terribly despite gifts from the U. S. Government: two packs of Old Gold cigarettes, one pack of Westcott mixed nuts, one box of Sunshine Chip-A-Roos chocolate-chip cookies, one bag of Betteryet Hard Candies (made in Virginia), all in a brown-paper bag.

At this New Year's Eve party, therefore, I was so stoned someone had to be assigned to look after me. "Clifford's not wrapped too tight," one of my mates explained. He was a Syndicate chief from Buffalo called Moish, a Jewish strong man. "This boychick's not playing with a full deck. Keep an eye on him, hear?"

He was right. Somehow I was convinced that we were all invited, by the elves and trolls, to a party in the forest. Assorted nymphs would be there, too. Moish and friends guided me back to dorm two and laid me out on my bunk, where I blissed out peacefully, long before the new year arrived. Come to

think of it, that experience stands as one of the most memorable, unsentimental and civilized New Year's Eve parties I've ever been to.

The only problem was that I awoke the next morning to find myself, like Gregor Samsa, a cockroach and in prison. I fluttered my arms feebly, trying to get out, or at least to assert my noncockroachness. From then on, it was all downhill at Allenwood. I was full of a sense of lunatic secret power in a powerless situation, until the night when my fuck-you carelessness toppled my sense of self-preservation and I was caught by one of the more gung-ho hacks as I walked down the corridor conspicuously carrying a paper bag that contained an instant-coffee jar filled with Bombay gin.

At midnight, I was taken to the hole at Lewisburg. For a night and a morning, I trembled. Then, it seemed from one minute to the next, I decided it wasn't so bad. I could survive. I could prevail. I could read in peace. I could sleep. For six months, I had passed my nights amid a cacophony of snores, farts, rural Pennsylvania all-night disc jockeys, as well as the mutterings, groans and occasional screams of tormented men. I wondered how I had survived it. For four days at Lewisburg, in solitary, I slept and read and slept. Then I was transferred to another country club, Danbury, in the picturesque Connecticut hills. And into another dormitory, another madhouse, that was even more crowded than Allenwood's.

Danbury is not what they call a good stop. If you have a choice, pick Allenwood. I've heard that Eglin, a Federal camp located on the Air Force base in the Florida panhandle, is even better—two tennis courts, unlimited telephone calls and the tantalizing presence of WAFs, who say, "Y'all're one a' *thaym*?" as well as officers' wives—but what you hear about is not necessarily what you get. They say, for example, that the Fort Worth minimum-security joint is coed and, while sex is forbidden, the camp doctor nevertheless issues birth-control pills to the women prisoners, just in case. That's what they say, but who knows?

There were no women at Danbury other than the caseworkers' secretaries. Danbury is walled in. It's confining. The administration is traditionally petty and restrictive, the warden a rumored alcoholic who shows up on the compound now and then with a totally unsmiling but somehow bewildered look, as if he wants to ask: "How did I get *here*?" He sometimes greets inmates with a quick, "How're you doing?" but he has never been known to stop for an answer. The practical administration of Danbury has always been left to a series of associate wardens. The latest one, the aforementioned Max Weger, whom I knew from Allenwood, is certainly the most disliked and least respected prison official I've known or heard of during my time as a ward of the Attorney General.

Seven hundred men and no tennis court. There are a doctor and a dentist, however, which you won't find at Allenwood, where there is just a foul-tempered and generally incompetent M.T.A. (Medical Technical Assistant), who's been there in Pennsylvania, it would seem, since the camp was an Army Ordnance depot back in 1944. At Danbury, after seven or eight months of dormitory living—70 men sleeping in a space meant for 40—I was transferred to a room of my own in what's called preferred housing. What I really got was a cell, but euphemism is endemic to the Federal prison system and both the prisoners and the administration call it a room.

Never mind. When I was finally moved there after about 13 months of dormitory living, I felt like I was moving from a Bowery flophouse to the Waldorf-Astoria. I was *happy*. I said to myself, with something that resembled genuine joy: "I can live here." Privacy, silence, the privilege of reading after the dormitory lights out at 11 P.M. I could resurrect my cock, which had defensively crept into a little I-don't-want-to-know cocoon for the past 13 months or so, and jerk off in the darkness of my own room with visions of whatever angels or orgies I felt were necessary. I was happy. Which again shows how the human animal can be manipulated and degraded to the point that he hasn't much more than a faint clue about what's happening to him. It may sound farfetched, but for the first time, in prison, I understood how 6,000,000 Jews plus those millions of Russian prisoners and gypsies could be led from the ghettos to the camps and ultimately to the gas chambers without staging a bloody mass uprising. Human beings are too adjustable a species. We don't snarl and struggle. Hope, so often masquerading as our friend, is the final enemy, the secret weapon of the final solution, because it kills reason.

They have a wonderful saying among the troops. "If you can't do the time, don't do the crime." I would also add, with more earnestness than profundity, "Don't get caught." Then you can go to Montego Bay, or Paradise Island, or East Hampton, to a club of *your* choice. ■

REGGIE JACKSON *A quality woman doesn't care about your being a star. I find men to be more resentful of my stardom than women, probably because I'm not competing with women.*

(Continued from page 68) pretty asshole moods and if a guy doesn't really like me, he's not going to stay around me. It's a characteristic that I wish I didn't have, but it's my way of finding out who my friends really *are*. It can be valuable. I also know that in dating girls, or really becoming close with a girl, being a star is a nice way to be introduced. But once you start sleeping with them, or having a good time with them—when a girl starts opening her legs up to you, man, the ones that *I* know, the ones I'm continuously around, they don't give a fuck about that star shit. That wears off real quick. If you get a quality woman, she doesn't give a fuck about your being a star or anything. I have found a lot of genuine women—I'd say *more* genuine women than genuine men. I find men to be more resentful than women, probably because I'm not competing with women. But I've had extended relationships with a girl because of stardom, because of the fringe benefits and bonuses that go along with being Reggie Jackson's girl. You know, like riding in or borrowing a nice car, or getting a nice gift, or getting a nice pad, or having a nice image of being seen with me. I understand that those kind of things can prolong a relationship. It's sort of a "Well, he *is* an asshole, but I'll give him one more chance" attitude.

OUI: Whereas, if you were a poor asshole, you might not get that one more chance.

JACKSON: Thank you. Right.

OUI: Do you have trouble keeping a rein on your ego?

JACKSON: The toughest thing is to stay in touch with reality—to realize that you really aren't any different, that you don't really warrant all the exceptions made for you and the carte-blanche treatment. People *do* treat you differently, the press treats you differently and you start to think of yourself differently. Then, all of a sudden, you turn around and look into reality, and you see that people don't like the way you are and that you don't like the way you are yourself: You're not really a good person, not a good human being, not able to relate on a human level, because you've been pushed into a situation where you are an exception.

OUI: What have you seen that you didn't like and had to change?

JACKSON: My need to be liked, my need to be accepted by people. That is an insecurity. But everybody's got insecurities. That happens to be mine. I don't like that about myself, but I'm glad that it's not paranoia, or schizophrenia, or something that I really couldn't live with—a real mental or psychological problem. Other than that, I'm pretty satisfied.

OUI: What about the superstar label as something you have to constantly live up to?

JACKSON: It makes you put a lot of pressure on yourself. My determination to try to excel year after year, I feel, is what keeps me going. For example, spring training was extremely difficult for me this year, but I knew that to stay on top, I had to do my work. My work has to be done so that I can be psychologically at ease and can continue to excel. This is a never-ending battle. Some days in training I hit until my hands bled, because I was trying to stay on top, to be a great hitter. I don't have to do a hell of a lot of work to have *good* years all the time. But to do more, to hit .300, with 30 home runs and 100 r.b.i.s, that requires more of *me*. Another problem is constant publicity.

OUI: You don't exactly run away and hide on the field.

JACKSON: The things that I do as a player are different—I wear sweat bands, I wear a golf glove on my hand, I wear tinted glasses, I wear long sleeves all year round. I'm different-looking and a lot of people resent that. My mannerisms at the plate are kind of neat-looking, my mannerisms on the field are showboatish and people reflect on that and think, well, he's a hot dog, or he's an asshole.

OUI: Does the press help or hurt?

JACKSON: Well, I'm good copy. I have a knack for saying funny, catchy things and writers like that, so I automatically draw attention in the clubhouse. People resent that. Or I'll sign 90 autographs, then won't sign the 91st and one of the players will say, "Boy, what an asshole *he* is." I'll go zero for four, another guy'll hit three for four and the writers will still come and talk to me, and people resent that. But if I don't talk with the writers, I'm gonna be written about as being a bad guy—yet I have to get along with my teammates. There's a lot of resentment of my getting attention because of superstardom.

OUI: Last year, you suffered from concentrated press overexposure. Aren't you afraid of being taken advantage of by the press?

JACKSON: Well, I do the best I can. It's like, for example, our relationship. I mean, you've let me really be me while you've been here. You've sacrificed to do this interview. In order to get one day from me, you've left me alone for three or four days—just pedaling your bicycle, so to speak. Now, if a guy like that's going to do a story on me, I can make time for him—I can give the guy a fair shake, because he's given me *two* fair shakes. But it takes a very secure person to give me that platform, that isolation, that individuality, so I'll make an exception for you. I will go out of my way for you. If you were an asshole, I wouldn't do it.

OUI: Sure, it's nice to be selective *now*, but if it weren't for the press and television, Reggie Jackson wouldn't be as big a name as he is, right?

JACKSON: I very much believe that. They've made me a big name, I'm a very high-profile guy right now and I owe a lot of that to the media—although my ability has something to do with it. But I don't want to get to the point where people are taking from me. When they take away and take away and take away from your battery, it runs down and you have to have something to charge it up. Therefore, I've got to be a little more selective—and a lot more gracious—in turning interviews down. The three cover stories that I did last year, all in a span of five–six weeks, just drained the living hell out of me.

OUI: How do you recharge your battery?

JACKSON: By being around people who can give me some strength, my best friends. People who are fun for me. The real stuff in my life is what charges me back up—being around good, honest people who are really, sincerely concerned about me.

OUI: What do you do after a particularly tense game—a world-series game? How do you get back to normal?

JACKSON: I like to drink beer. That relaxes me. Being around a lady does it for me. Listening to music. Having a nice romantic evening. Looking out from the balcony. Just a quiet scene with a pretty lady. That's my way of winding down.

OUI: Yes, and a Bay view doesn't hurt, either.

JACKSON: Thank you. That's what I got. You been to my house?

OUI: No, but I know where my house'd be if I were number nine out in right field.

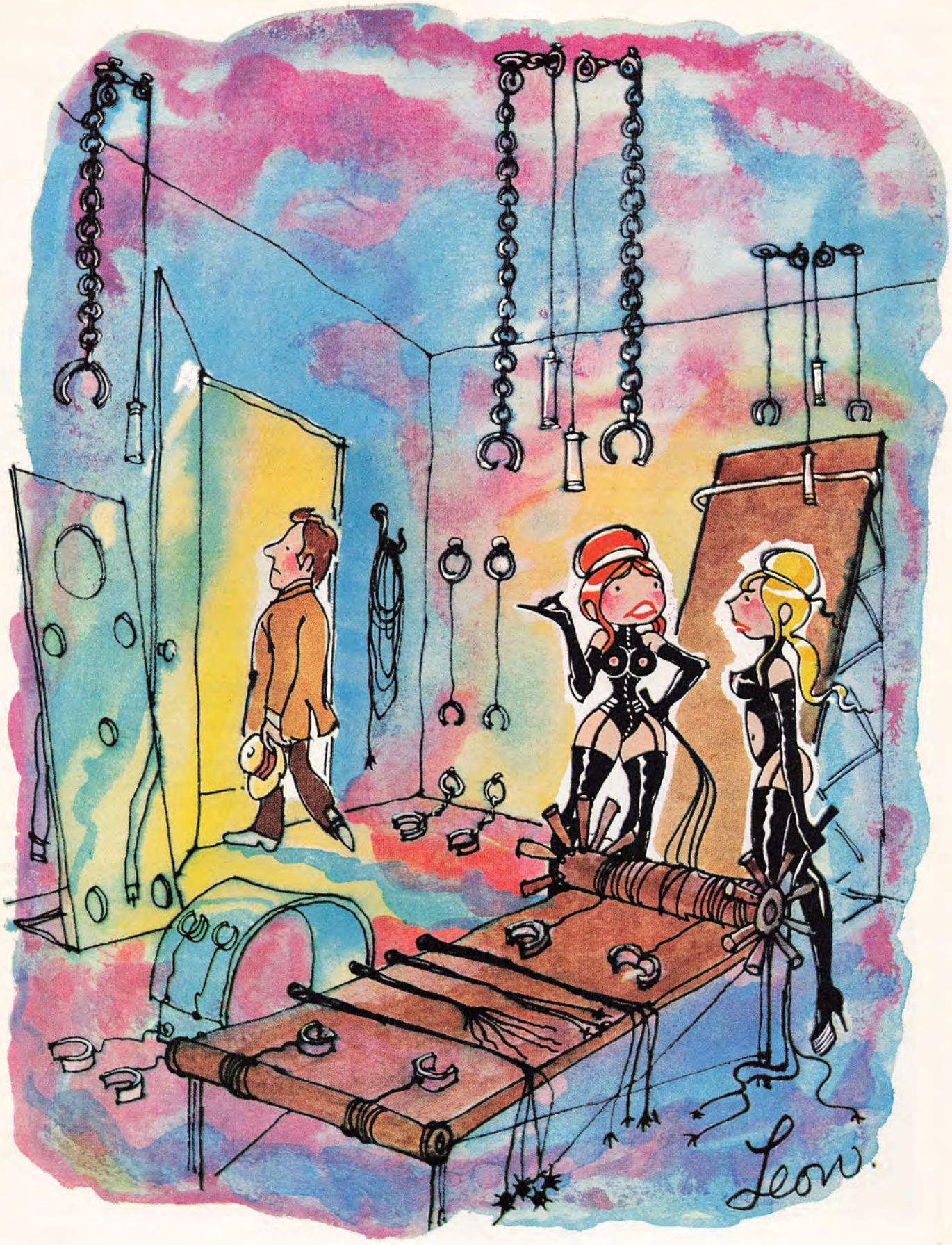
JACKSON: Get down! Get down, man! I live right up in the fucking Oakland hills; I finally got my house up there. You ought to come up and see that motherfucker, man. Come on up Sunday.

OUI: Thank you, I will.

JACKSON: *Any* time.

OUI: A lot has been made about the personal dissension and fights among players on the A's. Is that a press distortion?

JACKSON: Well, there's always jealousy when a bunch of people are together for a long time. When there are queen bees and regular workers, there are always going to be problems and conflicts. It



"I spent a fortune on this gear
and he only wanted to perform natural acts!"

comes from natural jealousy. I'm sure that sportswriters occasionally have conflicts or fights with the editor. People are always going to be against the top dog, no matter what line of work they're in. The fact is that the A's are world champions, so they write about us.

OUI: Why do you think sportswriters—or, for that matter, the readers—are so captivated by dissension and fights and violence?

JACKSON: Well, for one thing, a player is not so invincible, so high and mighty when he's having problems. He's making a lot of money and getting a lot of news and receiving a lot of awards—being praised all the time—but if people see him arguing and not getting along, then it makes him a little bit more normal. I think it's natural to enjoy that.

OUI: How do you handle it? There're a lot of ears around you and the press is always ready to blast your first misstatement into the headlines.

JACKSON: Well, that's true. I have to watch what I say. I don't *like* it. It's very unnatural to have to watch what you say and to have to guard against other people's feelings, but it's part of life and something that I have to live with and accept.

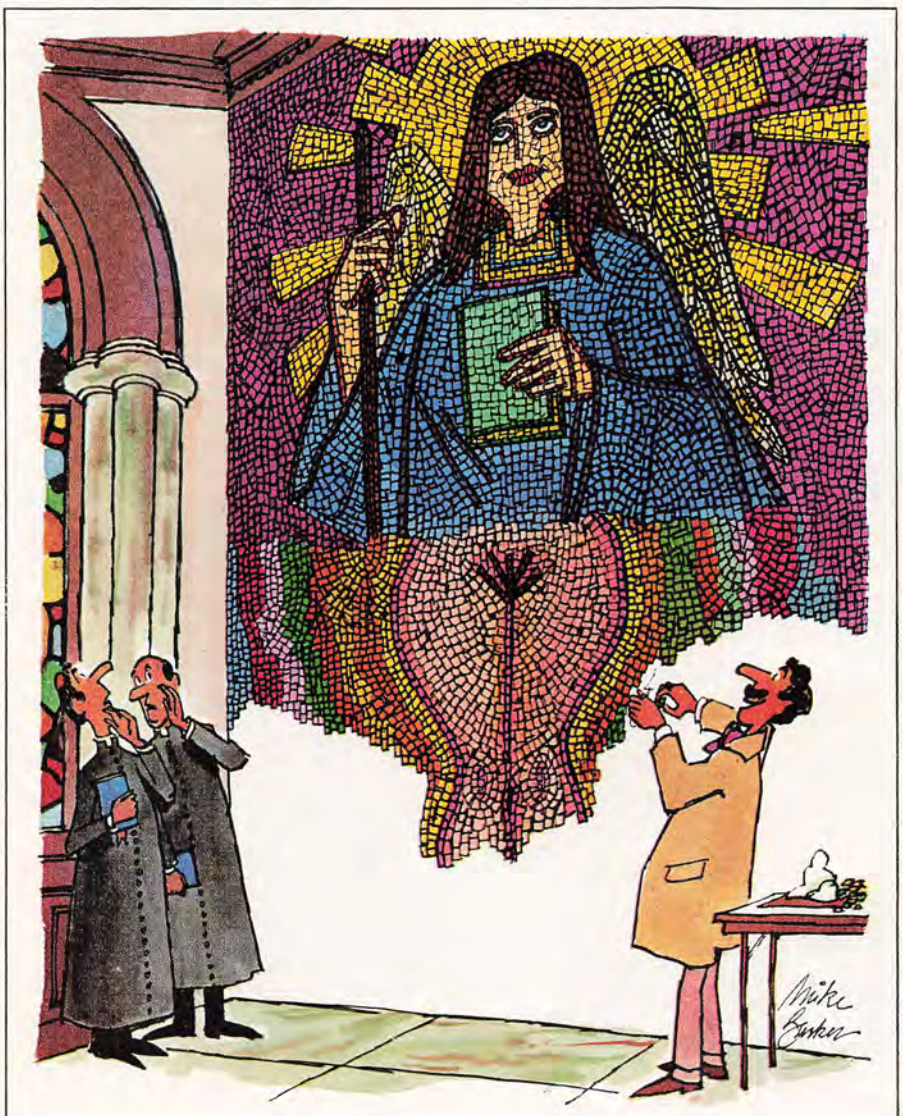
OUI: The team concept seems largely to be a fiction that fans and athletes still hold on to. Would you say, especially when today's teammate can be tomorrow's adversary, that, in the final analysis, it's every player for himself?

JACKSON: Well, every ballplayer is for himself, yes. I know *I* want to have a good year. If the team does badly, I still want to have a good year. But if you have a fair year and play for a winner, it's a good year. If you have a good year and play for a winner, it's a great year. The rewards of winning the world series are much greater if you're on the winning team and don't play well than if you've had a bad time and have played on a losing team. The fact that your team wins is very, very important. I hit 29 home runs last year—not that great a total—but I did it for a world champion, so it *means* something. I don't believe that players mean it when they say, "It doesn't matter to me how I did, as long as the team did all right," but I can understand it. If I played for a team that didn't win, I'd be concerned about my having a good year and that's all. I'm still concerned about my having a good year, but I know how important it is to win. I can rationalize and say to myself, I'm going bad, but we're winning, so nobody notices. But if I'm going bad and we're *losing*, then people notice. So for *my* benefit, let's win. It is a two-way street: You can win and still be selfish.

OUI: Don't you think this business of winning as opposed to performance is overemphasized?

JACKSON: Well, there's a difference between winning, losing and getting beat. If I get beat, I have no complaints. If I go out and hit three triples and a home run, and the other guy hits four home runs, or three home runs and a triple, I was *beaten* that day. So, if I've played my best, if I've given my best possible performance, I have no regrets, win or lose. To me, there's a difference. I don't mind getting beat, but I *can't stand to lose*. Then I have to rehash the game, figure out what was wrong with me, why I played this way—did I get my rest the night before, was something bothering me, was I not getting along with one of the players, did we not execute the fundamentals of the game, did we *play our game*? Or did we sit back, make mental errors, do something wrong? Then I have to wallow in the thought of losing that game. But if I'm beaten, I go home and start a new day tomorrow. I'm not invincible, I'm only a human being and somebody out there is better than me. Last year, the A's *beat* the Dodgers; they didn't lose the world series, we *beat* 'em, we fundamentally *outplayed* them. Regardless of who had more talent, for those five games we were a *better team*; we executed better and they were *beaten*. That to me is the difference.

OUI: Does life off the field parallel life on the field—like, if you're hot on the field, everything off the field is going well, and



"He says she's the saint of women's liberation."

if you're in a slump, you drop everything you pick up?

JACKSON: No, that's not true at all. They're pretty much two different worlds. Things can get rough for me on the field, but, you know, my W-2 was way over $200,000 last year, so things off the field can't go too bad. I mean, I have emotional problems and lady problems and business problems and tax problems and I get in car wrecks and I break things at home and I fuck up a $60 sweater and things get stolen from me—you know, somebody tries to fuck me over—but if anything happens that can be replaced with dollar bills, it ain't a problem. If the car breaks down and it's a Rolls-Royce—fuck it, pull that motherfucker over and buy another one. But if you lose a finger, you can't buy another one. If you lose your mother or father, if you get cancer, if you lose your eyes—you can't buy them.

OUI: It's knowing what's important and what's transitory bullshit.

JACKSON: Right. If I'm having problems with my health, or my family, or some of my friends, *that* bothers me. But if someone rips me off for 20 grand—fuck it, that's a month's salary. I mean, it's bad and I don't like it, but I can afford the insurance. I can't get the sentimental things back, but fuck it, so what? If I'm married and they break in and steal every motherfucking thing I got, or everything my wife gave me, I can buy new ones. But if they break in and rape her, I can't buy that back. I can't replace it. So, off the field, man, is a fucking lark for me. My problems begin when I get to *this* motherfucker [the ball field].

OUI: Do umpires contribute to your problems?

JACKSON: When I'm on a baseball field, what's involved is my livelihood, my pride—it's what I stand for. Umpires make calls having to do with thousands of dollars. In those circumstances, it's easy to argue vehemently, *vigorously*, get very demonstrative, with the waving of hands and shaking of the head, because there's a lot at stake, you know: manhood, pride, all the things that the press and fans put upon you, all these *pressures*. And I don't think that too many players are acting when they argue vigorously. I think they believe strongly in what they're saying.

OUI: If you make an enemy of an umpire, could it hurt you?

JACKSON: Yes. I will *not* make an enemy of an umpire, even if I know he is wrong. I usually will avoid having a flashy argument with an umpire. But if I feel it's warranted, if I'm absolutely sure that the guy has, beyond question, blown the call and he realizes it, then I will really jump on his back for being lax. Other than that, I won't do it, because he'll hold it against me.

OUI: The common myth is that umpires are fair, that they're like Supreme Court Justices—emotionless—and that when it comes to the call, their personal feelings don't interfere. That's bullshit, isn't it?

JACKSON: Yes, it is. They can get petty, they can get resentful and they can take it out on you. Umpires pass the word around the league if a player's a hot dog or a pain in the ass or a problem maker, and they'll straighten him out. With wrong calls.

OUI: Have they gotten players out of the league whom they didn't like?

JACKSON: No, I don't think so.

OUI: Is racism a factor in umpires' decisions? Are there some who will, knowingly or unknowingly, give the white player an edge over the black player?

JACKSON: No, I don't think umpires are like that. I think that maybe once or twice a season an umpire will look at another player and notice that he's black. But no umpire can make a judgment call

"It's just that if I wore something like that, my fiancé might think I wasn't properly reared."

REGGIE JACKSON *Why shouldn't I date whoever I want to date? A black ballplayer isn't trying to prove anything if he's dating a white girl.*

and have black and white on his mind. I don't think anybody's *that* intelligent, heh-heh. However, just because it's a fact of life, sometimes an umpire will call a guy a nigger under his breath, or say "I'll get this nigger," because of something that he did in a previous inning, or the week before, or the month before. But umpires don't consciously make racial judgments.

OUI: Have you run into racism elsewhere in baseball?

JACKSON: Sure, because there's racism in these United States.

OUI: Has being black hurt you? Has it hampered you or held you back?

JACKSON: I really wouldn't know. I don't know any other way.

OUI: You're marginal, though. You were raised in a mostly white community.

JACKSON: I'm still black. I'm not marginal. I'm a black man.

OUI: Are there some red-necks on the A's?

JACKSON: There're red-necks on every ball club—very much so.

OUI: Does it affect play?

JACKSON: No. It affects tension. Some of my friends in baseball say they've been told by some of the other guys that they shouldn't be hanging around with me, because it's not to their benefit; because I'm black.

OUI: What's it going to do, rub off?

JACKSON: It doesn't look good.

OUI: It doesn't *look* good?

JACKSON: I've heard that.

OUI: You mean that it's not good for a white ballplayer's career for him to hang around a black ballplayer?

JACKSON: Right. Those statements have been brought directly back to me. I think a lot of it has to do with interracial dating.

OUI: Is that a problem? Is that still very touchy?

JACKSON: It's not a problem, because a problem is something that's tangible. It's an *undercurrent*; there are side remarks and resentment. It doesn't bother some players, but most white players *hate* it.

OUI: That's interesting.

JACKSON: It's not interesting to me.

OUI: Do you mean you're disliked because you have the temerity, the gall, to poke it into white ladies?

JACKSON: Temerity or gall? It's not that to *me*. It's something natural. Why shouldn't I date whoever I want to date? If someone looks pretty, I want to talk to her. If she likes me, why shouldn't I ask her to dinner? But you're not supposed to do that, it doesn't look good. "Why should they be with our women? They're trying to prove they're in the upper class now because they date whites." That's what I hear. Well, who says you're in the upper class if you date a white?

OUI: Whites.

JACKSON: Whites. But a black ballplayer isn't trying to prove anything if he's dating a white girl. It just happens to be what he feels like doing.

OUI: One of the A's Latin-American players told me that Latin ballplayers have to be superior to comparable American players and to *black* players, in order to make the majors.

JACKSON: Latin ballplayers are at more of a disadvantage than the blacks because of the communication barrier. I think that many white managers are offended by the Spanish language and the *coolness* that a Latin ballplayer projects, because managers don't understand, they can't communicate, and this makes it more difficult. When there's no communication, there's no warmth.

OUI: What about on the ownership level?

JACKSON: True, there's also racism in baseball because most people who run the game are from the South. Not many blacks are in coaching jobs or managerial positions, let alone the front office. Of the 24 teams and 1000 employees in major-league baseball, I bet that less than one percent of the front-office personnel is black. I don't think that pro football is anything to rave about, either. No pro-football team is even *close* to having a

WE NEED BULLETS LIKE WE NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD.

- Hand guns account for 75% of all armed violence.
- A new hand gun is sold in the U.S. every 13 seconds.
- 7 out of 10 policemen killed in the U.S. were killed with hand guns.

We want the Consumer Product Safety Commission to ban the sale of bullets for hand guns only. They have the authority to do this if enough people write.

WRITE TO: CONSUMER PRODUCT SAFETY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20207, and tell them you want the sale of bullets for hand guns to be banned. (Except to police, licensed security guards, the military and licensed pistol clubs.)

Donations are needed and welcome. Please send them to: The Committee for Hand Gun Control, Inc., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

BAN BULLETS
FOR HAND GUNS

REGGIE JACKSON *Owners feel blacks should be thankful that they've gotten the opportunity to play in the big leagues. I hate to say it, but they're plantation owners.*

black head coach, and I can't see one being named for a long time to come.

OUI: I guess basketball is the only Equal Opportunity Employer.

JACKSON: That's only because the teams are 60–70 percent black.

OUI: There's a theory that there has never been a black manager before now because a black manager and a white *general* manager couldn't go to the same cat house together. Do you think it comes down to that?

JACKSON: I don't think that the white men who run baseball today and are 60–65 years old can sit down at a table and relate to a black man on an equal intellectual level. It's very difficult for them to say, "This man is as intelligent as I am, he knows as much as I do," because they feel as though they've *given* him the job and all of a sudden he's sitting right *next* to them. They feel blacks should be thankful that they've gotten the opportunity to play in the big leagues because of the white man. They're plantation owners—I hate to say that, because it sounds like I'm being very racist, but I feel it's hard for the owners to relate to a black coming out of Mississippi, or Alabama, who had no shoes and picked cotton as a kid and who is now making business decisions, doing the same thing *they're* doing. The owners can't relate to that.

OUI: It seems the only thing owners *can* relate to now is money. It's all strictly business. Why is that?

JACKSON: I think it's because of a combination of things: the American public's emphasis on money, material things; the economy; and the realization among many athletes, in every sport, that the end comes a lot sooner than you think. Also, there's the realistic view that players are mistreated by owners—like what happened to Willie Mays and even to Jackie Robinson. They were shuttled off at the end of their careers, pushed around by their team owners.

OUI: What happened to Mays?

JACKSON: Well, after a great, illustrious career—and when you talk about superstars, Mays *invented* the word superstar to me—and always going to camp, and loving the game, and doing everything for his owner, and never making problems in signing his contract. Well, then, toward the twilight of his career, when he needed something from the owner—a helping hand, or a lift—the owner wasn't there to reach down and help that guy, to repay him for all the loyal years of service and all the love for the team that he had put in by never complaining, eating a lot of crow, never disagreeing and always making management look good. This has had an adverse effect on the way some ballplayers act today. They've come to the realization that it's strictly a business for many of the owners. The players are strictly a large tax deduction and if the owners can improve the ball club and themselves by using one of us or trading us, then that's what they're going to do. I don't think it's hate, or dog eat dog; it's the realization that this is a business and that's the way it is. There's no buddy system. There's no loyalty involved.

OUI: You're saying the relationship between management and players is commercial, not human?

JACKSON: Yes, yes, very much so. We are pieces of property for earning dollars. And it's all right to a certain extent, because this *is* what we are—we're a tool, an asset that is deductible, that earns money. I am an integral part of a *machine*, an organism. If your heart stops, you get a transplant and throw the old one away. That's the way to look at this. The human element doesn't get involved. Whether it's right or not is open for debate. They definitely treat us as machinery or chattel.

OUI: Is that how it is with the A's?

JACKSON: It's why I think this Oakland A's ball club has been so vocal, so *apparently* disruptive: There're a lot of guys here who *do* have some deep feeling for one another. It's *pride* that's involved.

OUI: Are you fighting to maintain your humanity?

JACKSON: Well, let me say this: It's not that you're fighting for it, but circumstances are that the Oakland A's, as a dollar investment, is composed of human beings and these people have feelings, emotions, families, and they can *reason.* If a guy develops a bad arm and deserves a second chance, but the owners cast him aside, put his family out in the cold, the players *feel* that.

OUI: Charlie Finley has gone out of his way to deny his ballplayers respect; he has demeaned them, he has ridiculed them, he called the A's team captain, Sal Bando, a village idiot and you a disruptive influence. How do the A's handle this attack on their self-respect?

JACKSON: Well, like I say, a baseball team is looked at by its owner as if it were a group of race cars. If something goes wrong, replace it. Don't look at the human element.

OUI: What's the team's general opinion of Charlie Finley?

JACKSON: That he's all for himself. He's all for *his* betterment.

OUI: Has he hurt you?

JACKSON: I know he's hurt me mentally, changed my outlook on a lot of things. But I think he's toughened me, too, because I've *had* to be tough to escape his wrath. This is the way a lot of us survive and why we have such a great ball club, why we have such great unity on the field. We need one another. Out of sheer desperation, we have to have one another to survive.

OUI: You've said that Charlie Finley forces the A's to compete against one another. Is that good or bad?

JACKSON: It's bad. You never want to resent another player. You don't want to compete viciously against your teammates. You want to compete against them professionally. I want to outdo them, but if they outdo me, I don't want to be angry at them. But the kind of competition Charlie likes to create is with salaries—he wants us to compete against one another to see who can make the most money—and I don't agree with *that* philosophy.

OUI: Finley beat you in salary arbitration by using statistics and ignoring the finish of the team. Do you think he takes advantage of players' refusal to put themselves above the team and that the A's are going to be playing more for themselves this year because of that?

JACKSON: No, I don't think so. You can't go into arbitration and say, "I'm the guy who won the pennant," even if you've been voted the Most Valuable Player. You still need 24 other players. Yet, if you're the owner, when one guy's in arbitration, you can say *he's* not important, and then when another guy's in there, you can say how important the *first* guy was and how unimportant *this* fellow is. That's what Finley does.

OUI: If you had the money, would you buy a baseball team?

JACKSON: I would buy a team, if I had the money.

OUI: Would you deliberately try to buy the A's?

JACKSON: I would deliberately try to buy the A's.

OUI: Even while you were playing?

JACKSON: Yes. If I bought the A's, though, I would sell myself to another team.

OUI: To avoid conflict of interest?

JACKSON: No.

OUI: Couldn't stand working for yourself?

JACKSON: Strictly for business reasons. I would sell myself for immediate capital.

OUI: To get the money to plow back into the team?

JACKSON: Right.

OUI: That's fascinating. Who would you sell yourself to?

JACKSON: Either the Dodgers or the Yankees; whoever put up $2,000,000. ▣

"I thought perhaps you might like to get out and get under. . . ."

(Continued from page 74) agent is to receive the cash in each liaison service. These will be people we know personally, who've trained at the Police Academy or at The Farm.

D.D.O.: Sounds like I'm off on an eight-country inspection tour.

D.C.I.: Starting in about ten days, Jack. I'll stagger the dispersals out of Switzerland so the couriers will be arriving in each country a couple of days before you get there. My message will tell the station chiefs to advise the penetration agents to hold the cash until contacted by an officer from headquarters.

D.D.O.: And if any of the chiefs ask questions, I'll simply say I'm acting on instructions from the director.

D.C.I.: Quote me any way you like, but don't mention any specifics about PBPRIME beyond its involving protection of the agency against its enemies at home.

D.D.M.&S.: And when Jack gets back, I'll deliver the cash into accounts we've opened around the country to finance the new I.G. operations in the D.O.D. stations.

D.C.I.: They're exclusively PBPRIME accounts—no strings to other I.G. operations or to domestic operations?

D.D.M.&S.: None. Only PBPRIME officers working under I.G. cover are authorized to draw.

D.C.I.: What's the outside personnel situation?

D.D.O.: Shannon's doing an incredible job. The cover arrangement is that he's retiring to form an ex–CIA employees' association to defend the agency from its critics. The response has been amazing. Some of the more senior people have called and come straight here, from all over the country. Shannon talks with them about the ex-employees' association, but we're really assessing them for outside jobs in PBPRIME.

D.C.I.: How's the response?

D.D.O.: Very positive. It's natural, I suppose, but the retired officers are as resentful as the rest of us over the agency's image being blackened. Nobody wants his life's work to be called criminal. A lot of them are even suggesting on their own that the agency get a counterattack going, something like PBPRIME.

D.C.I.: How many recruited so far?

D.D.O.: About 20. We'll build up to a peak of 50 or 60 by spring. Our assessments go out to the new I.G. offices and the inside people there make the direct recruitments. First we'll use the retirees to set up the detective agencies—one at each PBPRIME office—and to help get the patriotic crusade organized.

D.C.I.: The crusade's the key. It'll prepare the terrain for Scooperman's campaign—articulate the issues and the needs that his campaign will come along to fill. Now, we've mentioned the possibility of having some high-level civic group, to give the crusade respectability.

D.D.M.&S.: This is a tough one, but I think it's going to work. There're about 100 companies, from I.T.T. on down, that've given employment cover for our officers overseas at one time or another, plus another 200 that we've worked closely with in other ways and that owe us favors. Now, I don't want to risk making a direct approach to our contacts in any of these companies—that would get too many civilians asking too many questions. Instead, I've been checking on which agency officers served with which companies and could approach top management to suggest participation in such a civic committee. I got five former senior officers through Shannon's retired-employees' association and they can make the necessary contacts to put together a committee of about 25 top business people. If we get them all, we'll have at least one representative from each of the main multinational corporate groups—autos, food processing, oil, drugs, mining, banking, and so on. The committee will stay in the background and serve for general guidance and funding. We'll pass cash through it to the patriotic crusade and to the political-action front we're setting up here in D.C.

D.C.I.: The crusade and the action front will be completely separate?

D.D.M.&S.: Right, except that we may have to move certain case officers from the crusade to the front and even to the campaign organization as the situation changes. Basically, the political-action group will serve as an overlap cover between the crusade—a mass-movement nonpartisan thing at first—and Scooperman's campaign.

D.C.I.: Be careful not to cross too many lines on that. Now, on the patriotic crusade, Jack, you're going to organize it by interest sectors according to normal procedure?

D.D.O.: Already have it outlined. We'll have different divisions for labor, youth, women, students, professionals and the media, with each sector headed by one of our civilian friends.

D.C.I.: How soon will the crusade and the political-action group be announced?

D.D.O.: By the first of the year, we hope. We've got to start before the primaries begin in March and we need to recruit a lot of candidates besides Scooperman—Senators, Congressmen, governors. In fact, I think the President's going to be the easiest part. Turning Congress around is what's going to be tough.

D.C.I.: We'll do it, as long as we keep on schedule. Now, I want you all to listen to this statement I've prepared for the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. I'm trying to make it frank, conciliatory, fully cooperative. . . .

February 1976

D.C.I.: Our timing couldn't have been better. I wouldn't have thought the crusade would spread so fast so quickly, but last week's Washington's Birthday Bicentennial rallies changed my mind.

D.D.M.&S.: And I was afraid something called the Citizens' Coalition for the Second American Revolution might sound too hokey, old-fashioned, but just look—it was announced on New Year's Day to inaugurate the Bicentennial and already there're chapters across the country and we've got national adherence from the Legion, V.F.W., League of Women Voters, A.F.L.-C.I.O. The people are really ready for somebody to tell them they're still right, to give them some hope.

D.C.I.: But don't ignore the other themes. Start with the positive—historical greatness, private initiative, nuclear power, a tight defense for an open society—but then let's get to the negative: defeat in Vietnam caused by an internal enemy at home—without mentioning any names yet—decline in traditional values, threat of Soviet and Chicom expansionism, our imminent destruction. Then come in with the alternatives: national rejuvenation and restoration, recovery of our position of world leadership, standing up to the Communists, willingness to use our power. These have to be coordinated and developed very carefully. It can't be straight hard-line Birchite stuff. We have to use a populist appeal, a humanist approach—create sorrow and guilt feelings for the people whose freedom we lost in Indochina and who will lose it in Portugal, Thailand and other places if the U. S. doesn't intervene. And keep in mind, the real target all along will be *détente*—talk about the grain deal, the technology giveaways. Blame *détente* for the depression, for loss of U. S. prestige. This will be Scooperman's big issue.

D.D.O.: He's already into it, thanks to our Israeli friend. We've had QRTEST working with him two–three times a week on the different issues—sort of a refresher course. We also decided to give Scooperman only half of the money now—$1000 a month in an escrow account. We're committed to doubling this when he's nominated and then raising it to $10,000 a month. Henry'll think twice before risking all this, especially since we've got tapes of his meetings with QRTEST. *(Continued on page 120)*

SHORT TAKES

BOBBY "DUKE" HAYWOOD

When he went to prison, he was a young kid gone wrong. When he came out several years later, he was a hardened chess hustler.

I noticed him for the first time during the Fischer-Spassky match in 1972, and then I began looking for his wide-brimmed "Clyde" hat every time I passed by. He's usually around, hunched over his chessboard contemplating a move, or collecting money, or wheedling another challenger out of the crowd.

Bobby "Duke" Haywood is a chess hustler. His places of business—when he's not on the road—are two cement trash cans in the Times Square area of midtown Manhattan. The first time I watched him, he played speed chess with elegantly controlled abandon and easily defeated three "patzers" at two bucks a head. The next time I stopped by, he was alone, munching doughnuts and studying Chernev's *Combinations: The Heart of Chess* in a narrow coffee shop.

"Hustler isn't a word I care for," Bobby Haywood told me. "I'm an unaffiliated chess professional."

Haywood hasn't always played a gentleman's game. As a teenager, he was remanded to a youth house for shooting two rival gang members and brutalizing a truant officer. After that, he was in and out of a series of state prisons—including Sing Sing, on charges of attempted grand larceny. Haywood was able to study chess for several years without interruption.

After one parole, he boxed professionally in New York and New Jersey until an eye injury left him partially blind. Since then, he's made his living as a chess hustler.

When I asked him how business was, Haywood put down his doughnut, made a fluttering gesture with one of the shattered hands that—along with the scar tissue covering his right eye—are the enduring mementos of his boxing days. "When the weather's good, I'll do a hundred dollars a day. But now. . . ." He shivered to indicate both cold days and hard times. "If the weather gets *real* bad, Bill DeMasi, one of my . . . 'investors,' takes me down to the sunny Caribbean."

"They play much chess down there?"

"Wherever there's men and money, I'll find a game. This one dude flew me up to Nome, Alaska. It was co-*old*. But them cats on the pipeline make more money than you can believe, and they got nothing to spend it on. We cleared about seven thousand dollars in a week and a half."

"You feeling lucky today?"

"Lucky? Today's my birthday. I can't lose."

At precisely four P.M., a small crowd watched Haywood neatly cover his Eighth Avenue trash can with a folding chessboard. A reluctant NYU student named Bob, egged on by friends, became the first victim. It was all over in 18 moves.

"Nice game. You almost had me there," Haywood quipped. Bob smiled meekly, paid, slunk away.

Later in the afternoon, a glistening Eldorado slithered to the curb and a man in a sugar-pink chamois suit with a hat to match emerged, followed by two gorgeous ladies. The man played Haywood for $50 a game, dropped $400 in less than an hour.

"To be honest with you," Haywood later confided to me, as if revealing a secret, "that gentleman was a pimp. Pimps play 'prison chess'—lot of style but no classical foundation."

The cold and the darkness had driven most of the spectators away from Haywood's trash-can chess parlor by the time the stranger in the expensive topcoat arrived. He sat down opposite Haywood, produced ten $100 bills and announced in a lush Teutonic accent that he wished to play chess for money: $500 a game, first man to win $1000 takes it home.

News of the match rifled through the Times Square underground and Haywood's three major investors—massage-parlor magnate DeMasi, bar owner Dave Martin and restaurateur Abdul Hassad—arrived within minutes. In the first game, it looked as though the hustler was being hustled, as a tight position gradually became claustrophobic and Haywood resigned on the 62nd move.

Between games, spectators negotiated side action, while Howard Hudson, Haywood's second, whispered urgently, "Dig it, man. That dude is on the West German international chess team."

"I have already ascertained," Haywood replied in full voice, "that the turkey is not yet in the oven."

"You gonna lose it?"

"One never loses in chess, Howard. One either wins or learns."

In the second game, the challenger did the learning, and Haywood won the third also. The fourth game was a draw—unusual in speed chess—but Haywood won the fifth by forking his opponent's queen and rook.

Bobby Haywood's victory and birthday parties proceeded simultaneously at Martin's apartment. But amid the revelry and well-wishing, Haywood sat cross-legged over a chessboard, toking absently on a cold joint, replaying his opening-game defeat.

"Figure it out yet?" I asked.

"Nope."

"You mean you really *lost* that game?" DeMasi called from across the room.

"No, turkey. Giving up my king was part of the strategy."

"Holy mother of cock!" DeMasi whistled through his teeth. "I figured you were just doing a little promoting to goose up the side action."

"Bill, you *know* I don't do no promoting." Haywood looked genuinely hurt. "What do you think I am, a hustler?"

The next morning, I mushed through the year's biggest snowstorm to talk to Haywood at his fleabag, TRANSIENTS WELCOME hotel.

He was gone. The desk clerk said Haywood had checked out and an aging bellhop remembered loading his two battered suitcases into a limousine about 8:30.

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Yeah. The coast of Rica. Something like that. Ever hear of it?" —SAM MERRILL

CIA vs. USA *"We'll get Wallace on medical records. We've got some damaging stuff forged and ready for surfacing and this'll dovetail with a rumor campaign about his wife."*

(Continued from page 118)

D.C.I.: The agent doesn't know about the tapes does he?

D.D.O.: No, but if we have to, we'll use them. There's nothing QRTEST could do then and he would be officially *persona non grata* in Washington.

D.C.I.: How're we handling Wallace?

D.D.O.: We'll get him on medical records. We've got some pretty damaging stuff forged and ready for surfacing just before his first primary—material indicating he could go at any minute and that he had a form of meningitis that affected his brain somewhat. This'll dovetail with a rumor campaign about how he's no damned good to his wife and that she might be looking elsewhere for her fun. We have some composite photographs that'll pretty effectively compromise Mrs. Wallace once his aides and financial supporters see them.

D.C.I.: What's next on the agenda for the local crusade chapters?

D.D.O.: No need to worry about the coalition clubs' having an active presence. They'll be sponsoring speaking engagements and petition campaigns for our candidates, historical pageants, folk-art festivals and nostalgia exhibits relating to World Wars One and Two, high school debates and essay competitions relating to the our-national-heritage-under-attack theme. In May, the national coalition will sponsor a student congress in D.C. with delegates from all the major colleges and universities, and next month—on Earth Day—we're holding a pop festival that should attract national attention and get the counterculture types involved. We'll probably break out some of our special Laotian product for that. Finally, our national magazine starts in April, first monthly and later every two weeks. To bury our involvement, the first issue will have a cover story exposing certain agency people as being soft on communism—deadwood we've been looking to ease aside.

D.C.I.: Bob, where does the civic committee come into this?

D.D.M.&S.: Strictly high level—advisory, financial assistance. We organized last month out at Airlie, 28 top multinational people. We call it the Lakefront Conservation and Culture Society. Frankly, some of them suspect the cash comes from our direction, but——

D.C.I.: What about our Arab cover?

D.D.M.&S.: Oh, it worked all right. We have plausible denial. The cash went straight from your safe to Copelen in Europe and he passed it to one of his Egyptian accounts.

I.G.: Copelen's still active for us?

D.D.M.&S.: On an informal level. He does consultant work for a couple of the Middle East countries and some companies operating there. His Egyptian contact spread the cash around to reliable people in Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Iran, businessmen with American interests, and they passed it back to Lakefront through one of our penetration agents in the Kuwait embassy here. The cover was Arab concern over the growing Jewish-bloc influence in Washington. The Lakefronters may have their suspicions, but they see it's all in their best interests.

D.D.O.: We've got eight retired officers working as intermediaries between the Lakefronters and our political-action front—the Center for Democratic Action. One of the officers will work with the center's director—an MIT professor on a one-year leave of absence. He's been an agency talent spotter for 25 years, so we know he's safe. We're still keeping him unwitting, of course—he thinks the center is a high-minded C.F.R.-type operation. Dillion even did the hiring. The Lakefront committee will supply the cash—$2,000,000 for '76—and our officer will point the director the right way on issues and procedures. Target date for having the center fully operational is April 15.

D.C.I.: You're getting good files set up?

D.D.O.: We already have file data on each of the Senators and Congressmen we'll oppose, especially the freshmen elected in '74. They'll be easiest to defeat. The center will function as our assessment branch on incumbents and the I.G. offices in the D.O.D. stations will be surveying the target electoral areas to come up with alternative candidates. Once the electoral plan is set, we'll start financing.

I.G.: I think I'll need another 10 to 15 officers for the PBPRIME field offices if we keep expanding like this. The detective fronts are demanding most of the inside officers' time as it is, gathering intelligence to help on candidate selection. We're also lining up a few choice pimps, junkies, whores, fags, you name it, to help compromise our candidates and give us blackmail and black-operation potential against the opposition. And, just for good measure, the detective fronts are forging certain old police records, so compromising material from some years back can be dredged up on the opposition. Same for hometown newspaper files—we're altering crime-report clips from a few years back, putting the forged versions implicating enemy candidates back in the newspaper morgues so reporters can discover them on anonymous tips later.

D.C.I.: We could even use Deep Throat again for some of these anonymous leads. Just be sure, though, that the finger points away from us if any of these covert operations blow. Start arranging for Soviet-style espionage paraphernalia to be placed where it can be turned up, if necessary, so that the candidates are compromised and nothing traces back to us. Put some microdot messages, secret writing, hollow pencils in the candidates' homes and offices. If problems occur, we want the finger to point straight to the K.G.B. As another precaution, Jack, you might start preparing one of your Russian *émigré* agents for a new role as a K.G.B. defector. If we have to, we can parade him out to tell the whole story of the K.G.B.'s plan to subvert the '76 elections by making the coalition look like a fascist plot against America.

June 1976

D.D.O.: Never saw such a smooth election operation, not even in Latin America. And all this just when, outside, things look the worst for the agency.

D.C.I.: Are you sure we're getting into enough House and Senate races, though? I'm worried that we might've underestimated the enemy.

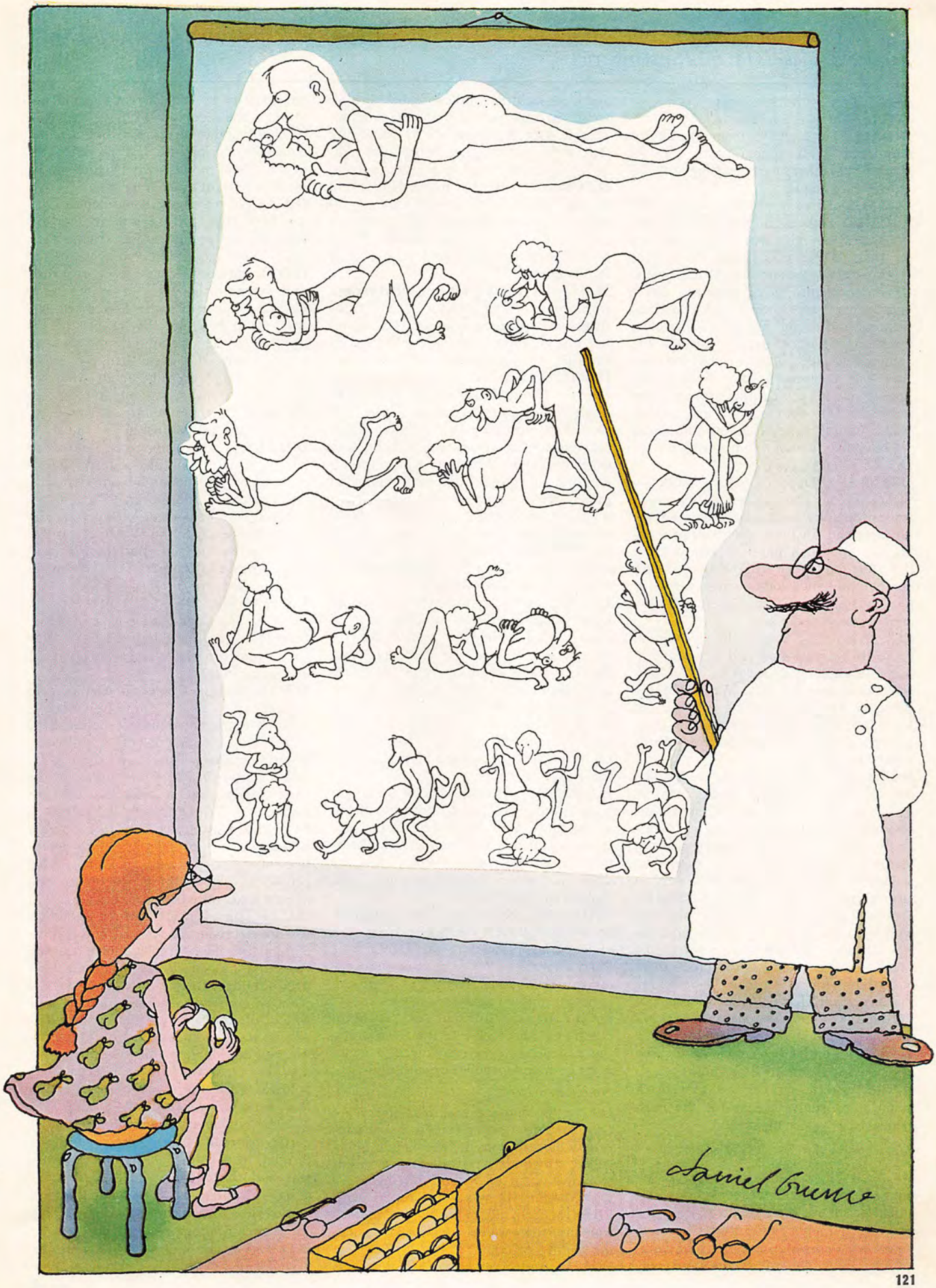
I.G.: Jack and I have worked on this night and day for the past two months and we've calculated that if we're successful with only half of our targets, we'll have a cooperative Congress. Then the marginal targets might take up some slack if we fall short on the criticals.

D.C.I.: That's the trouble. We've got to be sure. This may be our last chance. I'm still afraid that we could be underestimating the strength of the campaign against the agency. Thought by now it would've begun to flag, but it hasn't—despite the Citizens' Coalition. Jack, are you sure that the coalition can't come down harder on the agency's enemies?

D.D.O.: Not yet. We'll be bringing the issues together in the election campaign itself, with some mention of the agency as part of the platform for a strong military force. After the July Fourth celebrations and the conventions, the coalition will be converted into a purely political instrument and we can use it more effectively.

D.C.I.: Damned Soviets aren't responding to the coalition the way we expected, either. Nothing but smiles, toasts, trade missions and preaching on *détente*. They're so quiet they just don't give the coalition a firm, militant target to hit. You're right about the timing, though: We need that crescendo effect building up to November. Don't forget my idea about having the coalition compare agency clandestine operations to the Boston Tea Party—that's a natural.

D.D.O.: I wanted to tell you, too, that we've gotten two more House candidates compromised since last


daniel Cuerco

week. Both without a peep.
D.C.I.: What's the total now?
D.D.O.: Ten directly, from House incumbents, with preparations for 30 more. Altogether, we're getting into 70 House campaigns.
D.D.M.&S.: I've just visited most of the PBPRIME offices in the D.O.D. stations and can give you some specifics on that. We've established 50 critical House seats, plus another 20 marginals. Of the criticals, we're planning direct approaches to about half: bribes, women, and so on. We're making each approach different, usually through the candidate's chief aide, so that no pattern will emerge. In the Senate, the line-up is 15 critical targets and five marginals. Of the 15, 12 have incumbents running for re-election and so far we have five of them compromised.
D.C.I.: What're your covers?
D.D.M.&S.: Depends. Corporations—those under Federal regulations—for bribes. Jealous husbands when women are involved. In these cases, we're making the approach political almost from the start and then following up with campaign-finance offers in return for the right speeches, which can be delivered through the coalition.
I.G.: Where the approach isn't direct, we're using blackmail and black operations—damaging material in police files and newspaper records. We've got the detective agencies working on this and Jack has some people doing the same overseas, with foreign police records and newspapers.
D.D.O.: The liaison services are helping out on this—planting black material like a report on a drug or morals arrest that coincides with a trip our target really made to a foreign country. We're planting this material on the ones who accept direct approaches, too, just in case it's needed later. Turns out Senator Scooperman took a trip to the Yucatán with a couple of other fellows when he was 23, so now there's an entry in the Mérida police records—the chief there has been with us since '63—revealing that a certain Henry P. Scooperman of Portland, Oregon, was arrested in 1947 on charges of indecently assaulting a 12-year-old native boy and was released after paying a fine of 2500 pesos.
D.C.I.: Just be sure to use that black material privately, except for the most critical cases. Keep me posted.

September 1976

D.C.I.: Well, I think the worst is behind us. We passed the convention test and now all we have to do is keep the general campaign concentrated on two issues: the depression at home and Communist gains abroad. There's no way Jerry can beat us on those issues. I think we're in, but we can't afford overconfidence. Get the word out to everybody that we've got to keep it all real tight until November. Just two more months.
D.D.O.: The situation in the House and Senate races is great—40 out of 50 House criticals through the primaries and 9 out of 12 in the Senate. Every one of them has a damned good chance in November.
D.C.I.: Incredible, isn't it, that not a single one of our blackmail efforts or forgeries was even contested? I mean, not one of those cases was reported to the FBI, or to the police, or even to us.
D.D.O.: That's because we made it so easy for them. We didn't ask anyone to betray his country or his principles. All we did in most cases was suggest that a reassessment of *détente* might help solve other problems. We rarely had to threaten and, in most cases, our financial offers were accepted outright. What made it so smooth was the compartmentalization between the dirty side of the PBPRIME offices and the positive offers to assist from the coalition and the center. They never overlapped.
I.G.: What's interesting now is to see all these other candidates coming over to our position. *Détente* wasn't even a minor issue before the campaign, but thanks to the coalition, one candidate after another has been coming out for reassessment. We didn't have to lift a finger. I think that by November, we'll have Kissinger and the Republicans pretty effectively painted as suckers for the Russians' tricks.
D.C.I.: The coalition's had a lot to do with smothering the Congressional investigations, too. What few critics are left are isolated and ineffectual, identified with the other side. Now to keep them there—pro-Communist, anti-American, like that.
D.D.M.&S.: Next week, the coalition comes out publicly for Scooperman and will operate parallel to the Democratic Party campaign. We're keeping the Center for Democratic Action nonpartisan, concentrating on analysis and files.
D.C.I.: Be careful that the coalition doesn't get absorbed into the Democratic Party structure. We may need it again later, as an independent organization.

November 1976

D.C.I.: So many times over the years I've wondered what would have happened in situations if we hadn't intervened. I wondered if the same result would've occurred without our help.
D.D.M.&S.: There's no doubt with PBPRIME. In all modesty, I think we can say that we've practically turned the country around.
D.D.O.: And Scooperman's landslide is only part of it. What's really significant to me is the reception to the speeches—by Henry and others—regarding *détente*, especially during the last month. This new national mood is what's going to be more important in the long run.
D.C.I.: We may have a momentum going here that will secure another 30 years for the agency and its friends.
I.G.: What about I.G. offices in the D.O.D. stations? Do we close down now that we've finished?
D.C.I.: Not yet. In the first place, we don't want to make any sudden moves right after the election. Better security to go slowly. But even then, we ought to think very carefully about what we dismantle. I mean, we ought to weigh the need for maintaining a capability for tutelage and control in the future.
D.D.M.&S.: The agency can't afford to let the situation in the country deteriorate like it did under Nixon. Certainly the agency should never let itself get exposed and weakened—first letting the White House try to pin Watergate on us, then having to run Butterworth and Deep Throat to counterattack. We made enemies both ways.
D.C.I.: I think we ought to keep the Citizens' Coalition going as a nonpartisan front for rebuilding the Cold War spirit, play up the element of fear of enemies abroad.
D.D.O.: And the Center for Democratic Action can easily continue as our clearing house for domestic political information—assessment of candidates, general analysis. After all, there'll be new elections in two years' time and we can't forget that it was the off-year elections in '74 that nearly did us in.
I.G.: I'll work out a system to keep personnel moving in and out of the detective agencies—it will give the older people a good bridge between the agency and retired service.
D.C.I.: The agencies can be modified for doing credit checks and other commercial business—maybe make up for Air America's profit decline. Bob, we'll need a budget for the next four years—plan where we'll get the money and which of the foreign liaison services will be used as channels. You know, as we multinationalize this operation, we may find ourselves with an international political institution even more effective than the one we have now—setting limits and giving guidance for political parties abroad. With our operations through local intelligence agencies overseas and the activities of the multinational corporations, we could have a world-wide organization none of us dared dream about before this.
D.D.O.: No doubt, PBPRIME must be permanent. I'm already working on new

programs for the coalition to coincide with Scooperman's Inauguration.

D.C.I.: Speaking of the Inauguration, I'll be starting the usual briefings for the President-elect next week. I'll use the contact to take over personal direction of Scooperman from QRTEST. This will give us better control, fewer risks. I'm afraid our Israeli friend will have to be terminated. Jack, see that Black September gets enough data on his location and movements so that it can take care of this.

D.D.O.: QRTEST's file will be in Beirut by Monday. We've got good penetration of the Palestinian crowd.

D.C.I.: By the way, this morning I had a call from the Chase Manhattan. The Lakefront Conservation and Culture Society wants me to speak at its monthly luncheon next week. Do you suppose they had doubts after all?

Epilog

During the last week of January 1977, tape recordings containing these and other conversations related to Operation PBPRIME were delivered to the *Toronto Star* by persons unknown. Their authentication and publication stunned the world and provoked another institutional crisis in the United States.

Within four days, President Henry P. Scooperman resigned. Within two months, 25 active and retired officers of the Central Intelligence Agency, including the director and three top deputies, were indicted for violation of campaign-financing laws and other Federal statutes.

During the summer of 1977, Congress formally abolished the CIA, retaining only its research and analysis departments as a new Federal agency, the National Information Center. This agency is to have no overseas operatives, its only mandate being to evaluate information and prepare estimates based on other sources.

Meanwhile, Scooperman's Vice-President, whom Operation PBPRIME had failed to compromise, began to return American foreign policy to the goal of easing international tension. As a result, several important and unexpected concessions were made by the Soviet Union in disarmament negotiations.

In a less noticed activity, sometime during the summer of 1977, at 2 Dzerzhinsky Square, K.G.B. officer Yuri Shakalov, most recently assigned to the Soviet embassy in Washington, was decorated with the Order of the Red Star for outstanding and meritorious service.

In New York City, the Lakefront Conservation and Culture Society was also busy taking care of its own. Members held a series of urgent meetings to determine how to absorb into their companies as many as possible of the former officers of the now-defunct operations—or Clandestine Services—branch of the Central Intelligence Agency. ▣

MAY **oui** HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

The word is "GIVE." Give a friend a subscription to OUI. It's better for him than a puppy—he won't have to teach it to sit, and we'll bet it will keep him just as warm. It's easy to do. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

GIVE 7122

☐ one year of OUI for $10 to:

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

My Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

oui, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colo. 80302

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS

Now Available Conveniently By Mail!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

Thousands Sold At Up To $14.95 Per Copy!
AT LAST! A MODERN BOOK FOR MODERN COUPLES!

LOVES PHOTO ALBUM

Featuring OVER **2000** EXPLICIT UNCENSORED UNRETOUCHED

PHOTOGRAPHS & Illustrations in FULL COLOR and BLACK & WHITE in ONE *GIANT* 8½ x 11" EDITION

At last! A modern sex book for modern adventurous couples. Yes, a book written and illustrated to take you and your love partner as far into the joys of sexual pleasure as you and your mate choose to go. Here is a book long overdue. Here finally, is a modern, up-to-date and sexually liberated book featuring over 2000 photographs and illustrations dedicated to the premise that love, imagination and experimentation are the keys to unlocking all the wondrous pleasures of sex!

The complete $15 Giant 8½" x 11" uncensored edition featuring over 2,000 photographs and illustrations including full color.

NOW ONLY-$4.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT UP TO $12.95 Per Copy NOW ONLY $2.95

The New PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

***FEATURING** OVER 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists and members of the medical profession. Many have called this book "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged $12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback — 264 pages

NOW ONLY-$2.95

OVER HALF MILLION COPIES SOLD AT UP TO $14.95!

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

***NOW!** A SEX MANUAL THAT TELLS IT AND SHOWS IT... LIKE IT IS!*

WHAT TO DO . . . HOW TO DO IT . . . WHEN TO DO IT!

No dry theory . . . no boring philosophies . . . this book deals with lovemaking techniques far more completely and clearly than any book has ever attempted to before. Its 320 dynamic, bold and adventurous pages of text and its over 196 actual photographs of revealing, unashamed and unafraid live couples boldly demonstrating sexual lovemaking positions and techniques will teach you all you will ever need to know to satisfy your love partner completely and totally.

The complete uncensored and unabridged $14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages

NOW ONLY - $2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE! BUY ALL 3 SEX BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY $9.95 and SAVE!

[NOTE: Please add 30c per each book for postage & handling]

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399 Dept. OU-704
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!

☐ I have enclosed $ _____ in full payment. ☐Cash ☐Check ☐M.O.
☐ I have enclosed a $1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.

☐ LOVES PHOTO ALBUM — $4.95
☐ PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — $2.95
☐ PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $2.95
☐ **ALL THREE FOR ONLY—$9.95**

SIGNATURE _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!

The Pro Shop.

SCINTILLA!® For 22 years, we've been making the finest satin sheets in the world. We use only 225x78 thread count acetate satin, the *softest!* *Our* sheets are completely MACHINE WASHABLE. 12 dazzling colors for regular or *round* beds. Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pale Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. P.S. We pros even monogram, slightly extra.

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double Set	$23.98	Queen Set	$27.95
Twin Set	22.98	King Set	32.50
Round 84" Set	48.50	Round 96" Set	54.95

3-letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.50

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen; $3.00 to king price. Round bottom sheets *are* fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway W-9 Chicago. Ill. 60640

FREE 40-page Color Catalog of All Our Satin Fashions with Every Order!

THE MOST SENSUOUS CONDOM IN THE WORLD!

Specially textured...

with her in mind.

A new pleasure for both of you—Nacken! An exciting new pre-shaped condom. Nacken's lightly textured surface adds a truly unique and erotic feature to lovemaking. And Population Planning lets you order with ease and privacy from your own home. Orders are mailed within 24 hours in unmarked, tasteful packages with a money-back guarantee. Send today for Nacken, the condom designed for pleasure. Available exclusively from PPA.

Population Planning, 105 N. Columbia St., Dept. DOU-5 Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

☐ Nacken – Wallet of 10 Swedish condoms, $5.25

☐ Exclusive PPA Sampler – 32 sensuous condoms $10

Nacken Profil Jade
textured preshaped color

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

America's Largest Retailer of Contraceptive Products

TAKE A CHANCE,

SAY YES

(SEE PAGE 37)

DENIM *There was a silly but genuine rebelliousness in wearing jeans in the Fifties, even with one's parents' money.*

(Continued from page 92) In the boutiques of Western Europe and on the black markets of the U.S.S.R. states, used Levi's, Wranglers, Lee Riders and Mavericks are selling for $30 to $120 a pair. If that sounds unimaginable and—thank goodness—un-American, stick around.

Better yet, next to the shelves of preserves and cases of freeze-dries and dehydrates in your end-of-civilization-as-we-know-it cellar, you might consider laying in a stock of all the denim garments you can scratch together. They stand a good chance of becoming legal currency in your lifetime.

As suggested earlier, denim's first, largely unrecognized, step up from the range and the garage probably came about when Rosie the Riveter was issued her feminine-styled Jeanie. The differences in fit and cut between the Jeanie and the ordinary baggy, shapeless, penis-accommodating men's jeans of the time were minimal; but the conception of the utterly utilitarian blue jean as implying sex or style at all must have been a revolutionary one among American designers. If you look through enough magazines from the Forties, you can find one or two awkward, self-conscious examples of experiments with denim skirts and denim dresses. They usually appeared in close proximity to joke shots of the two-headed turtle.

In some ways, the Fifties were the great years for blue jeans. There was a silly but genuine rebelliousness involved in wearing jeans then, even with one's parents' money. They had a quality that Henry Higgins would have called "delicious lowness"—a smell of oil-stained asphalt and a menacing *lumpen*-sexuality exemplified by the young Marlon Brando, Paul Newman, James Dean, various Williams and Inge heroes, the entire cast of *West Side Story* and your friendly neighborhood gang of drugstore arm breakers. Things are different now, precisely because that musky ambience has become such a modern selling point. It wasn't so much that Elvis wore jeans—actually, he hardly ever did—but, for damn sure, your father didn't. Fathers knew their places in those days and so did rebels.

But that was long ago, and the denim explosion of the past decade is not readily explicable in terms of anything that has gone before. Consider: Fashionable fabrics obviously derive their cachet from their cost and comparative scarcity; yet there's denim in the windows of I. Magnin and on the seats of the officially best-dressed women in America, let alone on Nelson Rockefeller. Of course, it's been recycled and refurbished, and it's going for $50 to $100 a garment; but a few blocks away, a student, a hippie dropout or a middle-aged C.P.A. can still pick up the identical pants or jacket for a fraction of that price and attend to his own cycling and furbishing himself. And it all comes out looking very much the same.

Tom Wolfe lumps denim's unique appeal to both high and low fashion under the single heading of "Funky Chic"—a mixture of *nostalgie de la boue* and the suggestion that the wearer is somehow involved with things like day-care centers, store-front legal aid and organic gardening. He makes the corollary point that the denim phenomenon is essentially a white middle-and-upper-class event; that American blacks, *chicanos*, poor whites, Asians and Indians tend to associate blue jeans and overalls with "funk in its miserable aspects"—with being not only down and out but out of it. As a consequence, "the sons of the slums have become the [Beau] Brummells and gentlemen of leisure, the true fashion plates of today, and the sons of Eli dress like the working class of 1934."

Short cut to painless rebellion and social concern or not, the pants themselves still hold up pretty well, and they still look good on most people, even if they haven't been professionally aged and faded to quite the proper overcast blue-gray color and soft, feely patina. (In discussing such fine technical matters, real denim freaks can sound astonishingly like wine experts or tea tasters.) Sexy and asexual at the same time, canvas and frame for genuine folk art—decorated denim is increasingly making its way into galleries, museums, college courses and gravely analytical books—blue jeans have come, perhaps more than any other mass-produced product, to symbolize an America that everybody loved once, whether or not it ever truly existed. Jeans are frontier-born, tough, highly adaptable, unpretentious; they are at once superbly anonymous and capable of blazing individuality; above all, they are democratic. Isn't that how we thought of ourselves—until the world's reality began to catch up with our dreams?

The image itself isn't selling well anymore, even at home; yet it survives and flourishes this strange world over in a pair of Levi Strauss's pantaloons and their countless descendants. If that seems sad and ironic, it's also curiously encouraging. The image was never a bad one, of itself—there are many worse ways for people to look, or to want to look. And there are far worse symbols and memorials for a civilization to leave behind it than a pair of pants that last a long time and look like twilight when they're old. ▣

(Continued from page 84) at a New York restaurant, where, in front of a bewildered maître de, Randi melted several spoons with mock Geller enthusiasm. He also bent three keys to my apartment, apparently just by stroking them. Afterward, he showed me how I had been tricked: In one instance, he had simply bent a key against the seat of his chair while my eyes were glued elsewhere.

Randi is skeptical about SRI's endorsement of Uri's powers. "If Uri is the real thing," Randi says, "then the laws of science have to be rewritten. But I think the scientists were fooled. They may know a lot about science, but they know very little about magic and they can't make their experiments magic-proof without the help of a professional magician." (SRI's professional magician, Milbourne Christopher, says he was not consulted until after the Geller experiments had been completed.)

Randi claims, moreover, that Geller's repertoire is made up of tricks that professional magicians have been able to do since Moses first turned a stick into a snake. Turning water into wine (or, as in Geller's case, rosé into Burgundy) is an old classic, lately performed by Think-a-Drink Hoffman, who could materialize anything from milk shakes to beer in apparently empty glasses, while the duplication of drawings and words written by a member of the audience can be done by observing the moving eraser end of the writer's pencil. This technique is known to the trade as pencil reading. Any magician with a sleeve can make objects vanish into thin air—and bend keys and other metal objects with sleight of hand, misdirection and a quick push against a nearby hard surface.

Feats of telepathy and clairvoyance have long been the forte of mentalists such as Dunninger and Kreskin, who make no paranormal claims, and Milbourne Christopher once predicted the winning number in Cuba's $100,000 lottery through magic, not mind control. On a Canadian TV show, Randi recently reproduced a drawing that had been sealed in an envelope and locked away in a safe. He won't say exactly how he did it except that there weren't any paranormal powers involved and he insists that Geller uses a similar technique.

"I have total admiration for Geller," Randi says, "the way I'd admire Genghis Khan or Adolf Hitler. He's a charlatan and he's diverting money that would be better spent on legitimate ESP research, instead of on Santa Claus and the Tooth Fairy."

Randi has helped me prepare a simple test for Uri. It is a line drawing that looks like this: ww. It's sealed in aluminum foil, then in two envelopes, all marked with the letters OUI in invisible ink. Randi says that the only way Uri can reproduce the drawing is to open the envelopes and break the foil. He would then have to reseal the drawing with a fresh (and unmarked) piece of foil or attempt to reseal it in the original foil, which would be glaringly apparent.

•

Here I am, then, elbow to elbow with Uri Geller, wondering if this nice Jewish boy is going to try to pull a fast one on me and in a way, I am hoping that the magicians will be proved wrong. I want to believe in Santa Claus and the Tooth Fairy. Or perhaps I have simply fallen under the spell of Uri's boyish charm and the insistent appeal of his luscious brown eyes—so far the most phenomenal thing I have seen about him. The miracle worker is having trouble getting his tape recorder going. Were I a master of mind over matter, I would put it right with a casual mind zap or two, but Uri instead turns to his assistant, a beautiful and decidedly unmechanical-looking Hawaiian woman.

When, at last, we get down to the key bending, Uri—with endearing earnestness—asks me to examine the key I have offered him and to verify that it is intact. He even insists that my friend Stewart Adlowitz, who has come along as an observer, photograph the key. This is in the interest of scientific control.

"I don't know if it's going to work," Uri says timidly. "I'm going to do my best, but you have to help me. Now hold the key very gently here."

I take the bottom of the key between my thumb and index finger, while Uri strokes the tip with his fingers. He's as solemn as a surgeon performing a brain operation. He hunches over the key and concentrates hard. I can sort of feel him concentrating, but nothing happens.

"No, you see, I cannot just turn myself on," he says apologetically, like an unsuccessful lover. Then he asks me if I have something metallic he can hold in his free hand. He explains that he can best concentrate his energies that way. Stewart produces a film canister. Uri grasps it. Still nothing happens.

"No, you see, it's not working," Uri pouts. "What else do you have in your bag?"

I turn away to rummage my purse and Uri is now holding the key all by himself. Stewart is also distracted. Finally I come up with a second key, which Uri asks me to hold in the same

THE ATLAS OF SEXUAL PLEASURES

ACTS, PRACTICES AND DEVIATIONS

Straightforward, totally revealing European approach unveils the full story of human sexual development. Includes sections on masturbation, erogenous areas, special love techniques, homosexuality, nymphomania, exhibitionism, and many others. Beautiful full color photographs reveal sexual acts and practices in explicit detail. Money back if not delighted. Nationally advertised at $16.95. 173 pages. Now only $8.95.

SEND $8.95 TO **ADAM & EVE,** DEPT.DOU-3, 105 N. COLUMBIA, CHAPEL HILL, N.C. 27514

YOU'LL LOVE HER IN LEATHER

help her turn you on!

Dresses, pants, shorts, tops, etc., all in the finest grade genuine leathers. Strictly for the sensuous! All custom made. Plus a rare selection of bizarre turn-ons. Send $3.00 for my catalog, (refundable with first order) and I'll include an individually autographed photo of Toni.

UNIQUE IMPORTS Dept. E-200
P.O. Box 1460, Studio City, Ca. 91604

RETAIL DISPLAY ALLOWANCE

A retail display plan is available to all interested retailers in the U.S. Generally, retail display allowances of 10 cents per copy sold for February through December issues, and 14 cents per copy sold for the January issue, are available. The plan is effective for all issues of OUI, upon receipt and acceptance by Independent News Company of the retail agreement. To obtain further details and a copy of the retail agreement, write to Marketing Department, Independent News Company, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.

NOW **Oui** IS AVAILABLE IN MICROFORM

. . . from **Xerox University Microfilms**
300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106
(313) 761-4700

PLEASE WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

way I held the first. But all of a sudden I think: Where the hell is the first key anyway? Somehow I've lost track of it. Then my eyes wander to the glass-topped coffee table in front of us. The first key is lying there, where Uri evidently set it aside, but, holy hocus-pocus, it's bent! I stare at it hard to make sure. There is no question about it: The key is bent about ten degrees.

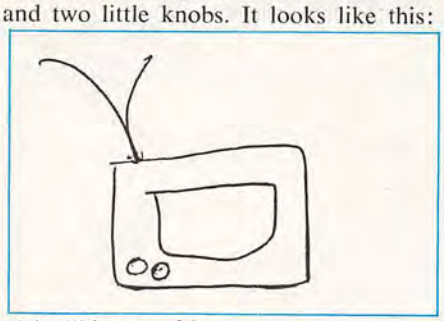
I quickly turn back to Uri who is virtually throbbing with energy and trying with no success to melt the second key. A few moments later, he gives up in disgust and suggests we do some telepathy until he's warmed up. We'll come back to the keys later.

"Draw something simple," Uri tells me as I pick up a note pad and a pen.

I draw an umbrella, keeping the tip of my pen down as per Randi's instructions, even though Uri has turned away from me and says he will close his eyes. (Stew later reports that Uri watched me in the blank screen of a TV set.)

Anyway, I make an honest effort to get a mental image of my umbrella and an equally honest effort to transmit it to Uri. After a few moments, he murmurs that nothing is coming. But he has scrawled something on his note pad. He shows me what he has received so far. It is a circle intersected by a line—sort of like a lollipop. When I show him my umbrella, he snatches the pen out of my hand, adds a curve to his own doodle and claims that he has at least gotten the general shape right. Maybe they don't have umbrellas in sunny Tel Aviv.

Next I draw a pear. This time, Uri invites Stew to try to tune in on my thoughts as well. I think hard about my pear and Uri draws something or other, but complains that he's having trouble receiving me again. He tells me to draw something else immediately. I draw a TV set, complete with an antenna and two little knobs. It looks like this:



Uri still has trouble.

"Maybe I'm a bad sender," I volunteer.

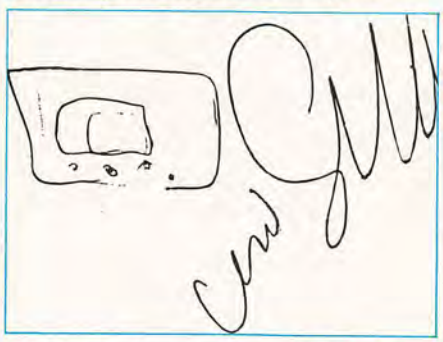
"No, I feel very positive about you," he says.

I show Uri my drawing of the pear. He doesn't show me what he has drawn. Instead, he asks Stew what he has managed to receive. Stew says that on the first go-round, he had thought of a table. The second time, he had flashed on a rose.

"Oh!" Uri bellows, leaping to his feet. He is elated. "You see what happened? I'm picking him up! I got a rose. Look how perfectly I drew it!"

He shows us the last drawing he has made—in response to my TV set. It's a flower, all right, but it could be anything from an aster to a zinnia. And he may have drawn it perfectly, as he says, but there is no way to confirm this, because Stew had merely thought the word rose, not actually drawn one. Besides, flowers are frequently drawn by Geller interviewers, so I am not particularly impressed, even though I try to *think* impressed just to keep Uri happy.

Then I show him my TV set. Exuberantly, Uri flips over the paper on which he had drawn the rose. There are a few faint lines that look like the beginnings of a square. In a flash, Uri again seizes the pen from my hand, converts the square to a TV set and adds some knobs and his signature at the bottom, thus:



"I mean, look, you saw it," he crows, setting down the pen. "The pen is down here and I got your television set!"

In the flush of his enthusiasm, he now picks up key number one from the coffee table. This time he doesn't ask me to examine it because he is hiding the bent end under his thumb. He slides the bottom of the key between my fingers.

"I think it's going to work now," Uri says.

So do I.

He gives the key a few strokes and reveals that the tip of it has bent about ten degrees. Wow. Self-satisfaction and considerable stagy astonishment ensue. I try to look flabbergasted. Meanwhile, I am wondering how he had managed to bend the key earlier. I sneak a quick look at the coffee table. There are several notches along the edge of it and they look suspiciously as if they have been made by a metal object, such as a key. For all I know, there is one notch for every interview Geller has given in New York.

Finally I produce Randi's doodle, still safely sealed in the marked envelope I have scrupulously kept out of Uri's reach. I give the envelope to Uri.

"Did you draw it?" he asks, after telling me he isn't getting anything.

"I asked a friend to draw it," I say.

"Is it a lady?"

"Yes," I lie.

"Is she blonde?"

"Yes," I say, trying to look amazed. I am wondering if Uri will try to make a miracle out of my dishonesty.

"Because I was getting a not-tall lady, blonde, with something here," he says, touching his left eye. "That's what I got, to tell the honest truth, a blonde woman drawing the drawing."

I sigh a little and relax considerably. My thoughts, after all, are still my own.

As we are leaving, I am flattered to hear that Uri has felt good vibrations from me. "I wish everybody could be like you," he says. "I hope you write a positive article."

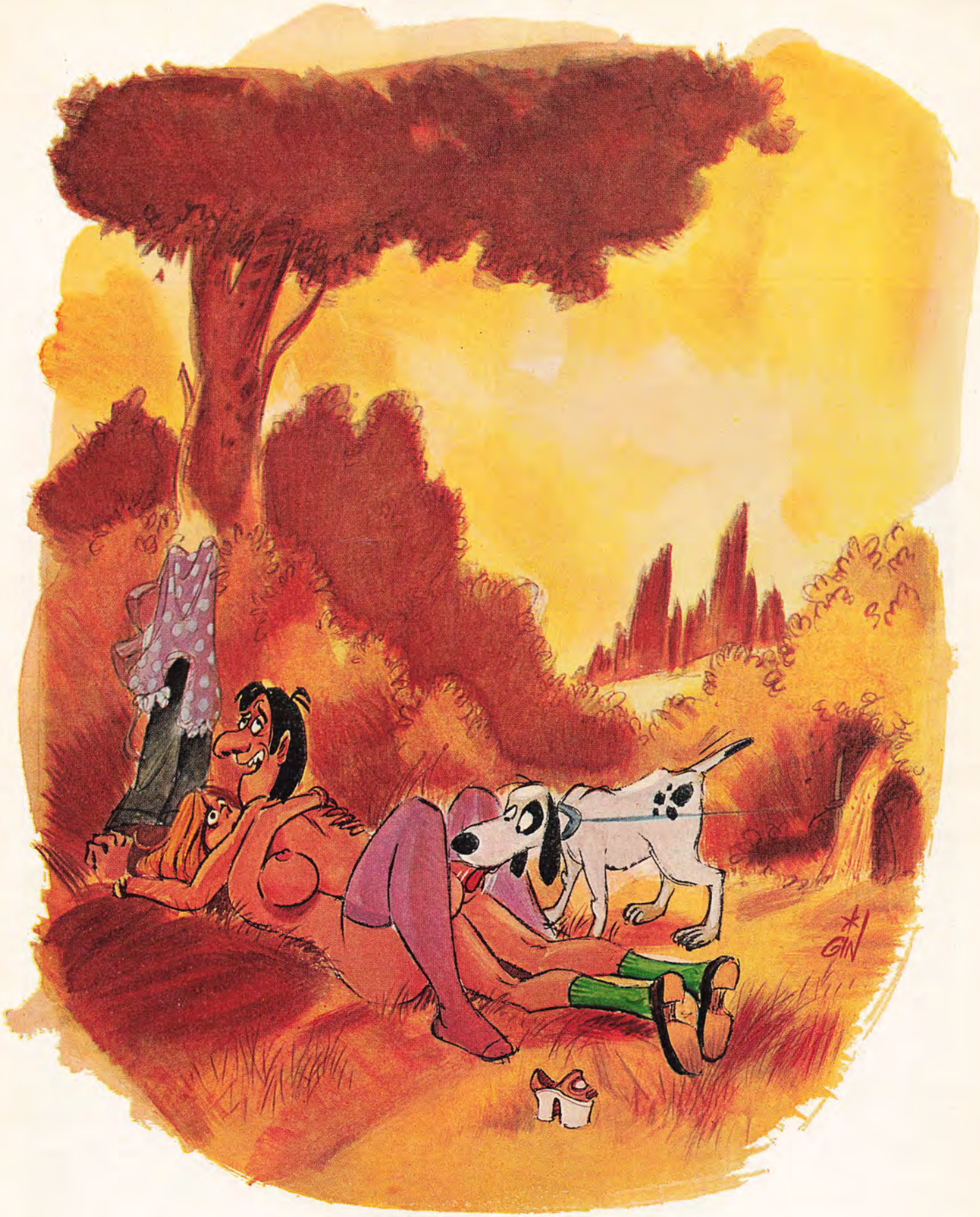
•

A few days later, I meet with Canadian illusionist Doug Henning, a gentleman so expert that a few credulous fans have insisted he's a psychic, too. Doug is bursting to tell me about a new psychic discovery: Dr. Watson, the world's only mind-reading toad. This amazing animal belongs to an Indiana magician named Lawrence, who initially trained it to be a sort of amphibious Kreskin. But the joke backfired when people began to take the act seriously.

One night, Dr. Watson appeared with Lawrence on a radio talk show. "Present in the control room," the magician later wrote, "were four top station officials and the editor of the local newspaper. All were 100 percent convinced that Dr. Watson was reading their minds and stated so on the air." Later, Lawrence had to battle his way through a mob of curiosity seekers who had come to the station hoping to get a glimpse of the miraculous amphibian.

On another day, a newspaperwoman who had been staring at the toad fainted inexplicably and Lawrence seized the opportunity to mention that he had been teaching Dr. Watson hypnosis. "Both hypnotic and ESP powers are on the same wave length," he says, "and it was the best story I could come up with at the time."

When the woman gained consciousness, she said that she would have never believed that a toad could hypnotize a person—if it hadn't actually happened to her. ▣



"Oh, Toby! I love you!"

WE

The incorrigible-looking reprobate photographed above in his jail cell (yes, the room looks like a college dormitory—but notice Chekhov's *Ward Six* on the bookshelf) is the infamous Clifford Irving, now a free man again and author of *Country-Club Prisons* in this issue. Cliff, you will remember, manufactured an unauthorized and largely fictitious "autobiography" of Howard Hughes, thereby unleashing a largish scandal and turning his home island of Ibiza into a household word as familiar as Gomorrah. Now he has paid his debt to society and he'll never so much as park in a loading zone again—though he won't deny rumors that he's just found the autobiography of Genghis Khan in a locker at Grand Central Station.

Kidding aside, Cliff assures us that *Country-Club Prisons* is 100 percent pure fact, based on personal experience, and OUI Fact Checker Karen Stevens—who vies with the medieval Church in her ability to root out error—gives him an A-plus for accuracy. We might add that once you've talked with Irving you begin to understand how the McGraw-Hill editors fell for his hoax. He is one of the most charming and plausible men we have ever met and we would gladly buy anything he had to offer—from a used car to the Brooklyn Bridge.

"What's he doing now?" you ask. He has just finished editing *The Autobiography of Howard Hughes*, which will be published in Spain—as fiction; and he is playing lots of tennis in Easthampton, Long Island, where he lives. He will report on that subject in OUI sometime in the spring of next year.

The last time we looked in on this couple (*Marcello and His Cello*, elsewhere in this issue), the girl was wondering if the gentleman would ever take his pants off. Photographer James Baes then followed them out onto the balcony and caught the above intimate embrace, thus answering everyone's doubts about the gentleman's ability to satisfy a lady. Just thought you might like to know.

Yes man

Philip Agee, who wrote *CIA vs. USA* for the current issue of OUI, is a former intelligence officer whose book *Inside the Company: CIA Diary* is scheduled for publication by Stonehill, despite massive efforts by his erstwhile employer to the contrary. Associate Editor Terry Catchpole called Agee recently in England and had a conversation with him that went something like this: "Philip Agee?" *Pause.* "Yes." "This is Terry Catchpole at OUI." *Pause.* "Yes." "I'm working on your piece." *Pause.* "Yes." "Can we talk?" *Pause.* "Yes." "Is somebody listening?" *No pause.* "Somebody's *always* listening."

A creepy advisory on which to start the day, we thought.

In the *Prevue* section of our April issue, we published a photograph showing a nude scene from an Italian film called *Torso*, which was recently released in the U. S. In the photo caption, we mistakenly identified the woman in the picture as British actress Suzy Kendall. While Miss Kendall does appear in *Torso*—in fact, she is the star of the film—she does not appear in the photo we published. We regret any embarrassment Miss Kendall feels this might have caused her.

COMING IN OCTOBER OUI

☐ **WHO KILLED MARILYN MONROE?** Investigative reporter Tony Scaduto unearths new evidence to suggest that America's greatest sex goddess may have been murdered. But who could have ordered the murder? And who could have executed it? Scaduto points to a major political figure.

☐ **WOMEN WHO RAPE:** A truck driver in Montgomery County, Texas, reports that three armed women marched him into the woods and took turns violating him! A housewife is molested by a woman she allows to use her telephone! This kind of antisocial behavior hasn't reached epidemic proportions, but you're advised to stay out of alleys.

☐ **CAN ITALY BE SAVED?** Italian postal workers don't distribute the mail; they sell it in bulk to paper reprocessors. The whole nation teeters toward bankruptcy. Enter and exeunt the Germans and the Arabs. | Lifelong Italophile P. S. Quinn examines the plight of a once-proud nation, comes up with a few modest proposals but fails to muster a lot of optimism.

☐ **MISS VICKI:** The former Mrs. Tiny Tim has graciously consented to doff her nightie and personally guide us through her recent life history.

☐ **THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN:** Why give in to austerity? Depression is only a state of mind. Here's how other people have chased the economic blues away—with games, magic, drinking and dancing. OUI shows how to do it.

☐ **THE GREAT FRENCH WINE DISASTER:** Vintners have bottled more good wine than anyone can drink, but we're still not going to get it at reasonable prices. The great wine-boom era ends with more than a touch of scandal.

☐ **AGE CRISIS:** Everyone gets there sooner or later, but these days people are feeling it almost before they're out of diapers. Robert Wieder reports on a new breed of Americans who feel burned out at 25 and over the hill at 30.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH ROGER VADIM:** The French movie director, who has been involved with—or married to—Brigitte Bardot, Annette Stroyberg, Catherine Deneuve and Jane Fonda, puts some nasty rumors to rest.

"The Sony TC-756 set new records for performance of home tape decks."

(Stereo Review, February, 1975)

Hirsch-Houck Laboratories further noted, "The dynamic range, distortion, flutter and frequency-response performance are so far beyond the limitations of conventional program material that its virtues can hardly be appreciated."

The Sony TC-756-2 features a **closed loop dual capstan tape drive system** that reduces wow and flutter to a minimum of 0.03%, **logic controlled transport functions** that permit the feather-touch control buttons to be operated in any sequence, at any time without spilling or damaging tape; an **AC servo control capstan motor** and an eight-pole induction motor for each of the two reels; a record equalization selector switch for maximum record and playback characteristics with either normal or special tapes; mic attenuators that eliminate distortion caused by overdriving the microphone pre-amplifier stage when using sensitive condenser mics; tape/source monitoring switches that allow instantaneous comparison of program source to the actual recording; a mechanical memory capability that allows the machine to turn itself on and off automatically for unattended recording; and a full, two-year guarantee*.

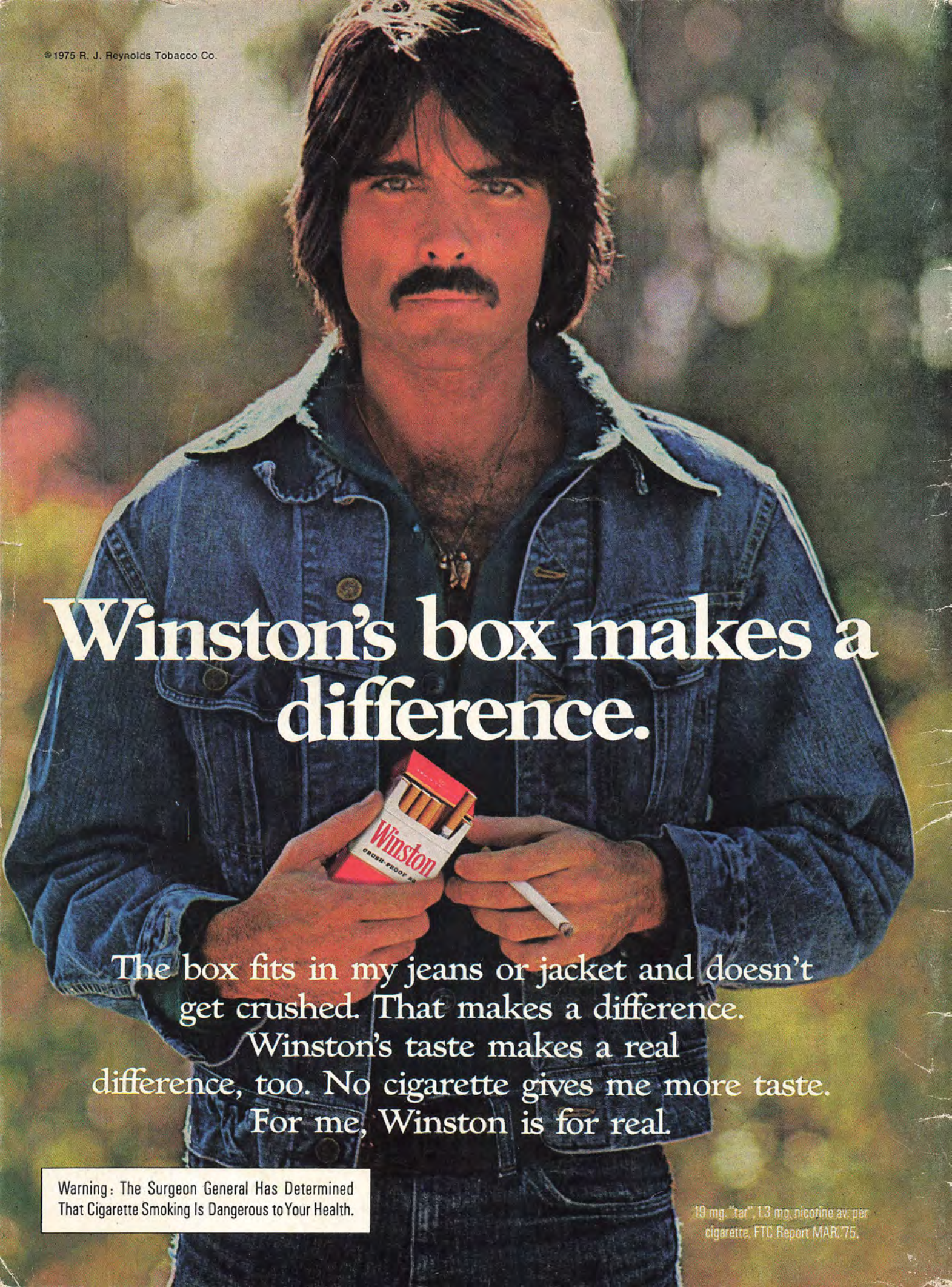
In addition, the TC-756-2 offers 15 and 7½ ips tape speeds; Ferrite & Ferrite 2-track/2-channel stereo three-head configuration; and symphase recording that allows you to record FM matrix or SQ** 4-channel sources for playback through a decoder-equipped 4-channel amplifier with virtually non-existent phase differences between channels.

The Sony TC-756-2 is representative of the prestigious Sony 700 Series—the five best three-motor 10½-inch reel home tape decks that Sony has ever engineered. Available now at your nearest Superscope dealer, from $699.99.

SONY® Brought to you by SUPERSCOPE®

*Superscope, Inc. guarantees to the original registered owner that all parts will be free from operating defects for two years from purchase date. Product will be repaired or replaced free of charge in the sole discretion of Superscope, Inc., provided it was purchased in the U.S.A. from an authorized dealer. The serial number cannot be altered or removed. Product must be serviced by authorized Superscope repair technicians only. **TM CBS, Inc. ©1975 Superscope, Inc., 8150 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, CA 91352. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Superscope dealer. Send for free catalog.

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAR. 75.

oui.